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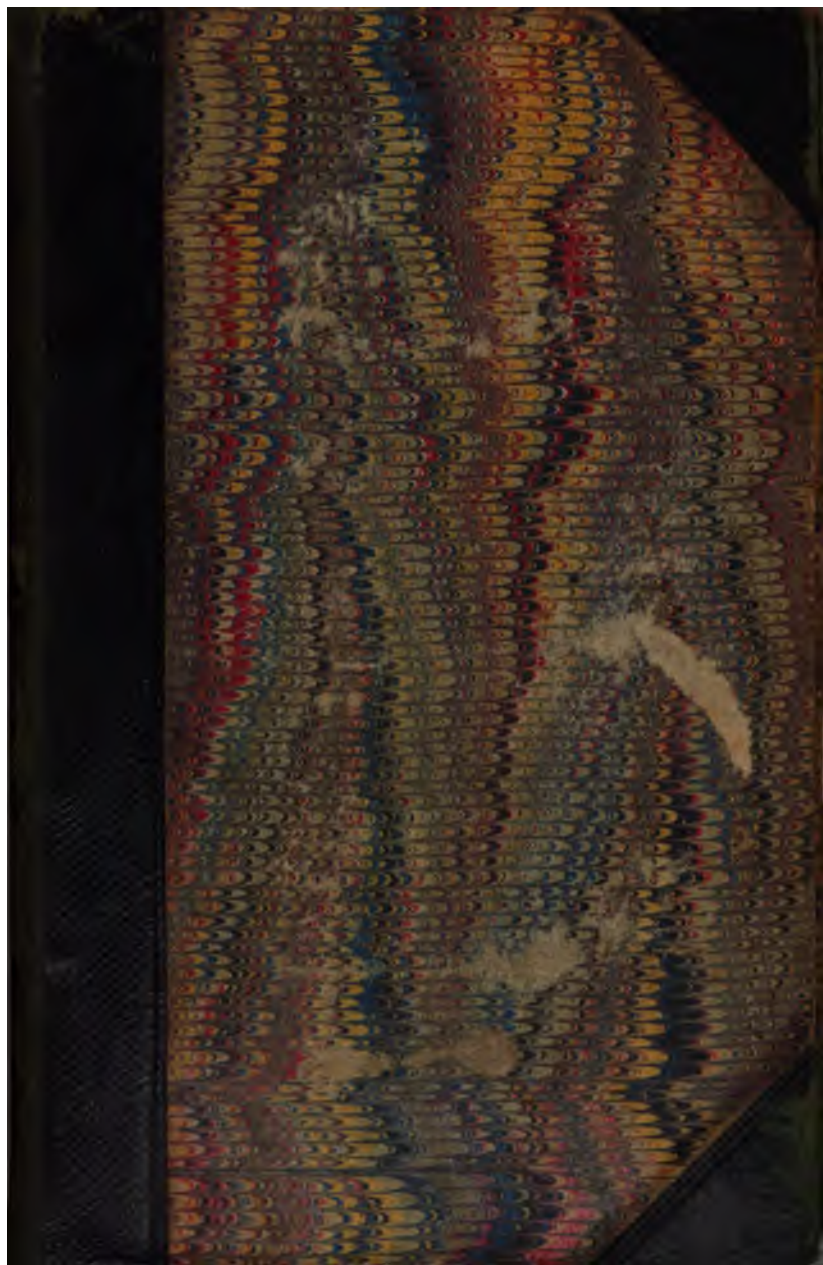
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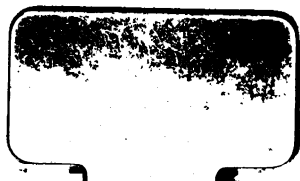
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THE
BRITISH POETS.

One Hundred Volumes.

VOL. XIX.



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XIX.

WALLER, VOL. I.

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THE
POEMS

OF

Edmund Waller.

VOL. I.

Chiswick:
FROM THE PRESS OF C. WHITTINGHAM,
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THE
LIFE OF EDMUND WALLER.

BY
DR. JOHNSON.

EDMUND WALLER was born on the third of March, 1605, at Coleshill in Hertfordshire. His father was Robert Waller, Esquire, of Agmondesham in Buckinghamshire, whose family was originally a branch of the Kentish Wallers; and his mother was the daughter of John Hampden, of Hampden in the same county, and sister to Hampden, the zealot of rebellion.

His father died while he was yet an infant, but left him a yearly income of three thousand five hundred pounds; which, rating together the value of money and the customs of life, we may reckon more than equivalent to ten thousand at the present time.

He was educated, by the care of his mother, at Eton; and removed afterwards to King's College in Cambridge. He was sent to parliament in his eighteenth, if not in his sixteenth year, and frequented the court of James the First, where he heard a very remarkable conversation, which the writer of the Life prefixed to his works, who seems to have been well informed of facts, though he may sometimes err in chronology, has delivered as indubitably certain:

He found Dr. Andrews, Bishop of Winchester,
14.

and Dr. Neale, Bishop of Durham, standing behind his Majesty's chair; and 'there happened something extraordinary,' continues this writer, 'in the conversation those prelates had with the King, on which Mr. Waller did often reflect. His Majesty asked the Bishops, 'My Lords, cannot I take my subjects' money when I want it, without all this formality of parliament?' The Bishop of Durham readily answered, 'God forbid, Sir, but you should: you are the breath of our nostrils.' Whereupon the King turned, and said to the Bishop of Winchester, 'Well, my Lord, what say you?'—'Sir,' replied the Bishop, 'I have no skill to judge of parliamentary cases.' The King answered, 'No put-offs, my Lord; answer me presently.'—'Then, Sir,' said he, 'I think it is lawful for you to take my brother Neale's money; for he offers it.' Mr. Waller said, the company was pleased with this answer, and the wit of it seemed to affect the King; for, a certain lord coming in soon after, his Majesty cried out, 'Oh, my Lord, they say you lig with my Lady.'—'No, Sir,' says his Lordship in confusion; 'but I like her company, because she has so much wit.'—'Why then,' says the King, 'do you not lig with my Lord of Winchester there?'

Waller's political and poetical life began nearly together. In his eighteenth year he wrote the poem that appears first in his works, 'on the Prince's Escape at St. Andero:' a piece which justifies the observation made by one of his editors, that he attained, by a felicity like instinct, a style which perhaps will never be obsolete; and that, 'were we to judge only by the wording, we could not know what was wrote at twenty, and what at fourscore.' His versification was, in his first essay, such as it appears in his last performance. By the perusal of Fairfax's translation of Tasso, to which, as ¹ Dryden relates,

¹ Preface to his Fables.—*Dr. J.*

he confessed himself indebted for the smoothness of his numbers, and by his own nicety of observation, he had already formed such a system of metrical harmony as he never afterwards much needed, or much endeavoured, to improve. Denham corrected his numbers by experience, and gained ground gradually upon the ruggedness of his age: but what was acquired by Denham was inherited by Waller.

The next poem, of which the subject seems to fix the time, is supposed by Mr. Fenton to be the Address to the Queen, which he considers as congratulating her arrival, in Waller's twentieth year. He is apparently mistaken; for the mention of the nation's obligations to her frequent pregnancy proves that it was written when she had brought many children. We have therefore no date of any other poetical production before that which the murder of the Duke of Buckingham occasioned; the steadiness with which the King received the news in the chapel deserved indeed to be rescued from oblivion.

Neither of these pieces, that seem to carry their own dates, could have been the sudden effusion of fancy. In the verses on the Prince's escape, the prediction of his marriage with the Princess of France must have been written after the event; in the other, the promises of the King's kindness to the descendants of Buckingham, which could not be properly praised till it had appeared by its effects, show that time was taken for revision and improvement. It is not known that they were published till they appeared long afterwards with other poems.

Waller was not one of those idolaters of praise who cultivate their minds at the expense of their fortunes. Rich as he was by inheritance, he took care early to grow richer, by marrying Mrs. Banks, a great heiress in the city, whom the interest of the court was employed to obtain for Mr. Crofts. Hav-

ing brought him a son, who died young, and a daughter, who was afterwards married to Mr. Dormer of Oxfordshire, she died in childbed, and left him a widower of about five-and-twenty, gay and wealthy, to please himself with another marriage.

Being too young to resist beauty, and probably too vain to think himself resistible, he fixed his heart, perhaps half fondly and half ambitiously, upon the Lady Dorothea Sidney, eldest daughter of the Earl of Leicester, whom he courted by all the poetry in which Sacharissa is celebrated; the name is derived from the Latin appellation of sugar, and implies, if it means any thing, a spiritless mildness, and dull good-nature, such as excites rather tenderness than esteem, and such as, though always treated with kindness, is never honoured or admired.

Yet he describes Sacharissa as a sublime predominating beauty, of lofty charms, and imperious influence, on whom he looks with amazement rather than fondness, whose chains he wishes, though in vain, to break, and whose presence is wine that inflames to madness.

His acquaintance with this high-born dame gave Wit no opportunity of boasting its influence; she was not to be subdued by the powers of verse, but rejected his addresses, it is said, with disdain, and drove him away to solace his disappointment with Amoret or Phillis. She married, in 1639, the Earl of Sunderland, who died at Newbury, in the King's cause; and, in her old age, meeting somewhere with Waller, asked him, when he would again write such verses upon her; 'When you are as young, Madam,' said he, 'and as handsome as you were then.'

In this part of his life it was that he was known to Clarendon, among the rest of the men who were eminent in that age for genius and literature; but known so little to his advantage, that they who read

his character will not much condemn Sacharissa, that she did not descend from her rank to his embraces, nor think every excellence comprised in wit.

The Lady was, indeed, inexorable; but his uncommon qualifications, though they had no power upon her, recommended him to the scholars and statesmen; and undoubtedly many beauties of that time, however they might receive his love, were proud of his praises. Who they were, whom he dignifies with poetical names cannot now be known. Amoret, according to Mr. Fenton, was the Lady Sophia Murray. Perhaps by traditions preserved in families more may be discovered.

From the verses written at Penshurst, it has been collected that he diverted his disappointment by a voyage; and his biographers, from his poem on the Whales, think it not improbable that he visited the Bermudas; but it seems much more likely that he should amuse himself with forming an imaginary scene, than that so important an incident, as a visit to America, should have been left floating in conjectural probability.

From his twenty-eighth to his thirty-fifth year, he wrote his pieces on the Reduction of Sallee; on the Reparation of St. Paul's; to the King on his Navy; the Panegyric on the Queen Mother; the two poems to the Earl of Northumberland; and perhaps others, of which the time cannot be discovered.

When he had lost all hopes of Sacharissa, he looked round him for an easier conquest, and gained a lady of the family of Bresse, or Breaux. The time of his marriage is not exactly known. It has not been discovered that this wife was won by his poetry; nor is any thing told of her, but that she brought him many children. He doubtless praised some whom he would have been afraid to marry, and perhaps married one whom he would have been ashamed to praise. Many qualities contribute to

domestic happiness, upon which poetry has no colours to bestow; and many airs and sallies may delight imagination, which he who flatters them never can approve. There are charms made only for distant admiration. No spectacle is nobler than a blaze.

Of this wife, his biographers have recorded that she gave him five sons and eight daughters.

During the long interval of parliament, he is represented as living among those with whom it was most honourable to converse, and enjoying an exuberant fortune with that independence and liberty of speech and conduct which wealth ought always to produce. He was however considered as the kinsman of Hampden, and was therefore supposed by the courtiers not to favour them.

When the parliament was called in 1640, it appeared that Waller's political character had not been mistaken. The King's demand of a supply produced one of those noisy speeches which disaffection and discontent regularly dictate; a speech filled with hyperbolical complaints of imaginary grievances: 'They,' says he, 'who think themselves already undone, can never apprehend themselves in danger; and they who have nothing left can never give freely.' Political truth is equally in danger from the praises of courtiers, and the exclamations of patriots.

He then proceeds to rail at the clergy, being sure at that time of a favourable audience. His topic is such as will always serve its purpose; an accusation of acting and preaching only for perferment; and he exhorts the Commons carefully to provide for their protection against Pulpit Law.

It always gratifies curiosity to trace a sentiment. Waller has in his speech quoted Hooker in one passage; and in another has copied him, without quoting. 'Religion,' says Waller, 'ought to be the first thing in our purpose and desires; but that which is

first in dignity is not always to precede in order of time; for well-being supposes a being; and the first impediment which men naturally endeavour to remove, is the want of those things without which they cannot subsist. God first assigned unto Adam maintenance of life, and gave him a title to the rest of the creatures before he appointed a law to observe.'

'God first assigned Adam,' says Hooker, 'maintenance of life, and then appointed him a law to observe.—True it is that the kingdom of God must be the first thing in our purpose and desires; but inasmuch as a righteous life presupposeth life, inasmuch as to live virtuously it is impossible, except we live; therefore the first impediment which naturally we endeavour to remove is penury, and want of things without which we cannot live.' B. i. Sect. 9.

The speech is vehement; but the great position, that grievances ought to be redressed before supplies are granted, is agreeable enough to law and reason; nor was Waller, if his biographer may be credited, such an enemy to the King, as not to wish his distresses lightened; for he relates, 'that the King sent particularly to Waller, to second his demand of some subsidies to pay off the army; and Sir Henry Vane objecting against first voting a supply, because the King would not accept unless it came up to his proportion, Mr. Waller spoke earnestly to Sir Thomas Jermyn, comptroller of the household, to save his master from the effects of so bold a falsity; 'for,' he said, 'I am but a country gentleman, and cannot pretend to know the King's mind;' but Sir Thomas durst not contradict the secretary; and his son, the Earl of St. Albans, afterwards told Mr. Waller, that his father's cowardice ruined the King.'

In the Long Parliament, which, unhappily for the nation, met Nov. 3, 1640, Waller represented Agmondesham the third time; and was considered by

the discontented party as a man sufficiently trusty and acrimonious to be employed in managing the prosecution of Judge Crawley, for his opinion in favour of ship-money; and his speech shows that he did not disappoint their expectations. He was probably the more ardent, as his uncle Hampden had been particularly engaged in the dispute, and, by a sentence which seems generally to be thought unconstitutional, particularly injured.

He was not however a bigot to his party, nor adopted all their opinions. When the great question, whether Episcopacy ought to be abolished, was debated, he spoke against the innovation so coolly, so reasonably, and so firmly, that it is not without great injury to his name that his speech, which was as follows, has been hitherto omitted in his works:

² 'There is no doubt but the sense of what this nation had suffered from the present Bishops hath produced these complaints; and the apprehensions men have of suffering the like, in time to come, make so many desire the taking away of Episcopacy: but I conceive it is possible that we may not, now, take a right measure of the minds of the people by their petitions; for, when they subscribed them, the Bishops were armed with a dangerous commission of making new canons, imposing new oaths, and the like; but now we have disarmed them of that power. These petitioners lately did look upon Episcopacy as a beast armed with horns and claws; but now that we have cut and pared them (and may, if we see cause, yet reduce it into narrower bounds), it may, perhaps, be more agreeable. Howsoever, if they be still in passion, it becomes us soberly to consider the right use and antiquity thereof; and not to comply further with a general desire, than may stand with a general good.

² This speech has been retrieved, from a paper printed at that time, by the writers of the Parliamentary History.—*Dr. J.*

‘ We have already showed, that Episcopacy and the evils thereof are mingled like water and oil; we have also, in part, severed them; but I believe you will find, that our laws and the present government of the Church are mingled like wine and water; so inseparable, that the abrogation of, at least, a hundred of our laws is desired in these petitions. I have often heard a noble answer of the Lords, commended in this house, to a proposition of like nature, but of less consequence; they gave no other reason of their refusal but this, *Nolumus mutare Leges Angliæ*: it was the Bishops who so answered then; and it would become the dignity and wisdom of this house to answer the people, now, with a *Nolumus mutare*.

‘ I see some are moved with a number of hands against the Bishops; which, I confess, rather inclines me to their defence; for I look upon Episcopacy as a counterscarp, or out-work; which, if it be taken by this assault of the people, and, withal, this mystery once revealed, That we must deny them nothing when they ask it thus in troops, we may, in the next place, have as hard a task to defend our property, as we have lately had to recover it from the Prerogative. If, by multiplying hands and petitions, they prevail for an equality in things ecclesiastical, the next demand perhaps may be *Lex Agraria*, the like equality in things temporal.

‘ The Roman story tells us, That when the people began to flock about the senate, and were more curious to direct and know what was done, than to obey, that Commonwealth soon came to ruin: their *Legem rogare* grew quickly to be a *Legem ferre*: and after, when their legions had found that they could make a Dictator, they never suffered the senate to have a voice any more in such election.

‘ If these great innovations proceed, I shall expect a flat and level in learning too, as well as in

church preferments: *Honos alit Artes*. And though it be true, that grave and pious men do study for learning sake, and embrace virtue for itself; yet it is true that youth, which is the season when learning is gotten, is not without ambition; nor will ever take pains to excel in any thing, when there is not some hope of excelling others in reward and dignity.

‘There are two reasons chiefly alleged against our church government.

‘First, Scripture, which, as some men think, points out another form.

‘Second, The abuses of the present superiors.

‘For Scripture, I will not dispute it in this place; but I am confident that, whenever an equal division of lands and goods shall be desired, there will be as many places in Scripture found out, which seem to favour that, as there are now alleged against the prelacy or preferment of the Church. And, as for abuses, where you are now in the Remonstrance told what this and that poor man hath suffered by the Bishops, you may be presented with a thousand instances of poor men that have received hard measure from their landlords; and of worldly goods abused, to the injury of others, and disadvantage of the owners.

‘And therefore, Mr. Speaker, my humble motion is, That we may settle men’s minds herein; and, by a question, declare our resolution, to reform, that is, not to abolish, Episcopacy.’

It cannot but be wished that he, who could speak in this manner, had been able to act with spirit and uniformity.

When the Commons began to set the royal authority at open defiance, Waller is said to have withdrawn from the house, and to have returned with the King’s permission; and, when the King set up his standard, he sent him a thousand broad-pieces. He continued, however, to sit in the rebellious conven-

ticle; but 'spoke,' says Clarendon, 'with great sharpness and freedom, which, now there was no danger of being outvoted, was not restrained; and therefore used as an argument against those who were gone upon pretence that they were not suffered to deliver their opinion freely in the House, which could not be believed, when all men knew what liberty Mr. Waller took, and spoke every day with impunity against the sense and proceedings of the house.'

Waller, as he continued to sit, was one of the commissioners nominated by the Parliament to treat with the King at Oxford; and when they were presented, the King said to him, 'Though you are the last, you are not the lowest nor the least in my favour.' Whitlock, who, being another of the commissioners, was witness of this kindness, imputes it to the King's knowledge of the plot, in which Waller appeared afterwards to have been engaged against the Parliament. Fenton, with equal probability, believes that this attempt to promote the royal cause arose from his sensibility of the King's tenderness. Whitlock says nothing of his behaviour at Oxford: he was sent with several others to add pomp to the commission, but was not one of those to whom the trust of treating was imparted.

The engagement, known by the name of Waller's plot, was soon afterwards discovered. Waller had a brother-in-law, Tomkyns, who was clerk of the Queen's council, and at the same time had a very numerous acquaintance, and great influence, in the city. Waller and he, conversing with great confidence, told both their own secrets and those of their friends; and, surveying the wide extent of their conversation, imagined that they found in the majority of all ranks great disapprobation of the violence of the Commons, and unwillingness to continue the war. They knew that many favoured the King,

whose fear concealed their loyalty; and many desired peace, though they durst not oppose the clamour for war; and they imagined that, if those who had these good intentions could be informed of their own strength, and enabled by intelligence to act together, they might overpower the fury of sedition, by refusing to comply with the ordinance for the twentieth part, and the other taxes levied for the support of the rebel army, and by uniting great numbers in a petition for peace. They proceeded with great caution. Three only met in one place, and no man was allowed to impart the plot to more than two others; so, that, if any should be suspected or seized, more than three could not be endangered.

Lord Conway joined in the design, and, Clarendon imagines, incidentally mingled, as he was a soldier, some martial hopes or projects, which however were only mentioned, the main design being to bring the loyal inhabitants to the knowledge of each other; for which purpose there was to be appointed one in every district, to distinguish the friends of the King, the adherents to the Parliament, and the neutrals. How far they proceeded does not appear; the result of their inquiry, as Pym declared³, was, that within the walls, for one that was for the Royalists, there were three against them; but that without the walls, for one that was against them, there were five for them. Whether this was said from knowledge or guess, was perhaps never inquired.

It is the opinion of Clarendon, that in Waller's plan no violence or sanguinary resistance was comprised; that he intended only to abate the confidence of the rebels by public declarations, and to weaken their power by an opposition to new supplies. This, in calmer times, and more than this, is done without fear; but such was the acrimony of the Commons, that no method of obstructing them was safe.

³ Parliamentary History, vol. xii.—*Dr. J.*

About this time another design was formed by Sir Nicholas Crispe, a man of loyalty that deserves perpetual remembrance: when he was a merchant in the city, he gave and procured the King, in his exigencies, an hundred thousand pounds; and, when he was driven from the Exchange, raised a regiment and commanded it.

Sir Nicholas flattered himself with an opinion, that some provocation would so much exasperate, or some opportunity so much encourage, the King's friends in the city, that they would break out in open resistance, and would then want only a lawful standard, and an authorised commander; and extorted from the King, whose judgment too frequently yielded to importunity, a commission of array, directed to such as he thought proper to nominate, which was sent to London by the Lady Aubigney. She knew not what she carried, but was to deliver it on the communication of a certain token which Sir Nicholas imparted.

This commission could be only intended to lie ready till the time should require it. To have attempted to raise any forces, would have been certain destruction; it could be of use only when the forces should appear. This was, however, an act preparatory to martial hostility. Crispe would undoubtedly have put an end to the session of Parliament, had his strength been equal to his zeal; and out of the design of Crispe, which involved very little danger, and that of Waller, which was an act purely civil, they compounded a horrid and dreadful plot.

The discovery of Waller's design is variously related. In 'Clarendon's History' it is told, that a servant of Tomkyns, lurking behind the hangings when his master was in conference with Waller, heard enough to qualify him for an informer, and carried his intelligence to Pym. A manuscript, quoted in the 'Life of Waller,' relates, that 'he

was betrayed by his sister Price, and her Presbyterian chaplain Mr. Goode, who stole some of his papers; and, if he had not strangely dreamed the night before, that his sister had betrayed him, and thereupon burnt the rest of his papers by the fire that was in his chimney, he had certainly lost his life by it.' The question cannot be decided. It is not unreasonable to believe that the men in power, receiving intelligence from the sister, would employ the servant of Tomkyns to listen at the conference, that they might avoid an act so offensive as that of destroying the brother by the sister's testimony.

The plot was published in the most terrific manner.

On the 31st of May (1643), at a solemn fast, when they were listening to the sermon, a messenger entered the church, and communicated his errand to Pym, who whispered it to others that were placed near him, and then went with them out of the church, leaving the rest in solicitude and amazement. They immediately sent guards to proper places, and that night apprehended Tomkyns and Waller; having yet traced nothing but that letters had been intercepted, from which it appears that the parliament and the city were soon to be delivered into the hands of the cavaliers.

They perhaps yet knew little themselves, beyond some general and indistinct notices. 'But Waller,' says Clarendon, 'was so confounded with fear, that he confessed whatever he had heard, said, thought, or seen; all that he knew of himself, and all that he suspected of others, without concealing any person of what degree or quality soever, or any discourse which he had ever upon any occasion entertained with them; what such and such ladies of great honour, to whom, upon the credit of his wit and great reputation, he had been admitted, had spoke to him in their chambers upon the proceedings in the

Houses, and how they had encouraged him to oppose them; what correspondence and intercourse they had with some Ministers of State at Oxford, and how they had conveyed all intelligence thither.' He accused the Earl of Portland and Lord Conway as co-operating in the transaction; and testified that the Earl of Northumberland had declared himself disposed in favour of any attempt that might check the violence of the Parliament, and reconcile them to the King.

He undoubtedly confessed much which they could never have discovered, and perhaps somewhat which they would wish to have been suppressed; for it is inconvenient, in the conflict of factions, to have that disaffection known which cannot safely be punished.

Tomkyns was seized on the same night with Waller, and appears likewise to have partaken of his cowardice; for he gave notice of Crispe's commission of array, of which Clarendon never knew how it was discovered. Tomkyns had been sent with the token appointed, to demand it from Lady Aubigny, and had buried it in his garden, where, by his direction, it was dug up; and thus the rebels obtained, what Clarendon confesses them to have had, the original copy.

It can raise no wonder that they formed one plot out of these two designs, however remote from each other, when they saw the same agent employed in both, and found the commission of array in the hands of him who was employed in collecting the opinions and affections of the people.

Of the plot, thus combined, they took care to make the most. They sent Pym among the citizens, to tell them of their imminent danger, and happy escape; and inform them, that the design was, 'to seize the Lord Mayor and all the Committee of Militia, and would not spare one of them.' They

drew up a vow and covenant, to be taken by every member of either House, by which he declared his detestation of all conspiracies against the Parliament and his resolution to detect and oppose them. They then appointed a day of thanksgiving for this wonderful delivery; which shut out, says Clarendon, all doubts whether there had been such a deliverance, and whether the plot was real or fictitious.

On June 11, the Earl of Portland and Lord Conway were committed, one to the custody of the mayor, and the other of the sheriff: but their lands and goods were not seized.

Waller was still to immerse himself deeper in ignominy. The Earl of Portland and Lord Conway denied the charge; and there was no evidence against them but the confession of Waller, of which undoubtedly many would be inclined to question the veracity. With these doubts he was so much terrified, that he endeavoured to persuade Portland to a declaration like his own, by a letter extant in Fenton's edition. 'But for me,' says he, 'you had never known any thing of this business which was prepared for another; and therefore I cannot imagine why you should hide it so far as to contract your own ruin by concealing it, and persisting unreasonably to hide that truth, which without you already is, and will every day be made more manifest. Can you imagine yourself bound in honour to keep that secret, which is already revealed by another? or possible it should still be a secret, which is known to one of the other sex?—If you persist to be cruel to yourself for their sakes who deserve it not, it will nevertheless be made appear, ere long, I fear, to your ruin. Surely, if I had the happiness to wait on you, I could move you to compassionate both yourself and me, who, desperate as my case is, am desirous to die with the honour of being known to have declared the truth. You have no reason to

contend to hide what is already revealed—inconsiderately to throw away yourself, for the interest of others, to whom you are less obliged than you are aware of.’

This persuasion seems to have had little effect. Portland sent (June 29) a letter to the Lords, to tell them, that he ‘is in custody, as he conceives, without any charge: and that, by what Mr. Waller hath threatened him with since he was imprisoned, he doth apprehend a very cruel, long, and ruinous restraint:—He therefore prays, that he may not find the effects of Mr. Waller’s threats, a long and close imprisonment; but may be speedily brought to a legal trial, and then he is confident the vanity and falsehood of those informations which have been given against him will appear.’

In consequence of this letter, the Lords ordered Portland and Waller to be confronted; when the one repeated his charge, and the other his denial. The examination of the plot being continued (July 1), Thinn, Usher of the House of Lords, deposed, that Mr. Waller having had a conference with the Lord Portland in an upper room, Lord Portland said, when he came down, ‘Do me the favour to tell my Lord Northumberland, that Mr. Waller has extremely pressed me to save my own life and his, by throwing the blame upon the Lord Conway and the Earl of Northumberland.’

Waller, in his letter to Portland, tells him of the reasons which he could urge with resistless efficacy in a personal conference; but he overrated his own oratory; his vehemence, whether of persuasion or intreaty, was returned with contempt.

One of his arguments with Portland is, that the plot is already known to a woman. This woman was doubtless Lady Aubigny, who, upon this occasion, was committed to custody; but who, in reality,

when she delivered the commission, knew not what it was.

The Parliament then proceeded against the conspirators, and committed their trial to a council of war. Tomkyns and Chaloner were hanged near their own doors. Tomkyns, when he came to die, said it was a foolish business; and indeed there seems to have been no hope that it should escape discovery; for, though never more than three met at a time, yet a design so extensive must, by necessity, be communicated to many, who could not be expected to be all faithful, and all prudent. Chaloner was attended at his execution by Hugh Peters. His crime was, that he had commission to raise money for the King; but it appears not that the money was to be expended upon the advancement of either Crispe's or Waller's plot.

The Earl of Northumberland, being too great for prosecution, was only once examined before the Lords. The Earl of Portland and Lord Conway, persisting to deny the charge, and no testimony but Waller's yet appearing against them, were, after a long imprisonment, admitted to bail. Hassel, the King's messenger, who carried the letters to Oxford, died the night before his trial. Hampden escaped death, perhaps by the interest of his family; but was kept in prison to the end of his life. They whose names were inserted in the commission of array were not capitally punished, as it could not be proved that they had consented to their own nomination; but they were considered as malignants, and their estates were seized.

'Waller, though confessedly,' says Clarendon, 'the most guilty, with incredible dissimulation, affected such a remorse of conscience, that his trial was put off, out of Christian compassion, till he might recover his understanding.' What use he

made of this interval, with what liberality and success he distributed flattery and money, and how, when he was brought (July 4) before the House, he confessed and lamented, and submitted and implored, may be read in the History of the Rebellion (b. vii.) The speech, to which Clarendon ascribes the preservation of his dear-bought life, is inserted in his works. The great historian, however, seems to have been mistaken in relating that he prevailed in the principal part of his supplication, not to be tried by a council of war; for, according to Whitlock, he was by expulsion from the House abandoned to the tribunal which he so much dreaded, and, being tried and condemned, was reprieved by Essex; but after a year's imprisonment, in which time resentment grew less acrimonious, paying a fine of ten thousand pounds, he was permitted to recollect himself in another country.

Of his behaviour in this part of his life, it is not necessary to direct the reader's opinion. 'Let us not,' says his last ingenious biographer⁴, condemn him with untempered severity, because he was not a prodigy which the world hath seldom seen, because his character included not the poet, the orator, and the hero.'

For the place of his exile he chose France, and stayed some time at Roan, where his daughter Margaret was born, who was afterwards his favourite, and his amanuensis. He then removed to Paris, where he lived with great splendor and hospitality; and from time to time amused himself with poetry, in which he sometimes speaks of the rebels, and their usurpation, in the natural language of an honest man.

At last it became necessary, for his support, to sell his wife's jewels; and being reduced, as he said, at last to the rump-jewel, he solicited from Cromwell

⁴ The Rev. Percival Stockdale.

permission to return, and obtained it by the interest of Colonel Scroop, to whom his sister was married. Upon the remains of a fortune which the danger of his life had very much diminished, he lived at Hallbarn, a house built by himself very near to Beaconsfield, where his mother resided. His mother, though related to Cromwell and Hampden, was zealous for the royal cause, and, when Cromwell visited her, used to reproach him; he, in return, would throw a napkin at her, and say he would not dispute with his aunt; but finding in time that she acted for the King, as well as talked, he made her a prisoner to her own daughter, in her own house. If he would do any thing, he could not do less.

Cromwell, now Protector, received Waller, as his kinsman, to familiar conversation. Waller, as he used to relate, found him sufficiently versed in antient history; and when any of his enthusiastic friends came to advise or consult him, could sometimes overhear him discoursing in the cant of the times: but, when he returned, he would say, 'Cousin Waller, I must talk to these men in their own way:' and resumed the common style of conversation.

He repaid the Protector for his favours (1654) by the famous Panegyric, which has been always considered as the first of his poetical productions. His choice of encomiastic topics is very judicious; for he considers Cromwell in his exaltation, without enquiring how he attained it; there is consequently no mention of the rebel or the regicide. All the former part of his hero's life is veiled with shades; and nothing is brought to view but the chief, the governor, the defender of England's honour, and the enlarger of her dominion. The act of violence by which he obtained the supreme power is lightly treated, and decently justified. It was certainly to be desired that the detestable band should be dissolved, which had destroyed the Church, murdered

the King, and filled the nation with tumult and oppression; yet Cromwell had not the right of dissolving them, for all that he had before done could be justified only by supposing them invested with lawful authority. But combinations of wickedness would overwhelm the world by the advantage which licentious principles afford, did not those, who have long practised perfidy, grow faithless to each other.

In the poem on the war with Spain are some passages at least equal to the best parts of the Panegyric; and, in the conclusion, the poet ventures yet a higher flight of flattery, by recommending royalty to Cromwell and the nation. Cromwell was very desirous, as appears from his conversation, related by Whitlock, of adding the title to the power of monarchy, and is supposed to have been withheld from it partly by fear of the army, and partly by fear of the laws, which, when he should govern by the name of King, would have restrained his authority. When therefore a deputation was solemnly sent to invite him to the Crown, he, after a long conference, refused it; but is said to have fainted in his coach when he parted from them.

The poem on the death of the Protector seems to have been dictated by real veneration for his memory. Dryden and Sprat wrote on the same occasion; but they were young men, struggling into notice, and hoping, for some favour from the ruling party. Waller had little to expect; he had received nothing but his pardon from Cromwell, and was not likely to ask any thing from those who should succeed him.

Soon afterwards, the Restoration supplied him with another subject; and he exerted his imagination, his elegance, and his melody, with equal alacrity, for Charles the Second. It is not possible to read, without some contempt and indignation, poems of the same author, ascribing the highest degree of

power and piety to Charles the First, then transferring the same power and piety to Oliver Cromwell; now inviting Oliver to take the crown, and then congratulating Charles the Second on his recovered right. Neither Cromwell nor Charles could value his testimony as the effect of conviction, or receive his praises as effusions of reverence; they could consider them but as the labour of invention, and the tribute of dependence.

Poets, indeed, profess fiction; but the legitimate end of fiction is the conveyance of truth; and he that has flattery ready for all whom the vicissitudes of the world happen to exalt, must be scorned as a prostituted mind, that may retain the glitter of wit, but has lost the dignity of virtue.

The Congratulation was considered as inferior in poetical merit to the Panegyric; and it is reported, that, when the King told Waller of the disparity, he answered, ‘Poets, Sir, succeed better in fiction than in truth.’

The Congratulation is indeed not inferior to the Panegyric, either by decay of genius, or for want of diligence; but because Cromwell had done much, and Charles had done little. Cromwell wanted nothing to raise him to heroic excellence but virtue; and virtue his poet thought himself at liberty to supply. Charles had yet only the merit of struggling without success, and suffering without despair. A life of escapes and indigence could supply poetry with no splendid images.

In the first Parliament summoned by Charles the Second (March 8, 1661), Waller sat for Hastings in Sussex, and served for different places in all the Parliaments of that reign. In a time when fancy and gaiety were the most powerful recommendations to regard, it is not likely that Waller was forgotten. He passed his time in the company that was highest, both in rank and wit, from which even his obstinate

sobriety did not exclude him. Though he drank water, he was enabled by his fertility of mind to heighten the mirth of Bacchanalian assemblies; and Mr. Saville said, that 'no man in England should keep him company without drinking but Ned Waller.'

The praise given him by St. Evremond is a proof of his reputation; for it was only by his reputation that he could be known, as a writer, to a man who, though he lived a great part of a long life upon an English pension, never condescended to understand the language of the nation that maintained him.

In Parliament, 'he was,' says Burnet, 'the delight of the House, and, though old, said the liveliest things of any among them.' This, however, is said in his account of the year seventy-five, when Waller was only seventy. His name as a speaker occurs often in Grey's Collections; but I have found no extracts that can be more quoted as exhibiting sallies of gaiety than cogency of argument.

He was of such consideration, that his remarks were circulated and recorded. When the Duke of York's influence was high, both in Scotland and England, it drew, says Burnet, a lively reflection from Waller, the celebrated wit. He said, 'the House of Commons had resolved that the Duke should not reign after the King's death; but the King, in opposition to them, had resolved that he should reign even in his life.' If there appear no extraordinary liveliness in this remark, yet its reception proves the speaker to have been a celebrated wit, to have had a name which men of wit were proud of mentioning.

He did not suffer his reputation to die gradually away, which may easily happen in a long life, but renewed his claim to poetical distinction from time to time, as occasions were offered, either by public events or private incidents; and contenting himself

with the influence of his Muse, or loving quiet better than influence, he never accepted any office of magistracy.

He was not, however, without some attention to his fortune; for he asked from the King (in 1665) the provostship of Eton college, and obtained it; but Clarendon refused to put the seal to the grant, alleging that it could be held only by a clergyman. It is known that Sir Henry Wotton qualified himself for it by deacon's orders.

To this opposition, the 'Biographia' imputes the violence and acrimony with which Waller joined Buckingham's faction in the prosecution of Clarendon. The motive was illiberal and dishonest, and showed that more than sixty years had not been able to teach him morality. His accusation is such as conscience can hardly be supposed to dictate without the help of malice. 'We were to be governed by Janizaries instead of Parliaments, and are in danger from a worse plot than that of the fifth of November; then if the Lords and Commons had been destroyed, there had been a succession; but here both had been destroyed for ever.' This is the language of a man who is glad of an opportunity to rail, and ready to sacrifice truth to interest at one time, and to anger at another.

A year after the Chancellor's banishment, another vacancy gave him encouragement for another petition, which the King referred to the council, who after hearing the question argued by lawyers for three days, determined that the office could be held only by a clergyman, according to the act of uniformity, since the provosts had always received institution as for a parsonage from the bishops of Lincoln. The King then said, he could not break the law which he had made: and Dr. Zachary Cradock, famous for a single sermon, at most for two sermons, was chosen by the Fellows.

That he asked any thing more is not known; it is certain that he obtained nothing, though he continued obsequious to the Court through the rest of Charles's reign.

At the accession of King James (in 1685) he was chosen for Parliament, being then fourscore, at Saltash in Cornwall, and wrote a 'Presage of the Downfall of the Turkish Empire,' which he presented to the King on his birth-day. It is remarked, by his commentator Fenton, that in reading Tasso he had early imbibed a veneration for the heroes of the Holy War, and a zealous enmity to the Turks, which never left him. James, however, having soon after begun what he thought a Holy War at home, made haste to put all molestation of the Turks out of his power.

James treated him with kindness and familiarity, of which instances are given by the writer of his life. One day taking him into the closet, the King asked him how he liked one of the pictures? 'My eyes,' said Waller, 'are dim, and I do not know it.' The King said it was the Princess of Orange. 'She is,' said Waller, 'like the greatest woman in the world.' The King asked who was that; and was answered, Queen Elizabeth. 'I wonder,' said the King, 'you should think so; but I must confess she had a wise council.' 'And, Sir,' said Waller, 'did you ever know a fool choose a wise one?' Such is the story, which I once heard of some other man. Pointed axioms, and acute replies, fly loose about the world, and are assigned successively to those whom it may be the fashion to celebrate.

When the King knew that he was about to marry his daughter to Dr. Birch, a clergyman, he ordered a French gentleman to tell him, that 'the King wondered he could think of marrying his daughter to a falling Church.' 'The King,' said Waller, 'does me great honour, in taking notice of my domestic

affairs; but I have lived long enough to observe that this falling Church has got a trick of rising again.'

He took notice to his friends of the King's conduct; and said that 'he would be left like a whale upon the strand.' Whether he was privy to any of the transactions which ended in the Revolution, is not known. His heir joined the Prince of Orange.

Having now attained an age beyond which the laws of nature seldom suffer life to be extended, otherwise than by a future state, he seems to have turned his mind upon preparation for the decisive hour, and therefore consecrated his poetry to devotion. It is pleasing to discover that his piety was without weakness; that his intellectual powers continued vigorous; and that the lines which he composed when he, for age, could neither read nor write, are not inferior to the effusions of his youth.

Towards the decline of life, he bought a small house with a little land, at Coleshill; and said, 'he should be glad to die, like the stag, where he was roused.' This, however, did not happen. When he was at Beaconsfield, he found his legs grow tumid: he went to Windsor, where Sir Charles Scarborough then attended the King, and requested him, as both a friend and a physician, to tell him, what that swelling meant. 'Sir,' answered Scarborough, 'your blood will run no longer.' Waller repeated some lines of Virgil, and went home to die.

As the disease increased upon him, he composed himself for his departure; and calling upon Dr. Birch to give him the holy sacrament, he desired his children to take it with him, and made an earnest declaration of his faith in Christianity. It now appeared what part of his conversation with the great could be remembered with delight. He related, that being present when the Duke of Buckingham talked profanely before King Charles, he said to him, 'My Lord, I am a great deal older than your Grace,

and have, I believe, heard more arguments for Atheism than ever your Grace did; but I have lived long enough to see there is nothing in them; and so, I hope, your Grace will.'

He died October 21, 1687, and was buried at Beaconsfield, with a monument erected by his son's executors, for which Rymer wrote the inscription, and which I hope is now rescued from dilapidation.

He left several children by his second wife; of whom, his daughter was married to Dr. Birch. Benjamin, the oldest son, was disinherited, and sent to New Jersey, as wanting common understanding. Edmund, the second son, inherited the estate, and represented Agmondesham in Parliament, but at last turned Quaker. William, the third son, was a merchant in London. Stephen, the fourth, was an eminent Doctor of Laws, and one of the Commissioners for the Union. There is said to have been a fifth, of whom no account has descended.

The character of Waller, both moral and intellectual, has been drawn by Clarendon, to whom he was familiarly known, with nicety, which certainly none to whom he was not known can presume to emulate. It is therefore inserted here, with such remarks as others have supplied; after which, nothing remains but a critical examination of his poetry.

'Edmund Waller,' says Clarendon, 'was born to a very fair estate, by the parsimony or frugality of a wise father and mother: and he thought it so commendable an advantage, that he resolved to improve it with his utmost care, upon which in his nature he was too much intent; and, in order to that, he was so much reserved and retired, that he was scarcely ever heard of, till by his address and dexterity he had gotten a very rich wife in the city, against all the recommendation and countenance and authority of the Court, which was thoroughly engaged on the

behalf of Mr. Crofts, and which used to be successful, in that age, against any opposition. He had the good fortune to have an alliance and friendship with Dr. Morley, who had assisted and instructed him in the reading many good books, to which his natural parts and promptitude inclined him, especially the poets; and at the age when other men used to give over writing verses (for he was near thirty years when he first engaged himself in that exercise, at least that he was known to do so), he surprised the town with two or three pieces of that kind; as if a tenth Muse had been newly born to cherish drooping poetry. The Doctor at that time brought him into that company which was most celebrated for good conversation; where he was received and esteemed with great applause and respect. He was a very pleasant discourser in earnest and in jest, and therefore very grateful to all kind of company, where he was not the less esteemed for being very rich.

‘He had been even nursed in parliaments, where he sat when he was very young; and so, when they were resumed again (after a long intermission), he appeared in those assemblies with great advantage; having a graceful way of speaking, and by thinking much on several arguments (which his temper and complexion, that had much of melancholic, inclined him to), he seemed often to speak upon the sudden, when the occasion had only administered the opportunity of saying what he had thoroughly considered, which gave a great lustre to all he said; which yet was rather of delight than weight. There needs no more be said to extol the excellence and power of his wit, and pleasantness of his conversation, than that it was of magnitude enough to cover a world of very great faults; that is, so to cover them, that they were not taken notice of to his reproach, viz. a narrowness in his nature to the lowest degree; an abjectness and want of courage to support him in any

virtuous undertaking; an insinuation and servile flattery, to the height the vainest and most impetuous nature could be contented with; that it preserved and won his life from those who were most resolved to take it, and in an occasion in which he ought to have been ambitious to have lost it; and then preserved him again from the reproach and the contempt that was due to him for so preserving it, and for vindicating it at such a price; that it had power to reconcile him to those whom he had most offended and provoked; and continued to his age with that rare felicity, that his company was acceptable where his spirit was odious; and he was at least pitied where he was most detested.'

Such is the account of Clarendon; on which it may not be improper to make some remarks.

'He was very little known till he had obtained a rich wife in the city.'

He obtained a rich wife about the age of three-and-twenty; an age, before which few men are conspicuous much to their advantage. He was known, however, in Parliament and at Court; and, if he spent part of his time in privacy, it is not unreasonable to suppose, that he endeavoured the improvement of his mind as well as of his fortune.

That Clarendon might misjudge the motive of his retirement is the more probable, because he has evidently mistaken the commencement of his poetry, which he supposes him not to have attempted before thirty. As his first pieces were perhaps not printed, the succession of his compositions was not known; and Clarendon, who cannot be imagined to have been very studious of poetry, did not rectify his first opinion by consulting Waller's book.

Clarendon observes, that he was introduced to the wits of the age by Dr. Morley; but the writer of his Life relates that he was already among them, when, hearing a noise in the street, and inquiring the cause,

they found a son of Ben Jonson under an arrest. This was Morley, whom Waller set free at the expense of one hundred pounds, took him into the country as director of his studies, and then procured him admission into the company of the friends of literature. Of this fact Clarendon had a nearer knowledge than the biographer, and is therefore more to be credited.

The account of Waller's parliamentary eloquence is seconded by Burnet, who, though he calls him 'the delight of the House,' adds, that 'he was only concerned to say that which should make him be applauded, he never laid the business of the House to heart, being a vain and empty, though a witty, man.'

Of his insinuation and flattery it is not unreasonable to believe that the truth is told. Ascham, in his elegant description of those whom in modern language we term Wits, says, that they are open flatterers, and privy mockers. Waller showed a little of both, when, upon sight of the Dutchesse of Newcastle's verses on the death of a Stag, he declared that he would give all his own compositions to have written them, and, being charged with the exorbitance of his adulation, answered, that 'nothing was too much to be given, that a lady might be saved from the disgrace of such a vile performance.' This, however, was no very mischievous or very unusual deviation from truth: had his hypocrisy been confined to such transactions, he might have been forgiven, though not praised; for who forbears to flatter an author or a lady?

Of the laxity of his political principles, and the weakness of his resolution, he experienced the natural effect, by losing the esteem of every party. From Cromwell he had only his recall; and from Charles the Second, who delighted in his company, he obtained only the pardon of his relation Hampden, and the safety of Hampden's son.

As far as conjecture can be made from the whole of his writing, and his conduct, he was habitually and deliberately a friend to monarchy. His deviation towards democracy proceeded from his connection with Hampden, for whose sake he prosecuted Crawley with great bitterness; and the invective which he pronounced on that occasion was so popular, that twenty thousand copies are said by his biographer to have been sold in one day.

It is confessed that his faults still left him many friends, at least many companions. His convivial power of pleasing is universally acknowledged; but those who conversed with him intimately, found him not only passionate, especially in his old age, but resentful; so that the interposition of friends was sometimes necessary.

His wit and his poetry naturally connected him with the polite writers of his time: he was joined with Lord Buckhurst in the translation of Corneille's *Pompey*; and is said to have added his help to that of Cowley in the original draught of the *Rehearsal*.

The care of his fortune, which Clarendon imputes to him in a degree little less than criminal, was either not constant or not successful; for, having inherited a patrimony of three thousand five hundred pounds a year in the time of James the First, and augmented it at least by one wealthy marriage, he left, about the time of the Revolution, an income of not more than twelve or thirteen hundred; which, when the different value of money is reckoned, will be found perhaps not more than a fourth part of what he once possessed.

Of this diminution, part was the consequence of the gifts which he was forced to scatter, and the fine which he was condemned to pay at the detection of his plot; and if his estate, as is related in his *Life*, was sequestered, he had probably contracted debts when he lived in exile; for we are told, that at Paris

he lived in splendor, and was the only Englishman, except the Lord St. Albans, that kept a table.

His unlucky plot compelled him to sell a thousand a year; of the waste of the rest there is no account, except that he is confessed by his biographer to have been a bad oeconomist. He seems to have deviated from the common practice; to have been a hoarder in his first years, and a squanderer in his last.

Of his course of studies, or choice of books, nothing is known more than that he professed himself unable to read Chapman's translation of Homer without rapture. His opinion concerning the duty of a poet is contained in his declaration, that 'he would blot from his works any line that did not contain some motive to virtue.'

The characters, by which Waller intended to distinguish his writing, are sprightliness and dignity; in his smallest pieces, he endeavours to be gay; in the larger to be great. Of his airy and light productions, the chief source is gallantry, that attentive reverence of female excellence which has descended to us from the Gothic ages. As his poems are commonly occasional, and his addresses personal, he was not so liberally supplied with grand as with soft images; for beauty is more easily found than magnanimity.

The delicacy, which he cultivated, restrains him to a certain nicety and caution, even when he writes upon the slightest matter. He has, therefore, in his whole volume, nothing burlesque, and seldom any thing ludicrous or familiar. He seems always to do his best; though his subjects are often unworthy of his care.

It is not easy to think without some contempt on an author, who is growing illustrious in his own opinion by verses, at one time, 'To a Lady who can do any thing but sleep when she pleases;' at another, 'To a Lady who can sleep when she pleases;'

now, 'To a Lady, on her passing through a crowd of people;' then, 'On a braid of divers colours woven by four Ladies;'—'On a tree cut in paper;' or, 'To a Lady, from whom he received the copy of verses on the paper-tree, which for many years had been missing.'

Genius now and then produces a lucky trifle. We still read the Dove of Anacreon, and Sparrow of Catullus; and a writer naturally pleases himself with a performance, which owes nothing to the subject. But compositions merely pretty have the fate of other pretty things, and are quitted in time for something useful; they are flowers fragrant and fair, but of short duration; or they are blossoms to be valued only as they foretel fruits.

Among Waller's little poems are some, which their excellence ought to secure from oblivion; as, 'To Amoret, comparing the different modes of regard with which he looks on her and Sacharissa;' and the verses 'On Love,' that begin, 'Anger in hasty words or blows.'

In others he is not equally successful; sometimes his thoughts are deficient, and sometimes his expression.

The numbers are not always musical; as,

Fair Venus, in thy soft arms
The god of rage confine;
For thy whispers are the charms
Which only can divert his fierce design.
What though he frowns, and to tumult do incline;
Thou the flame
Kindled in his breast canst tame
With that snow which unmelted lies on thine.

He seldom indeed fetches an amorous sentiment from the depths of science; his thoughts are for the most part easily understood, and his images such as the superficies of nature readily supplies; he has a just claim to popularity, because he writes to com-

mon degrees of knowledge; and is free at least from philosophical pedantry, unless perhaps the end of a song 'to the Sun' may be excepted, in which he is too much a Copernican. To which may be added the simile of the Palm in the verses on her passing through a crowd; and a line in a more serious poem on the Restoration, about vipers and treacle, which can only be understood by those who happen to know the composition of the Theriaca.

His thoughts are sometimes hyperbolical, and his images unnatural:

— The plants admire
No less than those of old did Orpheus' lyre :
If she sit down, with tops all towards her bow'd,
They round about her into arbours crowd :
Or if she walks, in even ranks they stand,
Like some well marshal'd and obsequious band.

In another place :

While in the park I sing, the listening deer
Attend my passion, and forget to fear :
When to the beeches I report my flame,
They bow their heads, as if they felt the same.
To gods appealing, when I reach their bowers,
With loud complaints they answer me in showers.
To thee a wild and cruel soul is given,
More deaf than trees, and prouder than the Heaven !

On the head of a stag :

O fertile head ! which every year
Could such a crop of wonder bear !
The teeming Earth did never bring
So soon, so hard, so huge a thing :
Which might it never have been cast,
Each year's growth added to the last,
These lofty branches had supplied
The Earth's bold son's prodigious pride ;
Heaven with these engines had been scaled,
When mountains heap'd on mountains fail'd.

Sometimes having succeeded in the first part, he makes a feeble conclusion. In the song of 'Sacha-

rissa's and Amoret's Friendship,' the two last stanzas ought to have been omitted.

His images of gallantry are not always in the highest degree delicate.

Then shall my love this doubt displace,
And gain such trust that I may come
And banquet sometimes on thy face,
But make my constant meals at home.

Some applications may be thought too remote and unconsequential; as in the verses on the 'Lady Dancing:'

The sun in figures such as these
Joys with the moon to play :
To the sweet strains they advance,
Which do result from their own spheres ;
As this nymph's dance
Moves with the numbers which she hears.

Sometimes a thought, which might perhaps fill a distich, is expanded and attenuated till it grows weak and almost evanescent.

Chloris ! since first our calm of peace
Was frightened hence, this good we find,
Your favours with your fears increase,
And growing mischiefs make you kind.
So the fair tree, which still preserves
Her fruit, and state, while no wind blows,
In storms from that uprightness swerves ;
And the glad earth about her strows
With treasure from her yielding boughs.

His images are not always distinct; as, in the following passage he confounds Love as a person with Love as a passion :

Some other nymphs, with colours faint,
And pencil slow, may Cupid paint,
And a weak heart in time destroy ;
She has a stamp, and prints the boy :
Can, with a single look, inflame
The coldest breast, the rudest tame.

His sallies of casual flattery are sometimes elegant and happy, as that in return for the Silver Pen; and

sometimes empty and trifling, as that upon the Card torn by the Queen. There are a few lines written in the Dutchess's Tasso, which he is said by Fenton to have kept a summer under correction. It happened to Waller, as to others, that his success was not always in proportion to his labour.

Of these petty compositions, neither the beauties nor the faults deserve much attention. The amorous verses have this to recommend them, that they are less hyperbolical than those of some other poets. Waller is not always at the last gasp; he does not die of a frown, nor live upon a smile. There is, however, too much love, and too many trifles. Little things are made too important; and the Empire of Beauty is represented as exerting its influence further than can be allowed by the multiplicity of human passions, and the variety of human wants. Such books, therefore, may be considered as showing the world under a false appearance, and, so far as they obtain credit from the young and unexperienced, as misleading expectation, and misguiding practice.

Of his nobler and more weighty performances, the greater part is panegyrical: for of praise he was very lavish, as is observed by his imitator, Lord Lansdowne:

No satyr stalks within the hallow'd ground,
But queens and heroines, kings and gods abound;
Glory and arms and love are all the sound.

In the first poem, on the danger of the Prince on the coast of Spain, there is a puerile and ridiculous mention of Arion at the beginning; and the last paragraph, on the Cable, is in part ridiculously mean, and in part ridiculously tumid. The poem, however, is such as may be justly praised, without much allowance for the state of our poetry and language at that time.

The two next poems are upon the King's beha-

viour at the death of Buckingham, and upon his Navy.

He has, in the first, used the Pagan deities with great propriety:

'Twas want of such a precedent as this
Made the old Heathens frame their gods amiss.

In the poem on the Navy, those lines are very noble which suppose the King's power secure against a second Deluge; so noble, that it were almost criminal to remark the mistake of centre for surface, or to say that the empire of the sea would be worth little if it were not that the waters terminate in land.

The poem upon Saltee has forcible sentiments; but the conclusion is feeble. That on the Repairs of St. Paul's has something vulgar and obvious; such as the mention of Amphion; and something violent and harsh; as,

So all our minds with his conspire to grace
The Gentiles' great apostle, and deface
Those state-obscuring sheds, that like a chain
Seem'd to confine, and fetter him again:
Which the glad saint shakes off at his command,
As once the viper from his sacred hand.
So joys the aged oak, when we divide
The creeping ivy from his injured side.

Of the two last couplets, the first is extravagant, and the second mean.

His praise of the Queen is too much exaggerated; and the thought, that she 'saves lovers, by cutting off hope, as gangrenes are cured by lopping the limb,' presents nothing to the mind but disgust and horror.

Of the 'Battle of the Summer Islands,' it seems not easy to say whether it is intended to raise terror or merriment. The beginning is too splendid for jest, and the conclusion too light for seriousness. The versification is studied, the scenes are diligently

displayed, and the images artfully amplified; but, as it ends neither in joy or sorrow, it will scarcely be read a second time.

The 'Panegyric upon Cromwell' has obtained from the public a very liberal dividend of praise, which however cannot be said to have been unjustly lavished; for such a series of verses had rarely appeared before in the English language. Of the lines some are grand, some are graceful, and all are musical. There is now and then a feeble verse, or a trifling thought; but its great fault is the choice of its hero.

The poem of 'The War with Spain' begins with lines more vigorous and striking than Waller is accustomed to produce. The succeeding parts are variegated with better passages and worse. There is something too far-fetched in the comparison of the Spaniards drawing the English on, by saluting St. Lucar with cannon, 'to lambs awakening the lion by bleating.' The fate of the Marquis and his Lady, who were burnt in their ship, would have moved more, had the poet not made him die like the Phoenix, because he had spices about him, nor expressed their affection and their end by a conceit at once false and vulgar:

Alive, in equal flames of love they burn'd,
And now together are to ashes turn'd.

The verses to 'Charles, on his Return,' were doubtless intended to counterbalance the Panegyric on Cromwell. If it has been thought inferior to that with which it is naturally compared, the cause of its deficiency has been already remarked.

The remaining pieces it is not necessary to examine singly. They must be supposed to have faults and beauties of the same kind with the rest. The 'Sacred Poems,' however, deserve particular regard; they were the work of Waller's declining life,

of those hours in which he looked upon the fame and the folly of the time past with the sentiments which his great predecessor Petrarch bequeathed to posterity, upon his review of that love and poetry which have given him immortality.

That natural jealousy which makes every man unwilling to allow much excellence in another, always produces a disposition to believe that the mind grows old with the body; and that he, whom we are now forced to confess superior, is hastening daily to a level with ourselves. By delighting to think this of the living, we learn to think it of the dead; and Fenton, with all his kindness for Waller, has the luck to mark the exact time when his genius passed the zenith, which he places at his fifty-fifth year. This is to allot the mind but a small portion. Intellectual decay is doubtless not uncommon; but it seems not to be universal. Newton was, in his eighty-fifth year, improving his chronology, a few days before his death; and Waller appears not, in my opinion, to have lost, at eighty-two, any part of his poetical power.

His 'Sacred Poems' do not please like some of his other works; but before the fatal fifty-five, had he written on the same subjects, his success would hardly have been better.

It has been the frequent lamentation of good men, that verse has been too little applied to the purposes of worship, and many attempts have been made to animate devotion by pious poetry. That they have very seldom attained their end is sufficiently known, and it may not be improper to inquire why they have miscarried.

Let no pious ear be offended if I advance, in opposition to many authorities, that poetical devotion cannot often please. The doctrines of Religion may indeed be defended in a didactic poem; and he who has the happy power of arguing in verse, will not

lose it because his subject is sacred. A poet may describe the beauty and the grandeur of Nature, the flowers of the Spring, and the harvests of Autumn, the vicissitudes of the Tide, and the revolutions of the Sky, and praise the Maker for his works, in lines which no reader shall lay aside. The subject of the disputation is not piety, but the motives to piety ; that of the description is not God, but the works of God.

Contemplative piety, or the intercourse between God and the human soul, cannot be poetical. Man, admitted to implore the mercy of his Creator, and plead the merits of his Redeemer, is already in a higher state than poetry can confer.

The essence of poetry is invention; such invention as, by producing something unexpected, surprises and delights. The topics of devotion are few, and being few are universally known; but, few as they are, they can be made no more; they can receive no grace from novelty of sentiment, and very little from novelty of expression.

Poetry pleases by exhibiting an idea more grateful to the mind than things themselves afford. This effect proceeds from the display of those parts of nature which attract, and the concealment of those which repel, the imagination: but religion must be shown as it is; suppression and addition equally corrupt it; and such as it is, it is known already.

From poetry the reader justly expects, and from good poetry always obtains, the enlargement of his comprehension, and elevation of his fancy; but this is rarely to be hoped by Christians from metrical devotion. Whatever is great, desirable, or tremendous, is comprised in the name of the Supreme Being. Omnipotence cannot be exalted; Infinity cannot be amplified; Perfection cannot be improved.

The employments of pious meditation are Faith, Thanksgiving, Repentance, and Supplication. Faith

invariably uniform, cannot be invested by fancy with decorations. Thanksgiving, the most joyful of all holy effusions, yet addressed to a Being without passions, is confined to a few modes, and is to be felt rather than expressed. Repentance, trembling in the presence of the Judge, is not at leisure for cadences and epithets. Supplication of man to man may diffuse itself through many topics of persuasion; but supplication to God can only cry for mercy.

Of sentiments purely religious, it will be found that the most simple expression is the most sublime. Poetry loses its lustre and its power, because it is applied to the decoration of something more excellent than itself. All that pious verse can do is to help the memory, and delight the ear, and for these purposes it may be very useful; but it supplies nothing to the mind. The ideas of Christian Theology are too simple for eloquence, too sacred for fiction, and too majestic for ornament; to recommend them by tropes and figures, is to magnify by a concave mirror the sidereal hemisphere.

As much of Waller's reputation was owing to the softness and smoothness of his Numbers; it is proper to consider those minute particulars to which a versifier must attend.

He certainly very much excelled in smoothness most of the writers who were living when his poetry commenced. The Poets of Elizabeth had attained an art of modulation, which was afterwards neglected or forgotten. Fairfax was acknowledged by him as his model; and he might have studied with advantage the poem of Davies^s, which, though merely philosophical, yet seldom leaves the ear ungratified.

But he was rather smooth than strong; of 'the full resounding line,' which Pope attributes to Dry-

^s Sir John Davies, intituled, 'Nosce teipsum.' 1599.

den, he has given very few examples. The critical decision has given the praise of strength to Denham, and of sweetness to Waller.

His excellence of versification has some abatements. He uses the expletive *do* very frequently; and, though he lived to see it almost universally ejected, was not more careful to avoid it in his last compositions than in his first. Praise had given him confidence; and finding the world satisfied, he satisfied himself.

His rhymes are sometimes weak words: *so* is found to make the rhyme twice in ten lines, and occurs often as a rhyme through his book.

His double rhymes, in heroic verse, have been censured by Mrs. Phillips, who was his rival in the translation of 'Corneille's Pompey;' and more faults might be found, were not the inquiry below attention.

He sometimes uses the obsolete termination of verbs, as *waxeth*, *affecteth*; and sometimes retains the final syllable of the preterite, as *amazed*, *supposed*, of which I know not whether it is not to the detriment of our language that we have totally rejected them.

Of triplets he is sparing; but he did not wholly forbear them; of an alexandrine he has given no example.

The general character of his poetry is elegance and gaiety. He is never pathetic, and very rarely sublime. He seems neither to have had a mind much elevated by nature, nor amplified by learning. His thoughts are such as a liberal conversation and large acquaintance with life would easily supply. They had however then, perhaps, that grace of novelty which they are now often supposed to want by those who, having already found them in later books, do not know or inquire who produced them first. This treatment is unjust. Let not the original author lose by his imitators.

Praise, however, should be due before it is given. The author of 'Waller's Life' ascribes to him the first practice of what Erythræus and some late critics call alliteration, of using in the same verse many words beginning with the same letter. But this knack, whatever be its value, was so frequent among early writers, that Gascoigne, a writer of the sixteenth century, warns the young poet against affecting it: Shakspeare, in the 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' is supposed to ridicule it; and in another play the sonnet of Holofernes fully displays it.

He borrows too many of his sentiments and illustrations from the old Mythology, for which it is vain to plead the example of ancient poets: the deities, which they introduced so frequently, were considered as realities, so far as to be received by the imagination, whatever sober reason might even then determine. But of these images time has tarnished the splendor. A fiction, not only detected but despised, can never afford a solid basis to any position, though sometimes it may furnish a transient allusion, or slight illustration. No modern monarch can be much exalted by hearing that, as Hercules had his club, he has his navy.

But of the praise of Waller, though much may be taken away, much will remain; for it cannot be denied that he added something to our elegance of diction, and something to our propriety of thought; and to him may be applied what Tasso said, with equal spirit and justice, of himself and Guarini, when, having perused the 'Pastor Fido,' he cried out, 'If he had not read *Aminta*, he had not excelled it.'

As Waller professed himself to have learned the art of versification from Fairfax, it has been thought proper to subjoin a specimen of his work, which, after Mr. Hoole's translation, will perhaps not be soon reprinted. By knowing the state in which

Waller found our poetry, the reader may judge how much he improved it.

Erminia's steed (this while) his mistresse bore
Through forrests thicke among the shadie treene,
Her feeble hand the bridle raines forelore,
Halfe in a swonne she was for feare I weene ;
But her flit courser spared nere the more,
To beare her through the desart woods unseene
Of her strong foes, that chas'd her through the plaine,
And still pursu'd, but still pursu'd in vaine.

Like as the wearie hounds at last retire,
Windlesse, displeased, from the fruitlesse chace,
When the slie beast tapisht in bush and brire,
No art nor pains can rowse out of his place :
The Christian knights so full of shame and ire
Returned backe, with faint and wearie pace !

Yet still the fearfull Dame fled, swift as winde,
Nor euer staid, nor euer lookt behinde.

Through thicke and thinne, all night, all day, she driued,
Withouten comfort, companie, or guide,
Her plaints and teares with euery thought reuiued,
She heard and saw her greefes, but nought beside.
But when the sunne his burning chariot diued
In Thetis waue, and wearie teame vntide,

On Iordans sandie banks her course she staid,
At last, there downe she light, and downe she laid.

Her teares, her drinke ; her food, her sorrowings,
This was her diet that vnhappie night :
But sleepe (that sweet repose and quiet brings)
To ease the greefes of discontented wight,
Sprede forth his tender, soft, and nimble wings,
In his dull armes foulding the virgin bright ;
And loue, his mother, and the graces kept
Strong watch and warde, while this faire Ladie slept.

The birds awakte her with their morning song,
Their warbling musicke pearst her tender eare,
The murmuring brookes and whistling windes among
The ratling boughes, and leaues, their parts did beare ;
Her eies vnclous'd beheld the groues along
Of swaines and shepherd groomes, that dwellings weare ;
And that sweet noise, birds, winds, and waters sent,
Prouokt again the virgin to lament.

Her plaints were interrupted with a sound,
 That seem'd from thickest bushes to proceed,
 Some iolly shepherd sung a lustie round,
 And to his voice had tun'd his oaten reed ;
 Thither she went, an old man there she found
 (At whose right hand his little flock did feed)
 Sat making baskets, his three sonnes among
 That learn'd their father's art, and learn'd his song.

Beholding one in shining armes appeare
 The seelie man and his were sore dismayd ;
 But sweet Erminia comforted their feare,
 Her ventall vp, her visage open laid,
 You happy folke, of heau'n beloued deare,
 Work on (quoth she) upon your harmlesse traid,
 These dreadfull armes I beare no warfare bring
 To your sweet toile, nor those sweet tunes you sing.

But father, since this land, these townes and towres,
 Destroyed are with sword, with fire and spoile,
 How may it be unhurt, that you and yours
 In safetie thus, applie your harmlesse toile ?
 My sonne (quoth he) this pore estate of ours
 Is euer safe from storm of warlike broile ;
 This wilderness doth vs in safetie keepe,
 No thundring drum, no trumpet breakes our sleepe.

Haply iust heau'ns defence and shield of right,
 Doth loue the innocence of simple swains,
 The thunderbolts on highest mountains light,
 And seld or neuer strike the lower plaines .
 So kings have cause to feare Bellonaes might,
 Not they whose sweat and toile their dinner gaines,
 Nor ever greedie soldier was entised
 By pouertie, neglected and despised.

O Pouertie, chefe of the heau'nly brood,
 Dearer to me than wealth or kingly crowne !
 No wish for honour, thirst of others good,
 Can moue my heart, contented with mine owne :
 We quench our thirst with water of this flood,
 Nor fear we poison should therein be throwne :
 These little flocks of sheepe and tender goates
 Giue milke for food, and wool to make us coates.

We little wish, we need but little wealth,
 From cold and hunger vs to cloath and feed

These are my sonnes, their care preserues from stealth
 Their fathers flocks, nor servants moe I need :
 Amid these groues I walke oft for my health,
 And to the fishes, birds, and beastes giue heed,
 How they are fed, in forrest, spring and lake,
 And their contentment for ensample take.

Time was (or each one hath his doting time,
 These siluer locks were golden tresses than)
 That countrie life I hated as a crime,
 And from the forrests sweet contentment ran,
 To Memphis' stately pallace would I clime,
 And there became the mightie Caliphes man,
 And though I but a simple gardner weare,
 Yet could I marke abuses, see and heare.

Entised on with hope of fature gaine,
 I suffred long what did my soule displease ;
 But when my youth was spent, my hope was vaine,
 I felt my native strength at last decrease ;
 I gan my losse of lustie yeeres complaine,
 And wisht I had enjoy'd the countries peace ;
 I bod the court farewell, and with content
 My later age here haue I quiet spent.

While thus he spake, Erminia husht and still
 His wise discourses heard, with great attention,
 His speeches graue those idle fancies kill,
 Which in her troubled soule bred such dissention :
 After much thought reformed was her will,
 Within those woods to dwell was her intention,
 Till fortune should occasion new afford,
 To turne her home to her desired Lord.

She said therefore, O shepherd fortunate !
 That troubles some didst whilom feele and proue,
 Yet liuest now in this contented state,
 Let my mishap thy thoughts to pitie moue,
 To entertaine me as a willing mate
 In shepherds life, which I admire and love ;
 Within these pleasant groues perchance my hart,
 Of her discomforts, may vnload some part.

If gold or wealth of most esteemed deare,
 If iewels rich, thou diddest hold in prise,
 Such store thereof, such plentie haue I seen,
 As to a greedie minde might well suffice :

With that downe trickled many a siluer teare,
Two christall streames fell from her watrie eies ;
Part of her sad misfortunes than she told,
And wept, and with her wept that shepherd old.

With speeches kinde, he gan the virgin deare
Towards his cottage gently home to guide ;
His aged wife there made her homely cheare,
Yet welcomde her, and plast her by her side.
The Princesse dond a poore pastoraes geare,
A kerchiefe coarse upon her head she tide ;
But yet her gestures and her lookes (I gesse)
Were such, as ill beseem'd a shepherdesse.

Not those rude garments could obscure, and hide
The heau'nly beautie of her angels face,
Nor was her princely offspring damnifide,
Or ought disparag'de, by those labours bace ;
Her little flocks to pasture would she guide,
And milk her goates, and in their folds them place,
Both cheese and butter could she make, and frame
Her selfe to please the shepherd and his dame.

ENCOMIUM ON WALLER.

FROM ADDISON'S ACCOUNT OF THE GREATEST ENGLISH
POETS.

THE courtly WALLER next commands thy lays ;
Muse, turn thy verse with art to Waller's praise.
While tender airs and lovely dames inspire
Soft melting thoughts, and propagate desire,
So long shall Waller's strains our passion move,
And Sacharissa's beauty kindle love.
Thy verse, harmonious bard, and flattering song
Can make the vanquish'd great, the coward strong.
Thy verse can show even Cromwell's innocence,
And compliment the storm that bore him hence.
Oh, had thy muse not come an age too soon,
But seen great Nassau on the British throne !
How had his triumphs glitter'd in thy page,
And warm'd thee to a more exalted rage !
What scenes of death and horror had we view'd,
And how had Boyne's wide current reek'd in blood !
Or if Maria's charms thou couldst rehearse,
In smoother numbers and a softer verse ;
Thy pen had well described her graceful air,
And Gloriana would have seem'd more fair.

PREFACE

TO THE FIRST EDITION IN 1645.

TO MY LADY.

MADAM,

YOUR commands for the gathering of these sticks into a faggot had sooner been obeyed, but intending to present you with my whole vintage, I stayed till the latest grapes were ripe, for here your ladyship hath not only all I have done, but all I ever meant to do in this kind. Not but that I may defend the attempt I have made upon poetry by the examples (not to trouble you with history) of many wise and worthy persons of our own times: as Sir Philip Sidney, Sir Francis Bacon, Cardinal Peron (the ablest of his countrymen) and the former Pope, who, they say, instead of the triple crown, wore sometimes the Poet's ivy, as an ornament perhaps of lesser weight and trouble. But, madam, these nightingales sung only in the spring; it was the diversion of their youth: as ladies learn to sing and play, when they are children, what they forget when they are women. The resemblance holds further: for as you quit the lute the sooner because the posture is suspected to draw the body awry, so this is not always practised without some villany¹ to the mind, wresting it from present occasions, and accustoming us to a still somewhat removed from common use. But that you may not think his case deplorable who had made verses, we are told that Tully (the greatest wit among the

¹ Qu. violence?

Romans) was once sick of this disease; and yet recovered so well, that of almost as bad a poet as your servant, he became the most perfect orator in the world. So that, not so much to have made verses, as not to give over in time, leaves a man without excuse; the former presenting us with an opportunity at least of doing wisely; that is, to conceal those we have made, which I shall yet do, if my humble request may be of as much force with your ladyship as your commands have been with me. Madam, I only whisper these in your ears; if you publish them they are your own; and therefore, as you apprehend the approach of a wit, and a poet, cast them into the fire: or if they come where green boughs are in the chimney, with the help of your fair friends (for, thus bound, it will be too hard a task for your hands alone) to tear them in pieces, wherein you shall honour me with the fate of Orpheus, for so his poems, whereof we only tear the form, (not his limbs, as the story will have it) I suppose were scattered by the Thracian dames. Here, madam, I might take an opportunity to celebrate your virtues, and to instruct you how unhappy you are, in that you know not who you are: how much you excel the most excellent of your own, and how much you amaze the least inclined to wonder of our sex. But as they will be apt to take your ladyship's for a Roman name, so would they believe that I endeavoured the character of a perfect nymph, worshipped an image of my own making, and dedicated this to the lady of my brain, not of the heart of your ladyship's most humble servant,

E. W.

PREFACE

TO THE EDITION OF 1664.

WHEN the Author of these verses (written only to please himself, and such particular persons to whom they were directed) returned from abroad some years since, he was troubled to find his name in print, but somewhat satisfied to see his lines so ill rendered that he might justly disown them, and say to a mistaking printer, as one¹ did to an ill reciter,

Male dum recitas, incipit esse tuus.

Having been ever since pressed to correct the many and gross faults, (such as use to be in impressions wholly neglected by the authors) his answer was, that he made these when ill verses had more favour, and escaped better, than good ones do in this age; the severity whereof he thought not unhappily diverted by those faults in the impression which hitherto have hung upon his book, as the Turks hang old rags, or such like ugly things, upon their fairest horses and other goodly creatures, to secure them against fascination. And for those of a more confined understanding, who pretend not to censure, (as they admire most what they least comprehend) so his verses (maimed to that degree that himself scarce knew what to make of many of them) might, that way at least, have a title to some admiration;

¹ Martial, lib. i. ep. 39.

which is no small matter, if what an old author observes be true, that the aim of orators is victory; of historians, truth; and of poets, admiration. He had reason, therefore, to indulge those faults in his books, whereby it might be reconciled to some, and commended to others.

The printer also, he thought, would fare the worse if those faults were amended; for we see maimed statues sell better than whole ones; and clipped and washed money goes about, when the entire and weighty lies hoarded up.

These are the reasons which, for above twelve years past, he has opposed to our request; to which it was replied, that as it would be too late to recal that which had so long been made public, so might it find excuse from his youth, the season it was produced in: and for what had been done since, and now added, if it commend not his poetry, it might his philosophy, which teaches him so cheerfully to bear so great a calamity, as the loss of the best part of his fortune, torn from him in prison, (in which, and in banishment, the best portion of his life hath also been spent) that he can still sing under the burden, not unlike that Roman²,

Quem demisere Philippi
Decisis humilem pennis, inopemque paterni
Et laris et fundi.

Whose spreading wings the Civil War had clipt,
And him of his old patrimony stript.

Who yet not long after could say,

Musis amicus, tristitiam et metus
Tradam protervis in mare Creticum
Portare ventis.

Lib. i. ode 26.

² Horace, lib. ii. ep. 2.

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They that acquainted with the Muses be,
Send care and sorrow by the winds to sea.

Not so much moved with these reasons of ours,
or pleased with our rhymes, as wearied with our
importunity, he has at last given us leave to assure
the reader that the Poems which have been so long
and so ill set forth under his name, are here to be
found as he first writ them ; as also to add some
others which have since been composed by him :
and though his advice to the contrary might have
discouraged us, yet observing how often they have
been reprinted, what price they have borne, and
how earnestly they have been always inquired
after, but especially of late, (making good that of
Horace,

Meliora dies, ut vina, poemata reddit. Lib. ii. ep. 1.

‘ some verses being, like some wines, recommended
to our taste by time and age’) we have adventured
upon this new and well-corrected edition, which
for our own sakes as well as thine, we hope will
succeed better than he apprehended.

Vivitu, ingenio, cætera mortis erunt.

ALBINOVANUS.

PREFACE

TO THE

SECOND PART OF THESE POEMS, IN 1690.

THE reader needs be told no more in commendation of these Poems, than that they are Mr. Waller's; a name that carries every thing in it that is either great or graceful in poetry. He was, indeed, the parent of English verse, and the first that showed us our tongue had beauty and numbers in it. Our language owes more to him than the French does to Cardinal Richelieu and the whole Academy. A poet cannot think of him without being in the same rapture Lucretius is in, when Epicurus comes in his way.

Tu pater, et rerum inventor; tu patria nobis
Suppeditas præcepta: tuisque ex, Inclyte! chartis,
Floriferis ut apes in saltibus omnia libant,
Omnia nos itidem depascimur aurea dicta;
Aurea! perpetua semper dignissima vita!

Lib. iii. ver. 9.

The tongue came into his hands like a rough diamond: he polished it first, and to that degree, that all artists since him have admired the workmanship, without pretending to mend it. Suckling and Carew, I must confess, wrote some few things smoothly enough; but, as all they did in this kind was not very considerable, so it was a little later than the earliest pieces of Mr. Waller. He undoubtedly stands first in the list of refiners, and for aught I know, last too; for I question whether

in Charles II.'s reign English did not come to its full perfection, and whether it has not had its Augustan age as well as the Latin. It seems to be already mixed with foreign languages as far as its purity will bear; and, as chemists say of their menstruums, to be quite sated with the infusion: but posterity will best judge of this. In the mean time, it is a surprising reflection, that between what Spenser wrote last, and Waller first, there should not be much above twenty years distance; and yet the one's language, like the money of that time, is as current now as ever; whilst the other's words are like old coins, one must go to an antiquary to understand their true meaning and value. Such advances may a great genius make, when it undertakes any thing in earnest!

Some painters will hit the chief lines and master-strokes of a face so truly, that through all the differences of age the picture shall still bear a resemblance. This art was Mr. Waller's: he sought out in this flowing tongue of ours, what parts would last, and be of standing use and ornament; and this he did so successfully, that his language is now as fresh as it was at first setting out. Were we to judge barely by the wording, we could not know what was wrote at twenty, and what at fourscore. He complains, indeed, of a tide of words that comes in upon the English poet, and overflows whatever he builds; but this was less his case than any man's that ever wrote; and the mischief of it is, this very complaint will last long enough to confute itself; for though English be mouldering stone, as he tells us there, yet he has certainly picked the best out of a bad quarry.

We are no less beholden to him for the new turn of verse which he brought in, and the improvement he made in our numbers. Before his time men rhymed indeed, and that was all: as for the harmony of measure, and that dance of words which good ears are so much pleased with, they knew nothing of it. Their poetry then was made up almost entirely of monosyllables, which, when they come together in any cluster, are certainly the most harsh untunable things in the world. If any man doubts of this, let him read ten lines in Donne, and he will be quickly convinced. Besides, their verses ran all into one another, and hung together, throughout a whole copy, like the hooked atoms that compose a body in Des Cartes. There was no distinction of parts, no regular stops, nothing for the ear to rest upon; but as soon as the copy began, down it went like a larum, incessantly, and the reader was sure to be out of breath before he got to the end of it: so that really verse, in those days, was but downright prose tagged with rhymes. Mr. Waller removed all these faults, brought in more polysyllables and smoother measures, bound up his thoughts better, and in a cadence more agreeable to the nature of the verse he wrote in; so that wherever the natural stops of that were, he contrived the little breakings of his sense so as to fall in with them: and, for that reason, since the stress of our verse lies commonly upon the last syllable, you will hardly ever find him using a word of no force there. I would say, if I were not afraid the reader would think me too nice, that he commonly closes with verbs, in which we know the life of language consists.

Among other improvements we may reckon that of his rhymes, which are always good, and very often the better for being new. He had a fine ear, and knew how quickly that sense was cloyed by the same round of chiming words still returning upon it. It is a decided case by the great master of writing¹, *Quæ sunt ampla, et pulchra, diu placere possunt ; quæ lepida et concinna*, (amongst which rhyme must, whether it will or no, take its place) *cito satietate afficiunt aurium sensum fastidiosissimum*. This he understood very well ; and therefore, to take off the danger of a surfeit that way, strove to please by variety and new sounds. Had he carried this observation, among others, as far as it would go, it must, methinks, have shown him the incurable fault of this jingling kind of poetry, and have led his later judgment to blank verse : but he continued an obstinate lover of rhyme to the very last : it was a mistress that never appeared unhandsome in his eyes, and was courted by him long after Sacharissa was forsaken. He had raised it, and brought it to that perfection we now enjoy it in ; and the poet's temper (which has always a little vanity in it) would not suffer him ever to slight a thing he had taken so much pains to adorn. My Lord Roscommon was more impartial ; no man ever rhymed truer and evener than he ; yet he is so just as to confess that it is but a trifle, and to wish the tyrant dethroned, and blank verse set up in its room. There is a third person², the living glory of our English poetry, who has disclaimed the use of it upon the stage, though no man ever employed it there so happily

¹ Ad Herennium, lib. iv.

² Mr. Dryden.

as he. It was the strength of his genius that first brought it into credit in Plays, and it was the force of his example that has thrown it out again. In other kinds of writing it continues still, and will do so till some excellent spirit arises that has leisure enough, and resolution, to break the charm, and free us from "the troublesome bondage of rhyming," as Mr. Milton very well calls it, and has proved it as well by what he has wrote in another way. But this is a thought for times at some distance; the present age is a little too warlike; it may perhaps furnish out matter for a good poem in the next, but it will hardly encourage one now. Without prophesying, a man may easily know what sort of laurels are like to be in request.

Whilst I am talking of verse, I find myself, I do not know how, betrayed into a great deal of prose. I intended no more than to put the reader in mind what respect was due to any thing that fell from the pen of Mr. Waller. I have heard his last-printed copies which are added in the several editions of his poems very slightly spoken of, but certainly they do not deserve it: they do indeed discover themselves to be his last, and that is the worst we can say of them. He is there

*Jam senior; sed cruda Deo viridisque senectus*³.

The same censure, perhaps, will be passed on the pieces of this Second Part. I shall not so far engage for them, as to pretend they are all equal to whatever he wrote in the vigour of his youth: yet they are so much of a piece with the rest, that any man will at first sight know them to be Mr.

³ *Virg. Æn. vi. ver. 304.*

Waller's. Some of them were wrote very early, but not put into former collections, for reasons obvious enough, but which are now ceased. The play was altered to please the court : it is not to be doubted who sat for the Two Brothers' characters. It was agreeable to the sweetness of Mr. Waller's temper to soften the rigour of the tragedy, as he expresses it : but whether it be so agreeable to the nature of tragedy itself to make every thing come off easily, I leave to the critics. In the prologue and epilogue there are a few verses that he has made use of upon another occasion ; but the reader may be pleased to allow that in him that has been allowed so long in Homer and Lucretius. Exact writers dress up their thoughts so very well always, that when they have need of the same sense, they cannot put it into other words but it must be to its prejudice. Care has been taken, in this book, to get together every thing of Mr. Waller's that is not put into the former collection ; so that between both, the reader may make the set complete.

It will, perhaps, be contended, after all, that some of these ought not to have been published ; and Mr. Cowley's⁴ decision will be urged, that a neat tomb of marble is a better monument than a great pile of rubbish. It might be answered to this, that the pictures and poems of great masters have been always valued, though the last hand were not put to them : and I believe none of those gentlemen that will make the objection would refuse a sketch of Raphael's or one of Titian's draughts of the first sitting. I might tell them,

⁴ In the preface to his works.

too, what care has been taken, by the learned, to preserve the fragments of the ancient Greek and Latin poets: there has been thought to be a divinity in what they said; and therefore the least pieces of it have been kept up and revered like religious relics: and I am sure, take away the *mille anni*⁵, and impartial reasoning will tell us, there is as much due to the memory of Mr. Waller, as to the most celebrated names of antiquity.

But, to wave the dispute now of what *ought* to have been done, I can assure the reader what *would* have been, had this edition been delayed. The following Poems were got abroad, and in a great many hands: it were vain to expect that, among so many admirers of Mr. Waller, they should not meet with one fond enough to publish them. They might have staid, indeed, till by frequent transcriptions they had been corrupted extremely, and jumbled together with things of another kind; but then they would have found their way into the world: so it was thought a greater piece of kindness to the Author to put them out whilst they continue genuine and unmixed, and such as he himself, were he alive, might own.

⁵ Alluding to that verse in Juvenal,

* * * Et uni cedit Homero

Propter mille annos * * *

Sat 7.

And yields to Homer on no other score

Than that he lived a thousand years before.

MR. C. DRYDEN.

DEDICATION.

TO THE RIGHT HON. THE LADY

MARGARET CAVENDISH HARLEY.

LET others boast the Nine Aonian maids,
Inspiring streams, and sweet resounding shades,
Where Phœbus heard the rival bards rehearse,
And bade the laurels learn the lofty verse ;
In vain ! nor Phœbus nor the boasted Nine
Inflame the raptured soul with rays divine :
None but the fair infuse the sacred fire,
And love with vocal art informs the lyre.

When Waller, kindling with celestial rage,
View'd the bright Harley of that wondering age,
His pleasing pain he taught the lute to breathe ;
The Graces sung, and wove his myrtle wreath.
In youth, of patrimonial wealth possess'd,
The praise of science faintly warm'd his breast ;
But, fired to fame by Sidney's rosy smile,
Swift o'er the laureate realm he urged his toil.
His Muse, by Nature form'd to please the fair,
Or sing of heroes with majestic air,
To melting strains attuned her voice, and strove
To waken all the tender powers of love :
More sweetly soft her awful beauty shone,
Than Juno graced with Cytherea's zone.

As angels love, congenial souls unite
Their radiance, and refine each other's light :

The florid and sublime, the grave and gay,
From Waller's beams imbibe a purer ray ;
Illumined thence in equal lays to bound
Their copious sense, and harmonize the sound ;
With varied notes the curious ear to please,
And turn a nervous thought with artful ease.
Maker and model of melodious verse !

Accept these votive honours at thy hearse.
While I with filial awe attempt thy praise,
Infuse thy genius, and my fancy raise !
So, warbling o'er his urn, the woodland choirs
To Orpheus pay the song his shade inspires.

In Waller's fame, O fairest Harley ! view
What verdant palms shall owe their birth to you :
To you what deathless charms are thence decreed,
In Sacharissa's fate vouchsafe to read.

Secure beneath the wing of withering Time,
Her beauties flourish in ambrosial prime :
Still kindling rapture, see ! she moves in state ;
Gods, nymphs, and heroes, on her triumph wait.
Nor think the lover's praise of love's delight
In purest minds may stain the virgin-white :
How bright and chaste the poet and his theme !
So Cynthia shines on Arethusa's stream,
A sainted virtue to the spheres may sing
Those strains that ravish'd here the Martyr-king.

Plenteous of native wit, in letter'd ease
Politely form'd, to profit and to please,
To Fame whate'er was due he gave—to Fame,
And what he could not praise, forgot to name :
Thus Eden's rose without a thorn display'd
Her bloom, and in a fragrant blush decay'd.

Such soul-attracting airs were sung of old,
When blissful years in golden circles roll'd :

Pure from deceit, devoid of fear and strife,
While love was all the pensive care of life,
The swains in green retreats, with flowrets crown'd,
Taught the young groves their passion to resound :
Fancy pursued the paths where Beauty led,
To please the living, or deplore the dead :
While to their warbled woe the rocks reply'd,
The rills remurmur'd, and the zephyrs sigh'd ;
From death redeem'd by verse, the vanish'd fair
Breathed in a flower, or sparkled in a star.
Bright as the stars, and fragrant as the flowers,
Where Spring resides in soft Elysian bowers ;
While these the bowers adorn, and they the sphere,
Will Sacharissa's charms in song appear.
Yet, in the present age, her radiant name
Must take a dimmer interval of fame ;
When you to full meridian lustre rise,
With Morton's shape and Gloriana's eyes,
With Carlisle's wit, her gesture, and her mien,
And, like seraphic Rich, with zeal serene ;
In sweet assemblage all their graces join'd
To language, mode, and manners, more refined !
That angel-frame, with chaste attraction gay,
Mild as the dove-eyed Morn awakes the May :
Of noblest youths will reign the public care,
Their joy, their wish, their wonder, and despair :
Far-beaming thence what bright ideas flow !
The sister-arts with sudden rapture glow :
Her Titian tints the Painter nymph resumes ;
The canvass warm with roseate beauty blooms :
Inspired with life by Sculpture's happy toil,
The marble breathes, and softens with your smile !
Proud to receive the form, by fate design'd
The fairest model of the fairer kind.

But hear, O hear the Muse's heavenly voice !
The waving woods and echoing vales rejoice :
Attend, ye Gales ! to Margaretta's praise,
And all ye listening Loves record the lays !
So Philomela charms the' Idalian grove,
When Venus, in the glowing orb of love,
O'er ocean, earth, and air, extends her reign,
The first, the brightest, of the starry train.

What favourite youth assign the Fates to rise,
In bridal pomp to lead the blooming prize ?
Whether his father's garter'd shield sustains
Trophies achieved on Gallia's viny plains,
Or smiling Peace a mingled wreath displays,
The patriot's olive, and the poet's bays :
Adorn, ye Fates ! the favourite youth assign'd,
With each ennobling grace of form and mind :
In merit make him great, as great in blood ;
Great without pride, and amiably good :
His breast the guardian ark of heaven-born law,
To strike a faithless age with conscious awe :
In choice of friends by manly reason sway'd ;
Not fear'd, but honour'd, and with love obey'd.
In courts and camps, in council and retreat,
Wise, brave, and studious to support the state ;
With candour firm ; without ambition bold ;
No deed discolour'd with the guilt of gold ;
That heaven may judge the choicest blessings due,
And give the various good comprised in you.

E. FENTON.

MISCELLANIES.

OF THE

DANGER HIS MAJESTY

(BEING PRINCE)

ESCAPED IN THE ROAD AT ST. ANDERO.

Now had his Highness bid farewell to Spain,
And reach'd the sphere of his own power, the main;
With British bounty in his ship he feasts
The' Hesperian princes, his amazed guests,
To find that watery wilderness exceed
The entertainment of their great Madrid.
Healts to both kings, attended with the roar
Of cannons, echoed from the' affrighted shore,
With loud resemblance of his thunder, prove
Bacchus the seed of cloud-compelling Jove;
While to his harp divine Arion sings
The loves and conquests of our Albion kings.

Of the Fourth Edward was his noble song,
Fierce, goodly, valiant, beautiful, and young:
He rent the crown from vanquish'd Henry's head,
Raised the White Rose, and trampled on the Red:
Till love, triumphing o'er the victor's pride,
Brought Mars and Warwick to the conquer'd side:
Neglected Warwick (whose bold hand, like Fate,
Gives and resumes the sceptre of our state)
Woos for his master; and, with double shame,
Himself deluded, mocks the princely dame,

The lady Bona, whom just anger burns,
And foreign war with civil rage returns.
Ah! spare your swords, where beauty is to blame;
Love gave the' affront, and must repair the same:
When France shall boast of her, whose conquering
eyes

Have made the best of English hearts their prize;
Have power to alter the decrees of Fate,
And change again the counsels of our state.

What the prophetic Muse intends, alone
To him that feels the secret wound is known.

With the sweet sound of this harmonious lay,
About the keel delighted dolphins play,
Too sure a sign of sea's ensuing rage,
Which must anon this royal troop engage;
To whom soft sleep seems more secure and sweet,
Within the town commanded by our fleet.

These mighty peers placed in the gilded barge,
Proud with the burden of so brave a charge,
With painted oars the youths begin to sweep
Neptune's smooth face, and cleave the yielding
deep;

Which soon becomes the seat of sudden war
Between the wind and tide that fiercely jar.
As when a sort of lusty shepherds try
Their force at foot-ball, care of victory
Makes them salute so rudely breast to breast,
That their encounter seems too rough for jest;
They ply their feet, and still the restless ball,
Toss'd to and fro, is urged by them all:
So fares the doubtful barge 'twixt tide and winds,
And like effect of their contention finds.
Yet the bold Britons still securely row'd;
Charles and his virtue was their sacred load;

Than which a greater pledge Heaven could not give,
That the good boat this tempest should outlive.

But storms increase, and now no hope of grace
Among them shines, save in the Prince's face ;
The rest resign their courage, skill, and sight,
To danger, horror, and unwelcome night.

The gentle vessel (wont with state and pride
On the smooth back of silver Thames to ride)
Wanders astonish'd in the angry main,
As Titan's car did, while the golden rein
Fill'd the young hand of his adventurous son',
When the whole world an equal hazard run
To this of ours, the light of whose desire
Waves threaten now, as that was scared by fire.
The' impatient Sea grows impotent and raves,
That, Night assisting, his impetuous waves
Should find resistance from so light a thing ;
These surges ruin, those our safety bring.
The' oppressed vessel doth the charge abide,
Only because assail'd on every side :

So men with rage and passion set on fire,
Trembling for haste, impeach their mad desire.

The pale Iberians had expired with fear,
But that their wonder did divert their care,
To see the Prince with danger moved no more
Than with the pleasures of their court before :
Godlike his courage seem'd, whom nor delight
Could soften, nor the face of Death affright.
Next to the power of making tempests cease,
Was in that storm to have so calm a peace.
Great Maro could no greater tempest feign,
When the loud winds usurping on the main
For angry Juno, labour'd to destroy
The hated relics of confounded Troy :

¹ Phaeton.

His bold Æneas, on like billows toss'd
In a tall ship, and all his country lost,
Dissolves with fear; and both his hands upheld,
Proclaims them happy whom the Greeks had
In honourable fight: our hero, set [quell'd
In a small shallop, Fortune in his debt,
So near a hope of crowns and sceptres, more
Than ever Priam, when he flourish'd, wore;
His loins yet full of ungot princes, all
His glory in the bud, lets nothing fall
That argues fear: if any thought annoys
The gallant youth, 'tis love's untasted joys,
And dear remembrance of that fatal glance,
For which he lately pawn'd his heart in France;
Where he had seen a brighter nymph than she²
That sprung out of his present foe, the sea.
That noble ardour, more than mortal fire,
The conquer'd ocean could not make expire;
Nor angry Thetis raise her waves above
The' heroic Prince's courage or his love:
'Twas indignation, and not fear he felt,
The shrine should perish where that image dwelt.
Ah, Love forbid! the noblest of thy train
Should not survive to let her know his pain;
Who, nor his peril minding nor his flame,
Is entertain'd with some less serious game,
Among the bright nymphs of the Gallic court,
All highly born, obsequious to her sport:
They roses seem, which in their early pride
But half reveal; and half their beauties hide;
She the glad Morning, which her beams does throw
Upon their smiling leaves, and gilds them so;
Like bright Aurora, whose refulgent ray
Foretels the fervour of ensuing day,

² Venus.

And warns the shepherd with his flocks retreat
To leafy shadows from the threaten'd heat.

From Cupid's string of many shafts, that fled
Wing'd with those plumes which noble Fame had
shed,

As through the wondering world she flew, and told
Of his adventures, haughty, brave, and bold ;
Some had already touch'd the royal maid,
But Love's first summons' seldom are obey'd :
Light was the wound, the Prince's care unknown,
She might not, would not, yet reveal her own,
His glorious name had so possess'd her ears,
That with delight those antique tales she hears
Of Jason, Theseus, and such worthies old,
As with his story best resemblance hold.

And now she views, as on the wall it hung,
What old Musæus so divinely sung ;
Which art with life and love did so inspire,
That she discerns and favours that desire ;
Which there provokes the' adventurous youth to
And in Leander's danger pities him ; [swim,
Whose not new love alone, but fortune, seeks
To frame his story like that amorous Greek's.
For from the stern of some good ship appears
A friendly light, which moderates their fears :
New courage from reviving hope they take,
And, climbing o'er the waves, that taper make
On which the hope of all their lives depends,
As his on that fair Hero's hand extends.

The ship at anchor, like a fixed rock, [knock ;
Breaks the proud billows which her large sides
Whose rage restrained, foaming higher swells,
And from her port the weary barge repels,
Threatening to make her, forced out again,
Repeat the dangers of the troubled main.

Twice was the cable hurl'd in vain ; the Fates
Would not be moved for our sister states.
For England is the third successful throw,
And then the genius of that land they know,
Whose prince must be (as their own books devise)
Lord of the scene where now his danger lies.

Well sung the Roman bard, ' All human things
Of dearest value hang on slender strings.'
O see the then sole hope, and, in design
Of Heaven, our joy, supported by a line !
Which for that instant was Heaven's care above,
The chain that's fixed to the throne of Jove,
On which the fabric of our world depends,
One link dissolved, the whole creation ends.

ON

HIS MAJESTY'S RECEIVING THE NEWS

OF THE

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM'S DEATH.

So earnest with thy God ! can no new care,
No sense of danger, interrupt thy prayer ?
The sacred Wrestler, till a blessing given,
Quits not his hold, but halting conquers Heaven.
Nor was the stream of thy devotion stopp'd,
When from the body such a limb was lopp'd,
As to thy present state was no less maim,
Though thy wise choice has since repair'd the same.
Bold Homer durst not so great virtue feign
In his best pattern¹ : of Patroclus slain,
With such amazement as weak mothers use,
And frantic gesture, he receives the news.

¹ Achilles.

Yet fell his darling by the' impartial chance
 Of war, imposed by royal Hector's lance ;
 Thine in full peace, and by a vulgar hand
 Torn from thy bosom, left his high command.

The famous painter² could allow no place
 For private sorrow in a prince's face :
 Yet, that his piece might not exceed belief,
 He cast a veil upon supposed grief.
 'Twas want of such a precedent as this
 Made the old Heathen frame their gods amiss.
 Their Phœbus should not act a fonder part
 For the fair boy³, than he did for his hart ;
 Nor blame for Hyacinthus' fate his own,
 That kept from him wish'd death, hadst thou been
 known. [deeds,

He that with thine shall weigh good David's
 Shall find his passion nor his love exceeds :
 He cursed the mountains where his brave friend
 But let false Ziba with his heir divide ; [died,
 Where thy immortal love to thy bless'd friends,
 Like that of Heaven, upon their seed descends.
 Such huge extremes inhabit thy great mind,
 Godlike, unmoved, and yet, like woman, kind !
 Which of the ancient poets had not brought
 Our Charles's pedigree from Heaven, and taught
 How some bright dame, compress'd by mighty
 Jove,

Produced this mix'd Divinity and Love ?

² Timanthes.

³ Cyparissus.

ON THE

TAKING OF SALLEE.

OF Jason, Theseus, and such worthies old,
Light seem the tales Antiquity has told :
Such beasts and monsters as their force oppress'd,
Some places only, and some times infest.
Sallee, that scorn'd all power and laws of men,
Goods with their owners hurrying to their den,
And future ages threatening with a rude
And savage race, successively renew'd ;
Their king despising with rebellious pride,
And foes profess'd to all the world beside ;
This pest of mankind gives our hero fame,
And through the' obliged world dilates his name.

The Prophet once to cruel Agag said,
As thy fierce sword has mothers childless made,
So shall the sword make thine ; and with that word
He hew'd the man in pieces with his sword :
Just Charles like measure has return'd to these
Whose pagan hands had stain'd the troubled seas ;
With ships they made the spoiled merchant mourn ;
With ships their city and themselves are torn.
One squadron of our winged castles sent,
O'erthrew their fort, and all their navy rent :
For not content the dangers to increase,
And act the part of tempests in the seas,
Like hungry wolves, those pirates from our shore
Whole flocks of sheep and ravish'd cattle bore.
Safely they might on other nations prey,
Fools to provoke the Sovereign of the sea !
Mad Cacus so, whom like ill fate persuades,
The herd of fair Alcmena's seed invades,

Who, for revenge, and mortals' glad relief,
Sack'd the dark cave, and crush'd that horrid thief.

Morocco's monarch, wondering at this fact,
Save that his presence his affairs exact,
Had come in person to have seen and known
The injured world's avenger and his own.
Hither he sends the chief among his peers,
Who in his bark proportion'd presents bears ;
To the renown'd for piety and force,
Poor captives manumised, and matchless horse.

UPON

HIS MAJESTY'S REPAIRING OF ST. PAUL'S.

THAT shipwreck'd vessel which the' Apostle bore,
Scarce suffer'd more upon Melita's shore,
Than did his temple in the sea of time,
Our nation's glory, and our nation's crime.
When the first Monarch¹ of this happy isle,
Moved with the ruin of so brave a pile,
This work of cost and piety begun,
To be accomplish'd by his glorious son :
Who all that came within the ample thought
Of his wise sire has to perfection brought ;
He, like Amphion, makes those quarries leap
Into fair figures, from a confused heap ;
For in his art of regiment is found
A power like that of harmony in sound. [kings,
Those antique minstrels sure were Charles-like
Cities their lutes, and subjects' hearts their strings,
On which with so divine a hand they strook,
Consent of motion from their breath they took :

¹ King James I.

So all our minds with his conspire to grace
The Gentiles' great apostle, and deface
Those state-obscuring shades, that like a chain
Seem'd to confine and fetter him again ;
Which the glad saint shakes off at his command,
As once the viper from his sacred hand :
So joys the aged oak, when we divide
The creeping ivy from his injured side.

Ambition rather would affect the fame
Of some new structure, to have borne her name.
Two distant virtues in one act we find,
The modesty and greatness of his mind ;
Which not content to be above the rage
And injury of all-impairing age,
In its own worth secure, doth higher climb,
And things half swallowed from the jaws of time
Reduce ; an earnest of his grand design,
To frame no new church, but the old refine ;
Which, spouse-like, may with comely grace com-
More than by force of argument or hand. [mand,
For doubtful reason few can apprehend,
And war brings ruin where it should amend ;
But beauty, with a bloodless conquest, finds
A welcome sovereignty in rudest minds.

Not aught which Sheba's wondering queen be-
Amongst the works of Solomon, excell'd held
His ships and building ; emblems of a heart
Large both in magnanimity and art.

While the propitious heavens this work attend,
The showers long-wanted they forget to send ;
As if they meant to make it understood
Of more importance than our vital food.

The sun, which riseth to salute the quire
Already finish'd, setting shall admire

How private bounty could so far extend :
 The King built all, but Charles the western end.
 So proud a fabric to devotion given,
 At once it threatens and obliges Heaven !

Laomedon, that had the gods in pay,
 Neptune, with him that rules the sacred day¹,
 Could no such structure raise : Troy wall'd so high,
 The' Atrides might as well have forced the sky.

Glad, though amazed, are our neighbour kings,
 To see such power employ'd in peaceful things :
 They list not urge it to the dreadful field ;
 The task is easier to destroy than build.

—Sic gratia regum
 Pieris tentata modis—

HOR.

OF THE QUEEN.

THE lark, that shuns on lofty boughs to build
 Her humble nest, lies silent in the field ;
 But if (the promise of a cloudless day)
 Aurora smiling bids her rise and play ;
 Then straight she shows 'twas not for want of voice,
 Or power to climb, she made so low a choice ;
 Singing she mounts ; her airy wings are stretch'd
 Toward Heaven, as if from Heaven her note she
 fetch'd.

So we, retiring from the busy throng,
 Use to restrain the' ambition of our song ;
 But since the light which now informs our age
 Breaks from the court, indulgent to her rage,
 Thither my Muse, like bold Prometheus, flies,
 To light her torch at Gloriana's eyes.

² Apollo.

Those sovereign beams which heal the wounded
And all our cares, but once beheld, control ! [soul,
There the poor lover, that has long endured
Some proud nymph's scorn, of his fond passion
Fares like the man who first upon the ground [cured,
A glow-worm spy'd, supposing he had found
A moving diamond, a breathing stone ;
For life it had, and like those jewels shone ;
He held it dear, till, by the springing day
Inform'd, he threw the worthless worm away.

She saves the lover, as we gangrenes stay,
By cutting hope, like a lop'd limb, away :
This makes her bleeding patients to accuse
High Heaven, and these expostulations use :
' Could Nature then no private woman grace,
Whom we might dare to love, with such a face,
Such a complexion, and so radiant eyes,
Such lovely motion, and such sharp replies ?
Beyond our reach, and yet within our sight,
What envious power has placed this glorious light ?

Thus in a starry night fond children cry
For the rich spangles that adorn the sky,
Which, though they shine for ever fixed there,
With light and influence relieve us here.
All her affections are to one inclined ;
Her bounty and compassion to mankind ;
To whom, while she so far extends her grace,
She makes but good the promise of her face ;
For Mercy has, could Mercy's self be seen,
No sweeter look than this propitious queen.
Such guard and comfort the distressed find
From her large power, and from her larger mind,
That whom ill Fate would ruin it prefers,
For all the miserable are made her's,

So the fair tree whereon the eagle builds,
 Poor sheep from tempests, and their shepherds,
 The royal bird possesses all the boughs, [shields :
 But shade and shelter to the flock allows.

Joy of our age, and safety of the next !
 For which so oft thy fertile womb is vex'd,
 Nobly contented, for the public good,
 To waste thy spirits and diffuse thy blood :
 What vast hopes may these islands entertain,
 Where monarchs, thus descended, are to reign !
 Led by commanders of so fair a line,
 Our seas no longer shall our power confine.

A brave romance who would exactly frame,
 First brings his knight from some immortal dame,
 And then a weapon and a flaming shield,
 Bright as his mother's eyes, he makes him wield.
 None might the mother of Achilles be,
 But the fair pearl and glory of the sea¹ :
 The man to whom great Maro gives such fame²,
 From the high bed of heavenly Venus came ;
 And our next Charles, whom all the stars design
 Like wonders to accomplish, springs from thine.



THE APOLOGY OF SLEEP,

FOR NOT APPROACHING THE LADY WHO CAN DO ANY
 THING BUT SLEEP WHEN SHE PLEASETH.

My charge it is those breaches to repair
 Which Nature takes from sorrow, toil, and care ;
 Rest to the limbs, and quiet I confer
 On troubled minds ; but nought can add to her

¹ Thetis.

² Æneas.

Whom Heaven, and her transcendent thoughts,
have placed

Above those ills which wretched mortals taste.

Bright as the deathless gods, and happy, she
From all that may infringe delight is free :

Love at her royal feet his quiver lays,

And not his mother with more haste obeys.

Such real pleasure, such true joys dispense,

What dream can I present to recompense ?

Should I with lightning fill her awful hand,
And make the clouds seem all at her command ;

Or place her in Olympus' top, a guest

Among the' immortals, who with nectar feast,

That power would seem, that entertainment, short

Of the true splendour of her present court,

Where all the joys, and all the glories, are

Of three great kingdoms, sever'd from the care.

I, that of fumes and humid vapours made,

Ascending, do the seat of sense invade,

No cloud in so serene a mansion find,

To overcast her ever-shining mind,

Which holds resemblance with those spotless skies

Where flowing Nilus want of rain supplies ;

That crystal heaven, where Phœbus never shrouds

His golden beams, nor wraps his face in clouds.

But what so hard which numbers cannot force ?

So stoops the moon, and rivers change their course.

The bold Mæonian¹ made me dare to steep

Jove's dreadful temples in the dew of sleep ;

And since the Muses do invoke my power,

I shall no more decline that sacred bower.

Where Gloriana their great mistress lies,

But gently taming those victorious eyes,

¹ Homer.

Charm all her senses, till the joyful sun
Without a rival half his course has run ;
Who, while my hand that fairer light confines,
May boast himself the brightest thing that shines.

PUERPERIUM.

You gods that have the power
To trouble and compose
All that's beneath your bower,
Calm silence on the seas, on earth impose.
Fair Venus ! in thy soft arms
The God of Rage confine ;
For thy whispers are the charms
Which only can divert his fierce design.
What though he frown, and to tumult do incline ?
Thou the flame
Kindled in his breast canst tame
With that snow which unmelted lies on thine.
Great goddess ! give this thy sacred island rest ;
Make Heaven smile,
That no storm disturb us while
Thy chief care, our halcyon, builds her nest.
Great Gloriana ! fair Gloriana !
Bright as high Heaven is, and fertile as earth,
Whose beauty relieves us,
Whose royal bed gives us
Both glory and peace,
Our present joy, and all our hopes increase.

THE COUNTESS OF CARLISLE

IN MOURNING.

WHEN from black clouds no part of sky is clear,
But just so much as lets the sun appear,
Heaven then would seem thy image, and reflect
Those sable vestments and that bright aspect.
A spark of virtue by the deepest shade
Of sad adversity is fairer made ;
Nor less advantage doth thy beauty get,
A Venus rising from a sea of jet!
Such was the' appearance of new-formed Light,
While yet it struggled with eternal Night.
Then mourn no more, lest thou admit increase
Of glory by thy noble Lord's decease.
We find not that the laughter-loving dame
Mourn'd for Anchises ; 'twas enough she came
To grace the mortal with her deathless bed,
And that his living eyes such beauty fed :
Had she been there, untimely joy through all
Men's hearts diffused, had marred the funeral.
Those eyes were made to banish grief : as well
Bright Phœbus might affect in shades to dwell,
As they to put on sorrow : nothing stands,
But power to grieve, exempt from thy commands.
If thou lament, thou must do so alone ;
Grief in thy presence can lay hold on none.
Yet still persist the memory to love
Of that great Mercury of our mighty Jove,
Who, by the power of his enchanting tongue
Swords from the hands of threatening monarchs
 wrung.

¹ Venus.

War he prevented, or soon made it cease,
Instructing princes in the arts of peace ;
Such as made Sheba's curious queen resort
To the large-hearted Hebrew's² famous court.
Had Homer sat amongst his wondering guests,
He might have learn'd, at those stupendous feasts,
With greater bounty and more sacred state,
The banquets of the gods to celebrate.
But, oh ! what elocution might he use,
What potent charms, that could so soon infuse
His absent master's love into the heart
Of Henrietta ! forcing her to part
From her loved brother, country, and the sun,
And, like Camilla, o'er the waves to run
Into his arms ? while the Parisian dames
Mourn for the ravish'd glory ; at her flames
No less amazed than the amazed stars,
When the bold charmer of Thessalia wars
With Heaven itself, and numbers does repeat,
Which call descending Cynthia from her seat.

IN ANSWER TO ONE WHO WRIT A LIBEL

AGAINST THE

COUNTESS OF CARLISLE.

WHAT fury has provoked thy wit to dare,
With Diomede, to wound the Queen of Love ?
Thy mistress' envy, or thine own despair ?
Not the just Pallas in thy breast did move
So blind a rage, with such a different fate ;
He honour won where thou hast purchased hate.

² Solomon.

She gave assistance to his Trojan foe ;

Thou, that without a rival thou may'st love,
Dost to the beauty of this Lady owe,

While after her the gazing world does move.
Canst thou not be content to love alone ?
Or is thy mistress not content with one ?

Hast thou not read of Fairy Arthur's shield,

Which but disclosed amazed the weaker eyes
Of proudest foes, and won the doubtful field ?

So shall thy rebel wit become her prize.
Should thy Iambics swell into a book,
All were confuted with one radiant look.

Heaven he obliged that placed her in the skies ;

Rewarding Phœbus for inspiring so
His noble brain, by likening to those eyes

His joyful beams ; but Phœbus is thy foe,
And neither aids thy fancy nor thy sight,
So ill thou rhym'st against so fair a light.

OF HER CHAMBER.

THEY taste of death that do at Heaven arrive,
But we this paradise approach alive.

Instead of Death, the dart of Love does strike,
And renders all within these walls alike.

The high in titles, and the shepherd, here
Forgets his greatness, and forgets his fear.

All stand amazed, and, gazing on the fair,
Lose thought of what themselves or others are :

Ambition lose, and have no other scope,
Save Carlisle's favour, to employ their hope.

The Thracian¹ could (though all those tales were
The bold Greeks tell) no greater wonders do : [true

¹ Orpheus.

Before his feet so sheep and lions lay,
Fearless and wrathless while they heard him play.
The gay, the wise, the gallant, and the grave,
Subdued alike, all but one passion have :
No worthy mind but finds in her's there is
Something proportion'd to the rule of his :
While she with cheerful, but impartial grace,
(Born for no one, but to delight the race
Of men) like Phœbus so divides her light,
And warms us, that she stoops not from her height.

ON MY

LADY DOROTHY SIDNEY'S PICTURE.

SUCH was Philoclea, and such Dorus' flame !
The matchless Sidney ¹, that immortal frame
Of perfect beauty, on two pillars placed,
Not his high fancy could one pattern, graced
With such extremes of excellence, compose,
Wonders so distant in one face disclose !
Such cheerful modesty, such humble state,
Moves certain love, but with as doubtful fate
As when, beyond our greedy reach, we see
Inviting fruit on too sublime a tree.
All the rich flowers through his Arcadia found,
Amazed we see in this one garland bound.
Had but this copy (which the artist took
From the fair picture of that noble book)
Stood at Kalanders, the brave friends ² had jarred,
And, rivals made, the ensuing story marred.

¹ Pamela.² Sir Philip Sidney.³ Pyrocles and Musidorus.

Just Nature, first instructed by his thought, .
In his own house thus practised what he taught :
This glorious piece transcends what he could think,
So much his blood is nobler than his ink !

AT PENSHURST.

HAD Dorothea lived when mortals made
Choice of their deities, this sacred shade
Had held an altar to her power that gave
The peace and glory which these alleys have ;
Embroider'd so with flowers where she stood,
That it became a garden of a wood.
Her presence has such more than human grace,
That it can civilize the rudest place ;
And beauty too, and order, can impart,
Where Nature ne'er intended it nor art.
The plants acknowledge this, and her admire,
No less than those of old did Orpheus' lyre.
If she sit down, with tops all towards her bow'd,
They round about her into arbours crowd ;
Or if she walk, in even ranks they stand,
Like some well-marshall'd and obsequious band.
Amphion so made stones and timber leap
Into fair figures from a confused heap :
And in the symmetry' of her parts is found
A power like that of harmony in sound.
Ye lofty beeches ! tell this matchless dame,
That if together ye fed all one flame,
It could not equalize the hundredth part
Of what her eyes have kindled in my heart !
Go, boy, and carve this passion on the bark
Of yonder tree, which stands the sacred mark

Of noble Sidney's birth ; when such benign,
Such more than mortal-making stars did shine,
That there they cannot but for ever prove
The monument and pledge of humble love ;
His humble love whose hope shall ne'er rise higher,
Than for a pardon that he dares admire.

OF THE LADY

WHO CAN SLEEP WHEN SHE PLEASES.

No wonder Sleep from careful lovers flies,
To bathe himself in Sacharissa's eyes.
As fair Astræa once from earth to heaven,
By strife and loud impiety was driven ;
So, with our complaints offended and our tears,
Wise Somnus to that paradise repairs ;
Waits on her will, and wretches does forsake,
To court the nymph for whom those wretches wake.
More proud than Phœbus of his throne of gold,
Is the soft god those softer limbs to hold ;
Nor would exchange with Jove, to hide the skies
In darkening clouds, the power to close her eyes ;
Eyes which so far all other lights control,
They warm our mortal parts, but these our soul !

Let her free spirit, whose unconquer'd breast
Holds such deep quiet and untroubled rest,
Know that though Venus and her son should spare
Her rebel heart, and never teach her care,
Yet Hymen may in force his vigils keep,
And for another's joy suspend her sleep. .

OF THE

MISREPORT OF HER BEING PAINTED.

As when a sort of wolves infest the night
With their wild howlings at fair Cynthia's light,
The noise may chase sweet slumber from our eyes,
But never reach the mistress of the skies ;
So with the news of Sacharissa's wrongs,
Her vexed servants blame those envious tongues ;
• Call Love to witness that no painted fire
Can scorch men so, or kindle such desire ;
While, unconcerned, she seems moved no more
With this new malice than our loves before ;
But from the height of her great mind looks down
On both our passions without smile or frown.
So little care of what is done below
Hath the bright dame whom Heaven affecteth so !
Paints her, 'tis true, with the same hand which
spreads
Like glorious colours through the flowery meads,
When lavish Nature, with her best attire,
Clothes the gay spring, the season of desire.
Paints her, 'tis true, and does her cheek adorn
With the same art wherewith she paints the morn ;
With the same art wherewith she gildeth so [bow.
Those painted clouds which form Thaumantia's

OF HER PASSING

THROUGH A CROWD OF PEOPLE.

As in old Chaos (Heaven with earth confused,
And stars with rocks together crush'd and bruised)
The sun his light no further could extend
Than the next hill, which on his shoulders lean'd ;

So in this throng bright Sacharissa fared,
Oppress'd by those who strove to be her guard;
As ships, though never so obsequious, fall
Foul in a tempest on their admiral.
A greater favour this disorder brought
Unto her servants than their awful thought
Durst entertain, when thus compell'd they prest
The 'yielding marble of her snowy breast.
While love insults, disguised in the cloud
And welcome force of that unruly crowd.
So the' amorous tree, while yet the air is calm,
Just distance keeps from his desired palm;
But when the wind her ravish'd branches throws
Into his arms, and mingles all their boughs,
Though loth he seems her tender leaves to press,
More loth he is that friendly storm should cease,
From whose rude bounty he the double use
At once receives, of pleasure and excuse.

THE STORY OF

PHŒBUS AND DAPHNE

APPLIED.

THYRSIS, a youth of the inspired train,
Fair Sacharissa loved, but loved in vain:
Like Phœbus sung the no less amorous boy;
Like Daphne she, as lovely, and as coy!
With numbers he the flying nymph pursues,
With numbers such as Phœbus' self might use!
Such is the chase when Love and Fancy leads
O'er craggy mountains, and through flowery meads;

Invoked to testify the lover's care,
Or form some image of his cruel fair.
Urged with his fury, like a wounded deer,
O'er these he fled ; and now approaching near,
Had reach'd the nymph with his harmonious lay,
Whom all his charms could not incline to stay.
Yet what he sung in his immortal strain,
Though unsuccessful, was not sung in vain :
All but the nymph that should redress his wrong,
Attend his passion, and approve his song.
Like Phœbus thus, acquiring unsought praise,
He catch'd at love, and fill'd his arms with bays.

FABULA PHŒBI ET DAPHNES.

ARCADIÆ juvenis Thyrsis, Phœbique sacerdos,
Ingenti frustra Sacharissæ ardebat amore.
Haud Deus ipse olim Daphni majora canebat ;
Nec fuit asperior Daphne, nec pulchrior illâ :
Carminibus Phœbo dignis premit ille fugacem
Per rupes, per saxa, volans per florida vates
Pascua : formosam nunc his componere nympham,
Nunc illis crudelem insanâ mente solebat.
Audiit illa procul miserum, cytharamque sonantem ;
Audiit, at nullis respexit mota querelis !
Ne tamen omnino caneret desertus, ad alta
Sidera perculsi referunt nova carmina montes.
Sic, non quæsitis cumulatus laudibus, olim
Elapsâ reperit Daphne sua laurea Phœbus.

AT PENSHURST.

WHILE in this park I sing, the listening deer
 Attend my passion, and forget to fear.
 When to the beeches I report my flame,
 They bow their heads, as if they felt the same.
 To gods appealing, when I reach their bowers
 With loud complaints, they answer me in showers.
 To thee a wild and cruel soul is given,
 More deaf than trees, and prouder than the heaven !
 Love's foe profess'd ! why dost thou falsely feign
 Thyself a Sidney ! from which noble strain
 He sprung', that could so far exalt the name
 Of Love, and warm a nation with his flame ;
 That all we can of love or high desire
 Seems but the smoke of amorous Sidney's fire.
 Nor call her mother who so well does prove
 One breast may hold both chastity and love.
 Never can she, that so exceeds the Spring,
 In joy and bounty, be supposed to bring
 One so destructive. To no human stock
 We owe this fierce unkindness, but the rock,
 That cloven rock, produced thee, by whose side
 Nature, to recompense the fatal pride
 Of such stern beauty, placed those healing springs',
 Which not more help than that destruction brings.
 Thy heart no ruder than the rugged stone,
 I might, like Orpheus, with my numerous moan
 Melt to compassion : now my traitorous song
 With thee conspires to do the singer wrong ;
 While thus I suffer not myself to lose
 The memory of what augments my woes ;

¹ Sir Philip Sidney.

² Tunbridge Wells.

But with my own breath still foment the fire,
Which flames as high as fancy can aspire!

This last complaint the indulgent ears did pierce
Of just Apollo, president of verse;
Highly concerned that the Muse should bring
Damage to one whom he had taught to sing:
Thus he advised me: 'On yon aged tree
Hang up thy lute, and hie thee to the sea,
That there with wonders thy diverted mind
Some truce, at least, may with this passion find.'
Ah, cruel Nymph! from whom her humble swain
Flies for relief unto the raging main,
And from the winds and tempests does expect
A milder fate than from her cold neglect!
Yet there he'll pray that the unkind may prove
Bless'd in her choice; and vows this endless love
Springs from no hope of what she can confer, [her.
But from those gifts which Heaven has heap'd on

ON THE FRIENDSHIP BETWIXT

SACHARISSA AND AMORET.

TELL me, lovely, loving pair!
Why so kind, and so severe?
Why so careless of our care,
Only to yourselves so dear?

By this cunning change of hearts,
You the power of Love control,
While the Boy's deluded darts
Can arrive at neither soul.

For in vain to either breast
Still beguiled Love does come,
Where he finds a foreign guest,
Neither of your hearts at home.

Debtors thus with like design,
When they never mean to pay,
That they may the law decline,
To some friend make all away.

Not the silver doves that fly,
Yoked in Cytherea's car,
Not the wings that lift so high,
And convey her son so far,

Are so lovely, sweet, and fair,
Or do more ennoble love,
Are so choicely match'd a pair,
Or with more consent do move.

A LA MALADE.

Al, lovely Amoret ! the care
Of all that know what's good or fair !
Is Heaven become our rival too ?
Had the rich gifts conferr'd on you
So amply thence, the common end
Of giving lovers—to pretend ?
Hence to this pining sickness (meant
To weary thee to a consent
Of leaving us) no power is given
Thy beauties to impair ; for Heaven
Solicits thee with such a care,
As roses from their stalks we tear,

When we would still preserve them new
And fresh as on the bush they grew.

With such a grace you entertain
And look with such contempt on pain,
That languishing you conquer more,
And wound us deeper than before.
So lightnings which in storms appear
Scorch more than when the skies are clear.

And as pale sickness does invade
Your frailer part, the breaches made
In that fair lodging, still more clear
Make the bright guest, your soul, appear.
So nymphs o'er pathless mountains borne,
Their light robes by the brambles torn,
From their fair limbs, exposing new
And unknown beauties to the view
Of following gods, increase their flame,
And haste to catch the flying game.

UPON THE

DEATH OF MY LADY RICH.

MAY those already-cursed Essexian plains,
Where hasty death and pining sickness reigns,
Prove all a desert! and none there make stay,
But savage beasts, or men as wild as they!
There the fair light which all our island graced,
Like Hero's taper in the window placed,
Such fate from the malignant air did find,
As that exposed to the boisterous wind.

Ah, cruel Heaven! to snatch so soon away
Her for whose life, had we had time to pray,

With thousand vows and tears we should have
sought

That sad decree's suspension to have wrought.
But we, alas ! no whisper of her pain
Heard, till 'twas sin to wish her here again.
That horrid word, at once, like lightning spread,
Strook all our ears,— ' The Lady Rich is dead !'
Heart-rending news ! and dreadful to those few
Who her resemble, and her steps pursue ;
That Death should licence have to rage among
The fair, the wise, the virtuous, and the young !

The Paphian Queen¹ from that fierce battle
With gored hand and veil so rudely torn, [borne,
Like terror did among the' immortals breed,
Taught by her wound that goddesses may bleed.

All stand amazed ! but beyond the rest
The' heroic dame² whose happy whom she bless'd,
Moved with just grief, expostulates with Heaven,
Urging the promise to the' obsequious given ;
Of longer life ; for ne'er was pious soul
More apt to' obey, more worthy to control.
A skilful eye at once might read the race
Of Caledonian monarchs in her face,
And sweet humility : her look and mind
At once were lofty, and at once were kind.
There dwelt the scorn of vice, and pity too,
For those that did what she disdain'd to do :
So gentle and severe, that what was bad,
At once her hatred and her pardon had.
Gracious to all ; but where her love was due,
So fast, so faithful, loyal, and so true,
That a bold hand as soon might hope to force
The rolling lights of Heaven as change her course.

¹ Venus.

² Christian, Countess of Devonshire.

Some happy angel, that beholds her there,
Instruct us to record what she was here !
And when this cloud of sorrow's over-blown,
Through the wide world we'll make her graces
known.

So fresh the wound is, and the grief so vast,
That all our art and power of speech is waste.
Here passion sways, but there the Muse shall raise
Eternal monuments of louder praise.

There our delight complying with her fame,
Shall have occasion to recite thy name,
Fair Sacharissa !—and now only fair !
To sacred friendship we'll an altar rear,
(Such as the Romans did erect of old)
Where on a marble pillar shall be told
The lovely passion each to other bare,
With the resemblance of that matchless pair.
Narcissus, to the thing for which he pined,
Was not more like than yours to her fair mind,
Save that she graced the several parts of life,
A spotless virgin, and a faultless wife.
Such was the sweet converse 'twixt her and you,
As that she holds with her associates now.

How false is Hope, and how regardless Fate,
That such a love should have so short a date !
Lately I saw her sighing part from thee ;
(Alas that such the last farewell should be !)
So look'd Astræa, her remove design'd,
On those distressed friends she left behind.
Consent in virtue knit your hearts so fast,
That still the knot, in spite of death, does last ;
For as your tears, and sorrow-wounded soul,
Prove well that on your part this bond is whole,
So all we know of what they do above,
Is that they happy are, and that they love.

Let dark oblivion, and the hollow grave,
Content themselves our frailer thoughts to have :
Well-chosen love is never taught to die,
But with our nobler part invades the sky.
Then grieve no more that one so heavenly shaped
The crooked hand of trembling Age escaped :
Rather, since we beheld her not decay,
But that she vanish'd so entire away,
Her wondrous beauty and her goodness merit
We should suppose, that some propitious spirit
In that celestial form frequented here,
And is not dead, but ceases to appear.

OF LOVE.

ANGER, in hasty words or blows,
Itself discharges on our foes :
And sorrow, too, finds some relief
In tears, which wait upon our grief :
So every passion, but fond love,
Unto its own redress does move ;
But that alone the wretch inclines
To what prevents his own designs ;
Makes him lament, and sigh, and weep,
Disorder'd, tremble, fawn, and creep ;
Postures which render him despised,
Where he endeavours to be prized.
For women (born to be controll'd)
Stoop to the forward and the bold ;
Affect the haughty and the proud,
The gay, the frolic, and the loud.
Who first the generous steed oppress'd,
Not kneeling did salute the beast ;
But with high courage, life, and force,
Approaching, tamed the' unruly horse.

Unwisely we the wiser East
Pity, supposing them oppress
With tyrants' force, whose law is will,
By which they govern, spoil, and kill :
Each nymph, but moderately fair,
Commands with no less rigour here.
Should some brave Turk, that walks among
His twenty lasses, bright and young,
And beckons to the willing dame,
Preferred to quench his present flame,
Behold as many gallants here,
With modest guise and silent fear,
All to one female idol bend,
While her high pride does scarce descend
To mark their follies, he would swear
That these her guard of eunuchs were,
And that a more majestic queen
Or humbler slaves, he had not seen.

All this with indignation spoke,
In vain I struggled with the yoke
Of mighty Love : that conquering look,
When next beheld, like lightning strook
My blasted soul, and made me bow
Lower than those I pitied now.

So the tall stag, upon the brink
Of some smooth stream about to drink,
Surveying there his armed head,
With shame remembers that he fled
The scorned dogs, resolves to try
The combat next ; but if their cry
Invades again his trembling ear,
He straight resumes his wonted care,
Leaves the untasted spring behind,
And, wing'd with fear, outflies the wind.

FOR DRINKING OF HEALTHS.

LET brutes and vegetals, that cannot think,
So far as drought and nature urges, drink ;
A more indulgent mistress guides our sp'rites,
Reason, that dares beyond our appetites :
She would our care as well as thirst redress,
And with divinity rewards excess.
Deserted Ariadne, thus supplied,
Did perjured Theseus' cruelty deride :
Bacchus embraced, from her exalted thought
Banish'd the man, her passion, and his fault.
Bacchus and Phœbus are by Jove allied,
And each by other's timely heat supplied :
All that the grapes owe to his ripening fires
Is paid in numbers which their juice inspires.
Wine fills the veins, and healths are understood
To give our friends a title to our blood :
Who, naming me, doth warm his courage so,
Shows for my sake what his bold hand would do.

OF

MY LADY ISABELLA,

PLAYING ON THE LUTE.

SUCH moving sounds from such a careless touch !
So unconcern'd herself, and we so much !
What art is this, that with so little pains
Transports us thus, and o'er our spirits reigns ?
The trembling strings about her fingers crowd,
And tell their joy for every kiss aloud.
Small force there needs to make them tremble so ;
Touch'd by that hand, who would not tremble too ?

Here Love takes stand, and while she charms the
 Empties his quiver on the listening deer. [ear,
 Music so softens and disarms the mind,
 That not an arrow does resistance find.
 Thus the fair tyrant celebrates the prize,
 And acts herself the triumph of her eyes :
 So Nero once, with harp in hand, survey'd
 His flaming Rome, and as it burn'd he play'd.

OF MRS. ARDEN.

BEHOLD, and listen, while the fair
 Breaks in sweet sounds the willing air,
 And with her own breath fans the fire
 Which her bright eyes do first inspire.
 What reason can that love control,
 Which more than one way courts the soul ?
 So when a flash of lightning falls
 On our abodes, the danger calls
 For human aid, which hopes the flame
 To conquer, though from Heaven it came ;
 But if the winds with that conspire,
 Men strive not, but deplore the fire.

OF THE

MARRIAGE OF THE DWARFS.

DESIGN or Chance makes others wive,
 But Nature did this match contrive :
 Eve might as well have Adam fled,
 As she denied her little bed
 To him, for whom Heaven seem'd to frame
 And measure out this only dame.

Thrice happy is that humble pair,
Beneath the level of all care !
Over whose heads those arrows fly
Of sad distrust and jealousy ;
Secured in as high extreme,
As if the world held none but them.

To him the fairest nymphs do show
Like moving mountains top'd with snow ;
And every man a Polypheme
Does to his Galatea seem :
None may presume her faith to prove ;
He proffers death that proffers love.

Ah, Chloris ! that kind Nature thus
From all the world had sever'd us ;
Creating for ourselves us two,
As Love has me for only you !

LOVE'S FAREWELL.

TREADING the path to nobler ends,
A long farewell to love I gave ;
Resolved my country and my friends
All that remain'd of me should have.

And this resolve no mortal dame,
None but those eyes could have o'erthrown ;
The nymph I dare not, need not name,
So high, so like herself alone.

Thus the tall oak, which now aspires
Above the fear of private fires,
Grown and design'd for nobler use,
Not to make warm, but build the house,
Though from our meaner flames secure,
Must that which falls from Heaven endure.

WALLER.

FROM A CHILD.

In some climes the warmer sun
 Ere the spring's begun,
 Lending boughs can load,
 And;



FROM A CHILD.

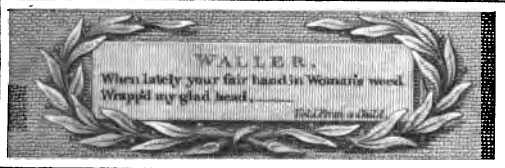
MADAM, as in some climes the warmer sun
Makes it full summer ere the spring's begun,
And with ripe fruit the bending boughs can load,
Before our violets dare look abroad;
So measure not by any common use
The early love your brighter eyes produce.
When lately your fair hand in woman's weed
Wrapped my glad head, I wish'd me so indeed,
That hasty time might never make me grow
Out of those favours you afford me now;
That I might ever such indulgence find,
And you not blush, or think yourself too kind;
Who now, I fear, while I these joys express,
Begin to think how you may make them less.
The sound of love makes your soft heart afraid,
And guard itself, though but a child invade,
And innocently at your white breast throw
A dart as white, a ball of new-fallen snow,

ON A GIRDLE.

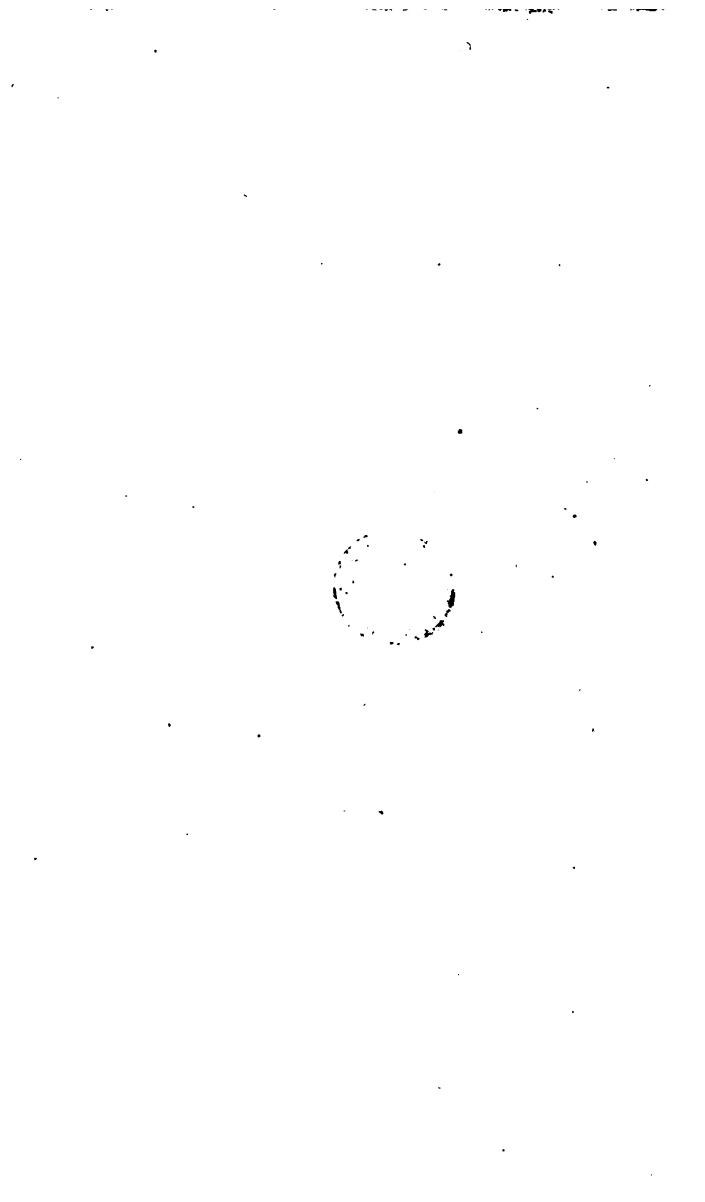
THAT which her slender waist confined,
Shall now my joyful temples bind:
No monarch but would give his crown,
His arms might do what this has done.

It was my heaven's extremest sphere,
The pale which held that lovely deer.
My joy, my grief, my hope, my love,
Did all within this circle move!

A narrow compass! and yet there
Dwelt all that's good, and all that's fair:
Give me but what this ribbon bound,
Take all the rest the sun goes round,



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Roxbury.*



THE FALL.

SEE ! how the willing earth gave way,
To take the' impression where she lay.
See ! how the mould, as loth to leave
So sweet a burden, still doth cleave
Close to the nymph's stain'd garment. Here
The coming spring would first appear,
And all this place with roses strow,
If busy feet would let them grow.

Here Venus smiled to see blind Chance
Itself before her son advance,
And a fair image to present,
Of what the boy so long had meant.
'Twas such a chance as this made all
The world into this order fall ;
Thus the first lovers, on the clay,
Of which they were composed, lay.
So in their prime, with equal grace,
Met the first patterns of our race.

Then blush not, Fair ! or on him frown,
Or wonder how you both came down ;
But touch him, and he'll tremble straight ;
How could he then support your weight ?
How could the youth, alas ! but bend,
When his whole heaven upon him lean'd ?
If aught by him amiss were done,
'Twas that he let you rise so soon.

OF SYLVIA.

OUR sighs are heard ; just Heaven declares
The sense it has of lovers' cares :
She that so far the rest outshined,
Sylvia the fair, while she was kind,
As if her frowns impair'd her brow,
Seems only not unhandsome now :
So when the sky makes us endure
A storm, itself becomes obscure.

Hence 'tis that I conceal my flame,
Hiding from Flavia's self her name,
Lest she, provoking Heaven, should prove
How it rewards neglected love.
Better a thousand such as I,
Their grief untold, should pine and die,
Than her bright morning, overcast
With sullen clouds, should be defaced.

THE BUD.

LATELY on yonder swelling bush,
Big with many a coming rose,
This early bud began to blush,
And did but half itself disclose :
I pluck'd it though no better grown,
And now you see how full 'tis blown.

Still as I did the leaves inspire,
With such a purple light they shone, -
As if they had been made of fire,
And spreading so, would flame anon :

All that was meant by air or sun,
To the young flower, my breath has done.

If our loose breath so much can do,
What may the same in forms of love,
Of purest love, and music too,
When Flavia it aspires to move ?
When that which lifeless buds persuades
To wax more soft her youth invades ?

ON THE

DISCOVERY OF A LADY'S PAINTING.

PYGMALION's fate reversed is mine ;
His marble love took flesh and blood ;
All that I worshipped as divine,
That beauty ! now 'tis understood,
Appears to have no more of life
Than that whereof he framed his wife.

As women yet, who apprehend
Some sudden cause of causeless fear,
Although that seeming cause take end,
And they behold no danger near,
A shaking through their limbs they find ;
Like leaves saluted by the wind :

So though the beauty do appear
No beauty, which amazed me so ;
Yet from my breast I cannot tear
The passion which from thence did grow ;
Nor yet out of my fancy rase
The print of that supposed face.

A real beauty, though too near,
The fond Narcissus did admire ;
I dote on that which is no where ;
The sign of beauty feeds my fire.
No mortal flame was e'er so cruel
As this, which thus survives the fuel !

OF LOVING AT FIRST SIGHT.

NOT caring to observe the wind,
Or the new sea explore,
Snatch'd from myself, how far behind
Already I behold the shore !

May not a thousand dangers sleep
In the smooth bosom of this deep ?
No : 'tis so rockless and so clear,
That the rich bottom does appear
Paved all with precious things ; not torn
From shipwreck'd vessels, but there 'born.

Sweetness, truth, and every grace,
Which time and use are wont to teach,
The eye may in a moment reach,
And read distinctly in her face.

Some other nymphs with colours faint,
And pencil slow, may Cupid paint,
And a weak heart in time destroy ;
She has a stamp, and prints the Boy ;
Can with a single look inflame
The coldest breast, the rudest tame.

THE SELF-BANISHED.

It is not that I love you less
Than when before your feet I lay ;
But to prevent the sad increase
Of hopeless love, I keep away.

In vain, alas ! for every thing,
Which I have known belong to you,
Your form does to my fancy bring,
And makes my old wounds bleed anew.

Who in the spring, from the new sun,
Already has a fever got,
Too late begins those shafts to shun,
Which Phœbus through his veins has shot :

Too late he would the pain assuage,
And to thick shadows does retire ;
About with him he bears the rage,
And in his tainted blood the fire.

But vow'd I have, and never must
Your banish'd servant trouble you ;
For if I break, you may mistrust
The vow I made—to love you too.

THYRSIS, GALATEA.

THYRSIS.

As lately I on silver Thames did ride,
Sad Galatea on the bank I spied :
Such was her look as sorrow taught to shine,
And thus she graced me with a voice divine.

GAL. You that can tune your sounding strings so
Of ladies' beauties and of love to tell, [well,
Once change your note, and let your lute report
The justest grief that ever touch'd the Court.

THYR. Fair nymph! I have in your delights no
Nor ought to be concerned in your care; [share,
Yet would I sing if I your sorrows knew,
And to my aid invoke no Muse but you.

GAL. Hear then, and let your song augment our
Which is so great as not to wish relief. [grief,

She that had all which Nature gives, or Chance,
Whom Fortune join'd with Virtue to advance
To all the joys this island could afford,
The greatest mistress and the kindest lord;
Who with the royal mix'd her noble blood,
And in high grace with Gloriana stood;
Her bounty, sweetness, beauty, goodness, such
That none e'er thought her happiness too much;
So well-inclined her favours to confer,
And kind to all, as Heaven had been to her!
The virgin's part, the mother, and the wife,
So well she acted in this span of life,
That though few years (too few, alas!) she told,
She seem'd in all things but in beauty old.
As unripe fruit, whose verdant stalks do cleave
Close to the tree, which grieves no less to leave
The smiling pendant which adorns her so,
And until Autumn on the bough should grow;
So seem'd her youthful soul not easily forced,
Or from so fair, so sweet, a seat divorced:
Her fate at once did hasty seem and slow;
At once too cruel, and unwilling too.

THYR. Under how hard a law are mortals born!
Whom now we envy, we anon must mourn:

What Heaven sets highest, and seems most to prize,
Is soon removed from our wondering eyes !
But since the Sisters' did so soon untwine
So fair a thread, I'll strive to piece the line.
Vouchsafe, sad nymph ! to let me know the dame,
And to the Muses I'll commend her name :
Make the wide country echo to your moan,
The listening trees and savage mountains groan.
What rock's not moved when the death is sung
Of one so good, so lovely, and so young ? [fore,
GAL. 'Twas Hamilton !—whom I had named be-
But naming her, grief lets me say no more.

ON THE HEAD OF A STAG.

So we some antique hero's strength
Learn by his lance's weight and length ;
As these vast beams express the beast,
Whose shady brows alive they drest.
Such game, while yet the world was new,
The mighty Nimrod did pursue.
What huntsman of our feeble race,
Or dogs, dare such a monster chase ?
Resembling, with each blow he strikes,
The charge of a whole troop of pikes.
O fertile head ! which every year
Could such a crop of wonder bear !
The teeming earth did never bring,
So soon, so hard, so huge a thing ;
Which might it never have been cast,
(Each year's growth added to the last)

¹ Parœ.

These lofty branches had supplied
The earth's bold sons' prodigious pride :
Heaven with these engines had been scaled,
When mountains heap'd on mountains fail'd.

THE MISER'S SPEECH.

IN A MASK.

BALLS of this metal slack'd Atalanta's pace,
And on the amorous youth¹ bestow'd the race :
Venus, (the nymph's mind measuring by her own)
Whom the rich spoils of cities overthrown
Had prostrated to Mars, could well advise
The' adventrous lover how to gain the prize.
Nor less may Jupiter to gold ascribe,
For when he turn'd himself into a bribe,
Who can blame Danae, or the brazen tower,
That they withstood not that almighty shower ?
Never till then did love make Jove put on
A form more bright and nobler than his own ;
Nor were it just, when he resume that shape,
That slack devotion should his thunder scape.
'Twas not revenge for griev'd Apollo's wrong,
Those ass's ears on Midas' temples hung,
But fond repentance of his happy wish,
Because his meat grew metal like his dish.
Would Bacchus bless me so, I'd constant hold
Unto my wish, and die creating gold.

¹ Hippomenes.

UPON BEN JONSON.

MIRROR of poets ! mirror of our age !
 Which her whole face beholding on thy stage,
 Pleased and displeased with her own faults, endures
 A remedy like those whom music cures.
 Thou hast alone those various inclinations
 Which Nature gives to ages, sexes, nations ;
 So traced with thy all-resembling pen,
 That whate'er custom has imposed on men,
 Or ill-got habit, (which deforms them so,
 That scarce a brother can his brother know)
 Is represented to the wondering eyes
 Of all that see or read thy Comedies.
 Whoever in those glasses looks, may find
 The spots return'd, or graces, of his mind ;
 And, by the help of so divine an art,
 At leisure view and dress his nobler part.
 Narcissus, cozen'd by that flattering well,
 Which nothing could but of his beauty tell,
 Had here, discovering the deform'd estate
 Of his fond mind, preserved himself with hate.
 But virtue too, as well as vice, is clad
 In flesh and blood so well, that Plato had
 Beheld, what his high fancy once embraced,
 Virtue with colours, speech, and motion graced.
 The sundry postures of thy copious Muse
 Who would express, a thousand tongues must use,
 Whose fate's no less peculiar than thy art ;
 For as thou couldst all characters impart,
 So none could render thine, which still escapes,
 Like Proteus, in variety of shapes ;
 Who was nor this nor that ; but all we find,
 And all we can imagine, in mankind.

ON

MR. JOHN FLETCHER'S PLAYS.

FLETCHER ! to thee we do not only owe
All these good plays, but those of others too :
Thy wit repeated does support the stage,
Credits the last, and entertains this age,
No worthies, form'd by any Muse but thine,
Could purchase robes to make themselves so fine.

What brave commander is not proud to see
Thy brave Melantius in his gallantry ?
Our greatest ladies love to see their scorn
Outdone by thine, in what themselves have worn :
The' impatient widow, ere the year be done,
Sees thy Aspasia weeping in her gown.

I never yet the tragic strain assay'd,
Deterr'd by that inimitable Maid¹ ;
And when I venture at the comic style,
Thy Scornful Lady seems to mock my toil.

Thus has thy Muse at once improved and marr'd
Our sport in plays, by rendering it too hard !
So when a sort of lusty shepherds throw
The bar by turns, and none the rest outgo
So far, but that the best are measuring casts,
Their emulation and their pastime lasts ;
But if some brawny yeoman of the guard
Step in, and toss the axletree a yard
Or more beyond the furthest mark, the rest
Despairing stand, their sport is at the best.

¹ The Maid's Tragedy.

VERSES

TO

DR. GEORGE ROGERS¹,

ON HIS TAKING THE DEGREE OF DOCTOR IN PHYSIC
AT PADUA, IN THE YEAR 1664.

WHEN as of old the earth's bold children strove,
With hills on hills, to scale the throne of Jove,
Pallas and Mars stood by their sovereign's side,
And their bright arms in his defence employ'd ;
While the wise Phœbus, Hermes, and the rest,
Who joy in peace, and love the Muses best,
Descending from their so distemper'd seat,
Our groves and meadows chose for their retreat.
There first Apollo tried the various use
Of herbs, and learn'd the virtues of their juice,
And framed that art, to which who can pretend
A juster title than our noble friend ?
Whom the like tempest drives from his abode,
And like employment entertains abroad.
This crowns him here, and in the bays, so earn'd,
His country's honour is no less concern'd,
Since it appears not all the English rave,
To ruin bent ; some study how to save :

¹ This little poem was printed, together with several others on the same occasion, by Dr. Rogers, alone with his inaugural exercise at Padua, and afterwards in the same manner republished by him at London, together with his Harveian oration before the College of Physicians, in the year 1692, while Mr. Waller was yet living.

Though the above verses were first printed in 1664, they seem to have been written before the Restoration, as appears from the lines toward the conclusion.

And as Hippocrates did once extend
His sacred art, whole cities to amend,
So we, brave friend! suppose that thy great skill,
Thy gentle mind and fair example, will,
At thy return, reclaim our frantic isle,
Their spirits calm, and peace again shall smile.

CHLORIS AND HYLAS.

MADE TO A SARABAND.

CHLORIS.

HYLAS, oh Hylas! why sit we mute,
Now that each bird saluteth the spring?
Wind up the slacken'd strings of thy lute,
Never canst thou want matter to sing;
For love thy breast does fill with such a fire,
That whatsoe'er is fair moves thy desire.

HYL. Sweetest! you know the sweetest of things
Of various flowers the bees do compose;
Yet no particular taste it brings
Of violet, woodbine, pink, or rose:
So love the result is of all the graces
Which flow from a thousand several faces.

CHLO. Hylas! the birds which chant in this grove,
Could we but know the language they use,
They would instruct us better in love,
And reprehend thy inconstant Muse;
For love their breasts does fill with such a fire,
That what they once do choose, bounds their desire.

HYL. Chloris ! this change the birds do approve,
Which the warm season hither does bring ;
Time from yourself does further remove
You than the winter from the gay spring :
She that like lightning shined while her face lasted,
The oak now resembles which lightning hath
blasted.

IN ANSWER OF

SIR JOHN SUCKLING'S VERSES.

CON.

STAY here, fond youth ! and ask no more ; be wise ;
Knowing too much long since lost Paradise.

PRO. And by your knowledge we should be bereft
Of all that paradise which yet is left. [should still

CON. The virtuous joys thou hast, thou wouldst
Last in their pride ; and wouldst not take it ill
If rudely, from sweet dreams, and for a toy,
Thou waked : he wakes himself that does enjoy.

PRO. How can the joy or hope which you allow
Be styled virtuous, and the end not so ?

Talk in your sleep, and shadows still admire !
'Tis true, he wakes that feels this real fire ;
But—to sleep better ; for whoe'er drinks deep
Of this Nepenthe, rocks himself asleep.

CON. Fruition adds no new wealth but destroys,
And while it pleaseth much, yet still it cloyes.
Who thinks he should be happier made for that,
As reasonably might hope he might grow fat
By eating to a surfeit : this once pass'd,
What relishes ? even kisses lose their taste.

PRO. Blessings may be repeated while they cloy;
But shall we starve, 'cause surfeittings destroy?
And if fruition did the taste impair
Of kisses, why should yonder happy pair,
Whose joys just Hymen warrants all the night,
Consume the day, too, in this less delight?

CON. Urge not 'tis necessary; alas! we know
The homeliest thing that mankind does is so.
The world is of a large extent we see,
And must be peopled; children there must be:—
So must bread too; but since there are enough
Born to that drudgery, what need we plough?

PRO. I need not plough, since what the stooping
Gets of my pregnant land must all be mine: [hine
But in this nobler tillage 'tis not so;
For when Anchises did fair Venus know,
What interest had poor Vulcan in the boy,
Famous Æneas, or the present joy? [been,

CON. Women enjoy'd, whate'er before they've
Are like romances read, or scenes once seen;
Fruition dulls or spoils the play much more
Than if one read or knew the plot before.

PRO. Plays and romances read and seen, do fall
In our opinions; yet not seen at all,
Whom would they please? To an heroic tale
Would you not listen, lest it should grow stale?

CON. 'Tis expectation makes a blessing dear;
Heaven were not heaven if we knew what it were.

PRO. If 'twere not heaven if we knew what it were,
'Twould not be heaven to those that now are there.

CON. And as in prospects we are there pleased
most,

Where something keeps the eye from being lost,
And leaves us room to guess; so here restraint
Holds up delight, that with excess would faint.

PRO. Restraint preserves the pleasure we have
But he ne'er has it that enjoys it not. [got,
In goodly prospects who contracts the space,
Or takes not all the bounty of the place?
We wish removed what standeth in our light,
And Nature blame for limiting our sight;
Where you stand wisely winking, that the view
Of the fair prospect may be always new.

CON. They who know all the wealth they have are
poor;

He's only rich that cannot tell his store.

PRO. Not he that knows the wealth he has is poor,
But he that dares not touch nor use his store.

AN APOLOGY

FOR HAVING LOVED BEFORE.

THEY that never had the use
Of the grape's surprising juice,
To the first delicious cup
All their reason render up;
Neither do not care to know
Whether it be best or no.

So they that are to love inclined,
Sway'd by chance, not choice, or art,
To the first that's fair or kind,
Make a present of their heart:
It is not she that first we love,
But whom dying we approve.

To man, that as in the evening made,
Stars gave the first delight,
Admiring, in the gloomy shade,
Those little drops of light:

Then at Aurora, whose fair hand
Removed them from the skies,
He gazing toward the east did stand,
She entertain'd his eyes.

But when the bright sun did appear,
All those he 'gan despise ;
His wonder was determined there,
And could no higher rise.
He neither might, nor wish'd to know
A more refulgent light :
For that (as mine your beauties now)
Employ'd his utmost sight.

THE NIGHT-PIECE :

OR,

A PICTURE DRAWN IN THE DARK.

DARKNESS, which fairest nymphs disarms,
Defends us ill from Mira's charms :
Mira can lay her beauty by,
Take no advantage of the eye,
Quit all that Lely's art can take,
And yet a thousand captives make.

Her speech is graced with sweeter sound
Than in another's song is found ;
And all her well-placed words are darts,
Which need no light to reach our hearts.

As the bright stars and milky way,
Show'd by the night, are hid by day ;
So we, in that accomplish'd mind,
Help'd by the night, new graces find,
Which by the splendour of her view,
Dazzled before, we never knew.

While we converse with her, we mark
No want of day, nor think it dark :
Her shining image is a light
Fix'd in our hearts, and conquers night.

Like jewels to advantage set,
Her beauty by the shade does get :
There blushes, frowns, and cold disdain,
All that our passion might restrain,
Is hid, and our indulgent mind
Presents the fair idea kind.

Yet, friended by the night, we dare
Only in whispers tell our care :
He that on her his bold hand lays,
With Cupid's pointed arrows plays ;
They with a touch (they are so keen !)
Wound us unshot, and she unseen.

All near approaches threaten death ;
We may be shipwreck'd by her breath :
Love, favour'd once with that sweet gale,
Doubles his haste, and fills his sail,
Till he arrive where she must prove
The haven or the rock of love.

So we the' Arabian coast do know
At distance, when the spices blow ;
By the rich odour taught to steer,
Though neither day nor stars appear.

PART OF THE
FOURTH BOOK OF VIRGIL'S *ÆNEIS*
TRANSLATED.

Beginning at v. 437.

**** Talesque miserrima fletus
Pertque refertque soror. ****

And ending with

Adnixi torquent spumas, et cœrula verrunt. V. 583.

ALL this her weeping sister¹ does repeat
To the stern man², whom nothing could entreat;
Lost were her prayers, and fruitless were her tears!
Fate and great Jove had stopp'd his gentle ears.
As when loud winds a well-grown oak would rend
Up by the roots, this way and that they bend
His reeling trunk, and with a boisterous sound
Scatter his leaves, and strew them on the ground,
He fixed stands; as deep his root doth lie
Down to the centre, as his top is high:
No less on every side the hero press'd,
Feels love and pity shake his noble breast,
And down his cheeks though fruitless tears do roll,
Unmoved remains the purpose of his soul.
Then Dido, urged with approaching fate,
Begins the light of cruel Heaven to hate.
Her resolution to dispatch and die,
Confirm'd by many a horrid prodigy!
The water, consecrate for sacrifice,
Appears all black to her amazed eyes;

¹ Anna.

² *Æneas*.

The wine to putrid blood converted flows,
Which from her none, not her own sister, knows.
Besides there stood, as sacred to her lord³,
A marble temple which she much adored,
With snowy fleeces and fresh garlands crown'd ;
Hence every night proceeds a dreadful sound ;
Her husband's voice invites her to his tomb,
And dismal owls presage the ills to come.
Besides, the prophecies of wizards old
Increased her terror, and her fall foretold ;
Scorn'd and deserted to herself she seems,
And finds Æneas cruel in her dreams.

So to mad Pentheus double Thebes appears,
And furies howl in his distemper'd ears.
Orestes so, with like distraction toss'd,
Is made to fly his mother's angry ghost.

Now grief and fury to their height arrive ;
Death she decrees, and thus does it contrive.
Her grieved sister, with a cheerful grace,
(Hope well dissembled shining in her face)
She thus deceives : ' Dear Sister ! let us prove
The cure I have invented for my love.
Beyond the land of Ethiopia lies
The place where Atlas does support the skies ;
Hence came an old magician that did keep
The' Hesperian fruit, and made the dragon sleep :
Her potent charms do troubled souls relieve,
And, where she lists, make calmest minds to grieve :
The course of rivers and of heaven can stop,
And call trees down from the' airy mountain's top.
Witness, ye gods ! and thou my dearest part !
How loth I am to tempt this guilty art.
Erect a pile, and on it let us place
That bed where I my ruin did embrace ;

³ Sicæus.

With all the relics of our impious guest,
Arms, spoils, and presents, let the pile be dress'd;
(The knowing woman thus prescribes) that we
May raise the man out of our memory.'

Thus speaks the Queen, but hides the fatal end
For which she doth those sacred rites pretend.
Nor worse effects of grief her sister thought
Would follow, than Sichæus' murder wrought;
Therefore obeys her; and now, heaped high
The cloven oaks and lofty pines do lie;
Hung all with wreaths and flowery garlands round,
So by herself was her own funeral crown'd!
Upon the top the Trojan's image lies,
And his sharp sword, wherewith anon she dies.
They by the altar stand, while with loose hair
The magic prophetess begins her prayer:
On Chaos, Erebus, and all the gods,
Which in the' infernal shades have their abodes,
She loudly calls, besprinkling all the room
With drops, supposed from Lethe's lake to come.
She seeks the knot which on the forehead grows
Of new-foal'd colts, and herbs by moonlight mows.
A cake of leaven in her pious hands
Holds the devoted Queen, and barefoot stands:
One tender foot was bare, the other shod,
Her robe ungirt, invoking every god,
And every power, if any be above,
Which takes regard of ill-requited love!

Now was the time when weary mortals steep
Their careful temples in the dew of sleep:
On seas, on earth, and all that in them dwell,
A death-like quiet and deep silence fell;
But not on Dido! whose untamed mind
Refused to be by sacred night confined:

A double passion in her breast does move,
Love, and fierce anger for neglected love.
Thus she afflicts her soul: 'What shall I do?
With fate inverted shall I humbly woo?
And some proud prince, in wild Numidia born,
Pray to accept me, and forget my scorn?
Or shall I with the' ungrateful Trojan go,
Quit all my state, and wait upon my foe?
Is not enough, by sad experience, known
The perjured race of false Laomedon?
With my Sidonians shall I give them chase,
Bands hardly forced from their native place?
No;—die! and let this sword thy fury tame;
Nought but thy blood can quench this guilty flame.

'Ah, Sister! vanquish'd with my passion, thou
Betray'dst me first, dispensing with my vow.
Had I been constant to Sichæus still,
And single lived, I had not known this ill!'

Such thoughts torment the Queen's enraged
While the Dardanian does securely rest [breast
In his tall ship for sudden flight prepared;
To whom once more the son of Jove appear'd;
Thus seems to speak the youthful deity,
Voice, hair, and colour, all like Mercury.
'Fair Venus' seed! canst thou indulge thy sleep,
Nor better guard in such great danger keep?
Mad, by neglect to lose so fair a wind!
If here thy ships the purple morning find,
Thou shalt behold this hostile harbour shine
With a new fleet, and fires, to ruin thine:
She meditates revenge, resolved to die;
Weigh anchor quickly, and her fury fly.'

This said, the god in shades of night retired.
Amazed Æneas, with the warning fired,

Shakes off dull sleep, and rousing up his men ;
' Behold ! the gods command our flight again.
Fall to your oars, and all your canvass spread :
What god soe'er that thus vouchsafes to lead,
We follow gladly, and thy will obey ;
Assist us still, smoothing our happy way,
And make the rest propitious !'—with that word
He cuts the cable with his shining sword :
Through all the navy doth like ardour reign,
They quit the shore, and rush into the main ;
Placed on their banks, the lusty Trojans sweep
Neptune's smooth face, and cleave the yielding
deep.

ON

THE PICTURE OF A FAIR YOUTH,

TAKEN AFTER HE WAS DEAD.

As gather'd flowers, while their wounds are new,
Look gay and fresh, as on the stalk they grew,
Torn from the root that nourish'd them, a while
(Not taking notice of their fate) they smile,
And in the hand which rudely pluck'd them show
Fairer than those that to their autumn grow,
So love and beauty still that visage grace ;
Death cannot fright them from their wonted place.
Alive, the hand of crooked Age had marr'd
Those lovely features which cold Death has spared.

No wonder then he sped in love so well,
When his high passion he had breath to tell ;
When that accomplish'd soul, in this fair frame,
No business had but to persuade that dame,
Whose mutual love advanced the youth so high,
That, but to heaven, he could no higher fly.

ON A BREDE OF DIVERS COLOURS,

WOVEN BY FOUR LADIES.

TWICE twenty slender virgin fingers twine
This curious web, where all their fancies shine.
As Nature them, so they this shade have wrought,
Soft as their hands, and various as their thought.
Not Juno's bird when, his fair train dispread,
He woos the female to his painted bed ;
No, not the bow, which so adorns the skies,
So glorious is, or boasts so many dyes.

OF A WAR WITH SPAIN,

AND FIGHT AT SEA.

Now for some ages had the pride of Spain
Made the sun shine on half the world in vain,
While she bid War, to all that durst supply
The place of those her cruelty made die.
Of Nature's bounty men forbore to taste,
And the best portion of the earth lay waste.
From the new world her silver and her gold
Came, like a tempest to confound the old :
Feeding with these the bribed electors' hopes,
Alone she gives us emperors and popes :
With these accomplishing her vast designs,
Europe was shaken with her Indian mines.

When Britain, looking with a just disdain
Upon this gilded majesty of Spain,
And, knowing well that empire must decline
Whose chief support and sinews are of coin,

Our nation's solid virtue did oppose
To the rich troublers of the world's repose.

And now some months, encamping on the main,
Our naval army had besieged Spain :
They that the whole world's monarchy design'd,
Are to their ports by our bold fleet confined,
From whence our Red Cross they triumphant see,
Riding without a rival on the sea.

Others may use the ocean as their road,
Only the English make it their abode,
Whose ready sails with every wind can fly,
And make a covenant with the' inconstant sky :
Our oaks secure, as if they there took root,
We tread on billows with a steady foot.

Meanwhile the Spaniards in America,
Near to the line the sun approaching saw,
And hoped their European coasts to find
Clear'd from our ships by the autumnal wind ;
Their huge capacious galleons stuff'd with plate,
The labouring winds drive slowly toward their fate.
Before St. Lucar they their guns discharge,
To tell their joy, or to invite a barge :
This heard some ships of ours, (though out of view)
And, swift as eagles, to the quarry flew ;
So heedless lambs, which for their mothers bleat,
Wake hungry lions, and become their meat.

Arrived, they soon begin that tragic play,
And with their smoky cannons banish day :
Night, horror, slaughter, with confusion meets,
And in their sable arms embrace the fleets.
Through yielding planks the angry bullets fly,
And, of one wound, hundreds together die :
Born under different stars one fate they have,
The ship their coffin, and the sea their grave !

Bold were the men which on the ocean first
Spread their new sails, when shipwreck was the
More danger now from man alone we find [worst:
Than from the rocks, the billows, or the wind.
They that had sail'd from near the Antarctic Pole,
Their treasure safe, and all their vessels whole,
In sight of their dear country ruin'd be,
Without the guilt of either rock or sea!
What they would spare our fiercer art destroys,
Surpassing storms in terror and in noise.
Once Jove from Ida did both hosts survey,
And, when he pleased to thunder, part the fray;
Here Heaven in vain that kind retreat should
sound;

The louder cannon had the thunder drown'd.
Some we made prize; while others, burnt and rent,
With their rich lading to the bottom went:
Down sinks at once (so Fortune with us sports!)
The pay of armies, and the pride of courts.
Vain man! whose rage buries as low that store
As avarice had digged for it before:
What earth, in her dark bowels, could not keep
From greedy hands, lies safer in the deep,
Where Thetis kindly does from mortals hide
Those seeds of luxury, debate, and pride.

And now into her lap the richest prize
Fell, with the noblest of our enemies:
The Marquis¹ (glad to see the fire destroy
Wealth that prevailing foes were to enjoy)
Out from his flaming ship his children sent,
To perish in a milder element;
Then laid him by his burning lady's side,
And, since he could not save her, with her died.

¹ Of Badajoz.

Spices and gums about them melting fry,
And, phoenix-like, in that rich nest they die :
Alive, in flames of equal love they burn'd,
And now together are to ashes turn'd ;
Ashes ! more worth than all their funeral cost,
Than the huge treasure which was with them lost.
These dying lovers, and their floating sons,
Suspend the fight, and silence all our guns :
Beauty and youth about to perish, finds
Such noble pity in brave English minds,
That (the rich spoil forgot, their valour's prize)
All labour now to save their enemies.
How frail our passions ! how soon changed are
Our wrath and fury to a friendly care !
They that but now for honour and for plate
Made the sea blush with blood, resign their hate ;
And, their young foes endeavouring to retrieve,
With greater hazard than they fought they dive.
With these returns victorious Montagu,
With laurels in his hand, and half Peru.
Let the brave generals divide that bough,
Our great Protector hath such wreaths enough :
His conquering head has no more room for bays :
Then let it be as the glad nation prays ;
Let the rich ore forthwith be melted down,
And the state fix'd by making him a crown :
With ermine clad, and purple, let him hold
A royal sceptre, made of Spanish gold.

UPON THE

DEATH OF THE LORD PROTECTOR.

WE must resign ! Heaven his great soul does claim
In storms, as loud as his immortal fame :
His dying groans, his last breath, shakes our isle,
And trees uncut fall for his funeral pile ;
About his palace their broad roots are toss'd
Into the air.—So Romulus was lost !
New Rome in such a tempest miss'd her king,
And from obeying fell to worshipping.
On Ceta's top thus Hercules lay dead,
With ruin'd oaks and pines about him spread.
The poplar, too, whose bough he wont to wear
On his victorious head, lay prostrate there.
Those his last fury from the mountain rent :
Our dying hero from the continent
Ravish'd whole towns ; and forts from Spaniards
As his last legacy to Britain left. [reft,
The ocean, which so long our hopes confined,
Could give no limits to his vaster mind ;
Our bounds' enlargement was his latest toil,
Nor hath he left us prisoners to our isle ;
Under the tropic is our language spoke,
And part of Flanders hath received our yoke.
From civil broils he did us disengage,
Found nobler objects for our martial rage ;
And, with wise conduct, to his country show'd
The ancient way of conquering abroad.

Ungrateful then ! if we no tears allow
To him that gave us peace and empire too.
Princes that fear'd him grieve, concern'd to see
No pitch of glory from the grave is free.

Nature herself took notice of his death,
And, sighing, swell'd the sea with such a breath,
That, to remotest shores her billows roll'd,
The' approaching fate of their great ruler told.

ON ST. JAMES'S PARK,

AS LATELY IMPROVED BY HIS MAJESTY.

OF the first paradise there's nothing found;
Plants set by Heaven are vanish'd, and the ground;
Yet the description lasts: who knows the fate
Of lines that shall this paradise relate?

Instead of rivers rolling by the side
Of Eden's garden, here flows in the tide:
The sea, which always served his empire, now
Pays tribute to our Prince's pleasure too.
Of famous cities we the founders know;
But rivers, old as seas, to which they go,
Are Nature's bounty: 'tis of more renown
To make a river than to build a town.

For future shade, young trées upon the banks
Of the new stream appear in even ranks:
The voice of Orpheus, or Amphion's hand,
In better order could not make them stand:
May they increase as fast, and spread their boughs,
As the high fame of their great owner grows!
May he live long enough to see them all
Dark shadows cast, and as his palace tall!
Methinks I see the love that shall be made,
The lovers walking in that amorous shade,
The gallants dancing by the river side;
They bathe in summer and in winter slide.

Methinks I hear the music in the boats,
And the loud echo which returns the notes,
While overhead a flock of new sprung fowl
Hangs in the air, and does the sun control,
Darkening the sky : they hover o'er, and shrowd
The wanton sailors with a feather'd cloud.
Beneath a shoal of silver fishes glides,
And plays about the gilded barges' sides :
The ladies angling in the crystal lake,
Feast on the waters with the prey they take :
At once victorious with their lines and eyes,
They make the fishes and the men their prize.
A thousand Cupids on the billows ride,
And sea-nymphs enter with the swelling tide ;
From Thetis sent as spies, to make report,
And tell the wonders of her sovereign's court.
All that can, living, feed the greedy eye,
Or dead, the palate, here you may descry :
The choicest things that furnish'd Noah's ark,
Or Peter's sheet, inhabiting this Park ;
All with a border of rich fruit-trees crown'd,
Whose loaded branches hide the lofty mound.
Such various ways the spacious alleys lead,
My doubtful Muse knows not what path to tread.
Yonder, the harvest of cold months laid up,
Gives a fresh coolness to the royal cup :
There ice, like crystal firm, and never lost,
Tempers hot July with December's frost ;
Winter's dark prison, whence he cannot fly,
Though the warm Spring, his enemy, draws nigh.
Strange ! that extremes should thus preserve the
High on the Alps, or in deep caves below. [snow,
Here a well-polish'd Mall give us the joy
To see our Prince his matchless force employ ;

His manly posture and his graceful mien,
Vigour and youth, in all his motions seen ;
His shape so lovely, and his limbs so strong,
Confirm our hopes we shall obey him long.
No sooner has he touch'd the flying ball,
But 'tis already more than half the Mall ;
And such a fury from his arm has got,
As from a smoking culverin it were shot.

Near this my Muse, what most delights her, sees
A living gallery of aged trees ;
Bold sons of Earth, that thrust their arms so high,
As if once more they would invade the sky.
In such green palaces the first kings reign'd,
Slept in their shades, and angels entertain'd ;
With such old counsellors they did advise,
And by frequenting sacred groves grew wise.
Free from the' impediments of light and noise,
Man, thus retired, his nobler thoughts employs.
Here Charles contrives the ordering of his states,
Here he resolves his neighbouring princes' fates ;
What nation shall have peace, where war be made,
Determined is in this oraculous shade ;
The world, from India to the frozen North,
Concern'd in what this solitude brings forth.
His fancy objects from his view receives ;
The prospect thought and contemplation gives,
That seat of empire here salutes his eye,
To which three kingdoms do themselves apply ;
The structure by a prelate¹ raised, Whitehall,
Built with the fortune of Rome's Capitol :
Both, disproportion'd to the present state
Of their proud founders, were approved by Fate.
From hence he does that antique pile² behold,
Where royal heads receive the sacred gold :

¹ Cardinal Wolsey.

² Westminster Abbey.

It gives them crowns, and does their ashes keep;
There made like gods, like mortals there they sleep:
Making the circle of their reign complete,
Those suns of Empire! where they rise they set.
When others fell, this standing did presage
The crown should triumph over popular rage:
Hard by that House³ where all our ills were shaped
The' auspicious temple stood, and yet escaped.
So now on Ætna does unmelted lie,
Whence rolling flames and scatter'd cinders fly;
The distant country in the ruin shares; [spares.
What falls from heaven the burning mountain
Next that capacious Hall⁴ he sees, the room
Where the whole nation does for justice come;
Under whose large roof flourishes the gown,
And judges grave on high tribunals frown.
Here, like the people's pastor, he does go,
His flock subjected to his view below;
On which reflecting in his mighty mind,
No private passion does indulgence find:
The pleasures of his youth suspended are,
And made a sacrifice to public care.
Here, free from court compliances, he walks,
And with himself, his best adviser, talks,
How peaceful olives may his temples shade,
For mending laws, and for restoring trade:
Or how his brows may be with laurel charged,
For nations conquer'd, and our bounds enlarged,
Of ancient prudence here he ruminates,
Of rising kingdoms and of falling states:
What ruling arts gave great Augustus fame,
And how Alcides purchased such a name.

³ House of Commons.⁴ Westminster Hall.

His eyes, upon his native palace³ bent,
 Close by, suggest a greater argument.
 His thoughts rise higher, when he does reflect
 On what the world may from that star expect
 Which at his birth appear'd, to let us see
 Day, for his sake, could with the night agree :
 A prince on whom such different lights did smile,
 Born the divided world to reconcile !
 Whatever Heaven, or high extracted blood,
 Could promise, or foretel, he will make good ;
 Reform these nations, and improve them more
 Than this fair Park, from what it was before.

³ St. James's.

OF THE
 INVASION AND DEFEAT OF THE TURKS,
 IN THE YEAR 1683.

THE modern Nimrod, with a safe delight
 Pursuing beasts, that save themselves by flight,
 Grown proud, and weary of his wonted game,
 Would Christians chase, and sacrifice to fame.

A prince with eunuchs and the softer sex
 Shut up so long, would warlike nations vex,
 Provoke the German, and, neglecting Heaven,
 Forget the truce for which his oath was given.

His Grand Visier, presuming to invest
 The chief imperial city of the west¹,
 With the first charge compell'd in haste to rise,
 His treasure, tents, and cannon, left a prize :

¹ Vienna.

The standard lost, and janizaries slain,
Render the hopes he gave his master vain.
The flying Turks, that bring the tidings home,
Renew the memory of his father's doom ;
And his guard murmurs, that so often brings
Down from the throne their unsuccessful kings.

The trembling Sultan's forced to expiate
His own ill conduct by another's fate :
The Grand Visier, a tyrant, though a slave,
A fair example to his master gave ;
He Bassas' heads, to save his own, made fly,
And now, the Sultan to preserve, must die.

The fatal bowstring was not in his thought,
When, breaking truce, he so unjustly fought ;
Made the world tremble with a numerous host,
And of undoubted victory did boast.
Strangled he lies ! yet seems to cry aloud,
To warn the mighty, and instruct the proud,
That of the great, neglecting to be just,
Heaven in a moment makes an heap of dust.

The Turks so low, why should the Christians lose
Such an advantage of their barbarous foes ?
Neglect their present ruin to complete,
Before another Solyman they get ?
Too late they would with shame, repenting, dread
That numerous herd, by such a lion led :
He Rhodes and Buda from the Christians tore,
Which timely union might again restore.

But, sparing Turks, as if with rage possess'd,
The Christians perish, by themselves oppress'd :
Cities and provinces so dearly won,
That the victorious people are undone !

What angel shall descend to reconcile
The Christian states, and end their guilty toil ?

A prince more fit from Heaven we cannot ask
Than Britain's king, for such a glorious task;
His dreadful navy, and his lovely mind,
Gives him the fear and favour of mankind:
His warrant does the Christian faith defend;
On that relying, all their quarrels end.
The peace is sign'd, and Britain does obtain
What Rome had sought from her fierce sons in vain.

In battles won Fortune a part doth claim,
And soldiers have their portion in the fame:
In this successful union we find
Only the triumph of a worthy mind.
'Tis all accomplish'd by his royal word
Without unsheathing the destructive sword;
Without a tax upon his subjects laid,
Their peace disturb'd, their plenty, or their trade:
And what can they to such a Prince deny,
With whose desires the greatest kings comply?

The arts of peace are not to him unknown;
This happy way he march'd into the throne;
And we owe more to Heaven than to the sword,
The wish'd return of so benign a lord. [graced,

Charles! by old Greece with a new freedom
Above her antique heroes shall be placed.
What Theseus did, or Theban Hercules,
Holds no compare with this victorious peace;
Which on the Turks shall greater honour gain,
Than all their giants and their monsters slain;
Those are bold tales, in fabulous ages told,
This glorious act the living do behold.

OF HER MAJESTY,

ON NEW YEAR'S DAY, 1683.

WHAT revolutions in the world have been !
How are we changed since we first saw the Queen !
She, like the sun, does still the same appear
Bright as she was at her arrival here !
Time has commission mortals to impair,
But things celestial is obliged to spare.

May every new year find her still the same
In health and beauty, as she hither came !
When Lords and Commons, with united voice,
The' Infanta named; approved the royal choice ;
First of our queens whom not the King alone,
But the whole nation, lifted to the throne.

With like consent, and like desert, was crown'd
The glorious Prince ' that does the Turk confound.
Victorious both ! his conduct wins the day ;
And her example chases vice away :
Though louder fame attend the martial rage,
'Tis greater glory to reform the age.

OF TEA,

COMMENDED BY HER MAJESTY.

VENUS her myrtle, Phœbus has his bays ;
Tea both excels, which she vouchsafes to praise.
The best of queens, and best of herbs, we owe
To that bold nation which the way did show
To the fair region where the sun does rise,
Whose rich productions we so justly prize,

¹ John Sobieski, king of Poland.

The Muse's friend, tea does our fancy aid,
Repress those vapours which the head invade,
And keeps that palace of the soul serene,
Fit on her birth-day to salute the Queen.

OF HER ROYAL HIGHNESS,

MOTHER TO THE PRINCE OF ORANGE:

AND OF HER PORTRAIT WRITTEN BY THE LATE DUCHESS OF
YORK WHILE SHE LIVED WITH HER.

HEROIC Nymph ! in tempests the support,
In peace the glory of the British court !
Into whose arms the church, the state, and all
That precious is, or sacred here, did fall.
Ages to come, that shall your bounty hear,
Will think you mistress of the Indies were :
Though straiter bounds your fortune did confine,
In your large heart was found a wealthy mine :
Like the bless'd oil, the widow's lasting feast,
Your treasure, as you pour'd it out, increased.
While some your beauty, some your bounty sing,
Your native isle does with your praises ring :
But above all, a nymph ¹ of your own train
Gives us your character in such a strain,
As none but she, who in that court did dwell,
Could know such worth, or worth describe so well.
So while we mortals here at Heaven do guess,
And more our weakness than the place express,
Some angel, a domestic there, comes down,
And tells the wonders he hath seen and known.

¹ Lady Anne Hyde.

UPON

HER MAJESTY'S 'NEW BUILDINGS

AT SOMERSET HOUSE.

GREAT Queen ! that does our island bless
With princes and with palaces ;
Treated so ill, chased from your throne,
Returning, you adorn the Town ;
And with a brave revenge do show
Their glory went and came with you.
While Peace from hence and you were gone,
Your houses in that storm o'erthrown,
Those wounds which civil rage did give,
At once you pardon and relieve.

Constant to England in your love,
As birds are to their wonted grove,
Though by rude hands their nests are spoil'd,
There the next spring again they build.

Accusing some malignant star,
Not Britain, for that fatal war,
Your kindness banishes your fear,
Resolved to fix for ever here.

But what new mine this work supplies ?
Can such a pile from ruin rise ?
This, like the first creation, shows,
As if at your command it rose.

Frugality and bounty too,
(Those differing virtues) meet in you :
From a confined, well-managed store,
You both employ and feed the poor.

Let foreign princes vainly boast
The rude effects of pride and cost ;

¹ Henrietta Maria, queen dowager of King Charles I.

Of vaster fabrics, to which they
Contribute nothing but the pay :

 This, by the Queen herself design'd,
Gives us a pattern of her mind :
The state and order does proclaim
The genius of that Royal Dame.
Each part with just proportion graced,
And all to such advantage placed,
That the fair view her window yields,
The town, the river, and the fields,
Entering, beneath us we descry,
And wonder how we came so high.

 She needs no weary steps ascend ;
All seems before her feet to bend ;
And here, as she was born, she lies,
High, without taking pains to rise.

OF A TREE CUT IN PAPER.

FAIR hand ! that can on virgin-paper write,
Yet from the stain of ink preserve it white ;
Whose travel o'er that silver field does show
Like track of leverets in morning snow.
Love's image thus in purest minds is wrought,
Without a spot or blemish to the thought.
Strange that your fingers should the pencil foil,
Without the help of colours or of oil !
For though a painter boughs and leaves can make,
'Tis you alone can make them bend and shake ;
Whose breath salutes your new-created grove,
Like southern winds, and makes it gently move.
Orpheus could make the forest dance, but you
Can make the motion and the forest too.

OF THE LADY MARY,

PRINCESS OF ORANGE.

As once the lion honey gave,
Out of the strong such sweetness came;
A royal hero, no less brave,
Produced this sweet, this lovely dame.

To her the prince, that did oppose
Such mighty armies in the field,
And Holland from prevailing foes
Could so well free, himself does yield.

Not Belgia's fleet (his high command)
Which triumphs where the sun does rise,
Nor all the force he leads by land,
Could guard him from her conquering eyes.

Orange with youth experience has;
In action young, in council old:
Orange is what Augustus was,
Brave, wary, provident, and bold.

On that fair tree which bears his name,
Blossoms and fruit at once are found:
In him we all admire the same,
His flowery youth with wisdom crown'd!

Empire and freedom reconciled
In Holland are by great Nassau:
Like those he sprung from just and mild,
To willing people he gives law.

Thrice-happy pair; so near allied
In royal blood, and virtue too!
Now Love has you together tied,
May none this triple knot undo!

The church shall be the happy place
Where streams which from the same source run,
Though divers lands awhile they grace,
Unite again, and are made one.

A thousand thanks the nation owes
To him that does protect us all,
For while he thus his niece bestows,
About our isle he builds a wall ;

A wall ! like that which Athens had,
By the' oracle's advice, of wood :
Had theirs been such as Charles has made,
That mighty state till now had stood.

OF ENGLISH VERSE.

POETS may boast, as safely vain,
Their works shall with the world remain :
Both bound together live or die,
The verses and the prophecy.

But who can hope his line shall long
Last in a daily-changing tongue ?
While they are new envy prevails,
And as that dies our language fails.

When architects have done their part,
The matter may betray their art :
Time, if we use ill-chosen stone,
Soon brings a well-built palace down.

Poets that lasting marble seek,
Must carve in Latin or in Greek :
We write in sand, our language grows,
And, like the tide, our work o'erflows.

Chaucer his sense can only boast,
The glory of his numbers lost!
Years have defaced his matchless strain,
And yet he did not sing in vain.

The beauties which adorn'd that age,
The shining subjects of his rage,
Hoping they should immortal prove,
Rewarded with success his love.

This was the generous poet's scope,
And all an English pen can hope,
To make the fair approve his flame,
That can so far extend their fame.

Verse, thus design'd, has no ill fate,
If it arrive but at the date
Of fading beauty ; if it prove
But as long-lived as present love.

UPON THE

EARL OF ROSCOMMON'S

TRANSLATION OF HORACE, DE ARTE POETICA, AND OF
THE USE OF POETRY.

ROME was not better by her Horace taught,
Than we are here to comprehend his thought:
The poet writ to noble Piso there ;
A noble Piso does instruct us here ;
Gives us a pattern in his flowing style,
And with rich precepts does oblige our isle :
Britain ! whose genius is in verse express'd,
Bold and sublime, but negligently dress'd.

Horace will our superfluous branches prune,
Give us new rules, and set our harp in tune ;
Direct us how to back the winged horse,
Favour his flight, and moderate his force.

Though poets may of inspiration boast,
Their rage, ill govern'd, in the clouds is lost.
He that proportion'd wonders can disclose,
At once his fancy and his judgment shows.
Chaste moral writing we may learn from hence,
Neglect of which no wit can recompense.
The fountain which from Helicon proceeds,
That sacred stream ! should never water weeds,
Nor make the crop of thorns and thistles grow,
Which envy or perverted nature sow.

Well-sounding verses are the charm we use,
Heroic thoughts and virtue to infuse :
Things of deep sense we may in prose unfold,
But they move more in lofty numbers told.
By the loud trumpet, which our courage aids,
We learn that sound, as well as sense, persuades.

The Muses' friend, unto himself severe,
With silent pity looks on all that err ;
But where a brave, a public, action shines,
That he rewards with his immortal lines.
Whether it be in council or in fight,
His country's honour is his chief delight ;
Praise of great acts he scatters as a seed
Which may the like in coming ages breed.

Here taught the fate of verses, (always prized
With admiration, or as much despised)
Men will be less indulgent to their faults,
And patience have to cultivate their thoughts.
Poets lose half the praise they should have got,
Could it be known what they discreetly blot,

Finding new words, that to the ravish'd ear
May like the language of the gods appear,
Such as of old, wise bards employ'd, to make
Unpolish'd men their wild retreats forsake :
Law-giving heroes, famed for taming brutes,
And raising cities with their charming lutes :
For rudest minds with harmony were caught,
And civil life was by the Muses taught.
So wandering bees would perish in the air,
Did not a sound, proportion'd to their ear,
Appease their rage, invite them to the hive,
Unite their force, and teach them how to thrive :
To rob the flowers, and to forbear the spoil,
Preserved in winter by their summer's toil ;
They give us food which may with nectar vie,
And wax that does the absent sun supply.

AD COMITEM MONUMETENSEM

DE BENTIVOGLIO SUO.

FLORIBUS Angligenis non hanc tibi necto corollam,
Cum satis indigenis te probet ipse Liber :
Per me Roma sciet tibi se debere, quod Anglo
Romanus didicit cultus ore loqui.
Ultima quæ tellus Aquilas duce Cæsare vidit,
Candida Romulidum te duce scripta videt.
Consilio ut quondam Patriam nil juveris, esto !
Sed studio cives ingenioque juvas.
Namque dolis liber hic instructus, et arte Batava,
A Belga nobis ut caveamus, ait.
Horremus per te civilis dira furoris
Vulnera ; discordes Flandria quassa monet.

Hic discat miles pugnare, orare senator ;
 Qui regnant, leni sceptrâ tenere manu.
 Macte, Comes ! virtute novâ ; vestri ordinis ingens
 Ornamentum, ævi deliciæque tui !
 Dum stertunt alii somno vinoque sepulti,
 Nobilis antiquo stemmate digna facis.

ON THE
 DUKE OF MONMOUTH'S EXPEDITION
 INTO SCOTLAND,

IN THE SUMMER SOLSTICE.

SWIFT as Jove's messenger, (the winged god¹)
 With sword as potent as his charming rod,
 He flew to execute the King's command,
 And in a moment reach'd that northern land,
 Where day contending with approaching night,
 Assists the hero with continued light.

On foes surprised, and by no night conceal'd,
 He might have rush'd ; but noble pity held
 His hand awhile, and to their choice gave space
 Which they would prove, his valour or his grace.
 This not well heard, his cannon louder spoke,
 And then, like lightning, through that cloud he
 broke.

His fame, his conduct, and that martial look,
 The guilty Scots with such a terror strook,
 That to his courage they resign the field,
 Who to his bounty had refused to yield.
 Glad that so little loyal blood it cost,
 He grieves so many Britons should be lost ;

¹ Mercury.

Taking more pains, when he beheld them yield,
To save the fliers than to win the field;
And at the Court his interest does employ,
That none, who scaped his fatal sword, should die.

And now these rash bold men their error find,
Not trusting one beyond his promise kind;
One ! whose great mind, so bountiful and brave,
Had learn'd the art to conquer and to save.

In vulgar breasts no royal virtues dwell;
Such deeds as these his high extraction tell,
And give a secret joy to him that reigns²,
To see his blood triumph in Monmouth's veins ;
To see a leader whom he got and chose,
Firm to his friends, and fatal to his foes.

But seeing envy, like the sun, does beat,
With scorching rays, on all that's high and great,
This, ill-requited Monmouth ! is the bough
The Muses send to shade thy conquering brow.
Lampoons, like squibs, may make a present blaze,
But time and thunder pay respect to bays.
Achilles' arms dazzle our present view,
Kept by the Muse as radiant and as new
As from the forge of Vulcan first they came ;
Thousands of years are pass'd, and they the same ;
Such care she takes to pay desert with fame !
Than which no monarch, for his crown's defence,
Knows how to give a nobler recompense.

² King Charles II.

THE TRIPLE COMBAT.

WHEN through the world fair Mazarine had run,
Bright as her fellow-traveller the sun,
Hither at length the Roman Eagle flies,
As the last triumph of her conquering eyes.
As heir to Julius, she may pretend
A second time to make this island bend ;
But Portsmouth, springing from the ancient race
Of Britons, which the Saxon here did chase,
As they great Cæsar did oppose, makes head,
And does against this new invader lead.
That goodly nymph, the taller of the two,
Careless and fearless to the field does go.
Becoming blushes on the other wait,
And her young look excuses want of height.
Beauty gives courage ; for she knows the day
Must not be won the Amazonian way.
Legions of Cupids to the battle come,
For Little Britain these, and those for Rome.
Dress'd to advantage, this illustrious pair
Arrived, for combat in the list appear.
What may the Fates design ! for never yet
From distant regions two such beauties met.
Venus had been an equal friend to both,
And Victory to declare herself seems loth :
Over the camp, with doubtful wings, she flies,
Till Chloris shining in the field she spies.
The lovely Chloris well-attended came,
A thousand Graces waited on the dame :
Her matchless form made all the English glad,
And foreign beauties less assurance had :
Yet, like the Three on Ida's top, they all
Pretend alike, contesting for the ball :

Which to determine Love himself declined,
Lest the neglected should become less kind.
Such killing looks ! so thick the arrows fly !
That 'tis unsafe to be a stander-by.
Poets, approaching to describe the fight,
Are by their wounds instructed how to write :
They with less hazard might look on, and draw
The ruder combats in Alsatia ;
And with that foil of violence and rage,
Set off the splendour of our Golden Age :
Where Love gives Law, Beauty the sceptreswavs,
And, uncompell'd, the happy world obeys.

OF AN

ELEGY MADE BY MRS. WHARTON¹

ON THE EARL OF ROCHESTER.

THU'S mourn the Muses, on the hearse
Not strowing tears, but lasting verse,
Which so preserve the hero's name,
They make him live again in fame.

Chloris, in lines so like his own,
Gives him so just and high renown,
That she the' afflicted world relieves,
And shows that still in her he lives :
Her wit as graceful, great, and good ;
Allied in genius as in blood.

His loss supplied, now all our fears
Are, that the nymph should melt in tears.
Then, fairest Chloris ! comfort take,
For his, your own, and for our sake,
Lest his fair soul, that lives in you,
Should from the world for ever go.

¹ Afterwards Marchioness of Wharton.

UPON OUR LATE

LOSS OF THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE.

THE failing blossoms which a young plant bears,
Engage our hope for the succeeding years ;
And hope is all which Art or Nature brings,
At the first trial, to accomplish things,
Mankind was first created an essay ;
That ruder draught the deluge wash'd away.
How many ages pass'd, what blood and toil,
Before we made one kingdom of this isle !
How long in vain had Nature strived to frame
A perfect princess ere her Highness came ?
For joys so great we must with patience wait ;
'Tis the set price of happiness complete.
As a first fruit Heaven claim'd that lovely boy ;
The next shall live, and be the nation's joy,

INSTRUCTIONS TO A PAINTER,

FOR THE DRAWING OF THE POSTURE AND PROGRESS OF HIS
MAJESTY'S FORCES AT SEA, UNDER THE COMMAND OF HIS
HIGHNESS-ROYAL ; TOGETHER WITH THE BATTLE AND
VICTORY OBTAINED OVER THE DUTCH, JUNE 3, 1665.

FIRST draw the sea, that portion which between
The greater world and this of ours is seen :
Here place the British, there the Holland fleet,
Vast floating armies ! both prepared to meet.
Draw the whole world, expecting who should reign,
After this combat, o'er the conquer'd main.
Make Heaven concern'd, and an unusual star
Declare the' importance of the' approaching war.
Make the sea shine with gallantry, and all
The English youth flock to their Admiral,

The valiant Duke! whose early deeds abroad,
Such rage in fight, and art in conduct show'd :
His bright sword now a dearer interest draws,
His brother's glory, and his country's cause.

Let thy bold pencil hope and courage spread
Through the whole navy, by that hero led :
Make all appear where such a Prince is by,
Resolved to conquer, or resolved to die.
With his extraction and his glorious mind,
Make the proud sails swell more than with the wind :
Preventing cannon, make his louder fame
Check the Batavians, and their fury tame.
So hungry wolves, though greedy of their prey,
Stop when they find a lion in their way.
Make him bestride the ocean, and mankind
Ask his consent to use the sea and wind.
While his tall ships in the barr'd Channel stand,
He grasps the Indies in his armed hand.

Paint an East-wind, and make it blow away
The' excuse of Holland for their navy's stay :
Make them look pale, and, the bold Prince to shun,
Through the cold north and rocky regions run.
To find the coast where morning first appears,
By the dark pole the wary Belgian steers ;
Confessing now, he dreads the English more
Than all the dangers of a frozen shore ;
While from our arms, security to find,
They fly so far, they leave the day behind.
Describe their fleet abandoning the sea,
And all their merchants left a wealthy prey :
Our first success in war make Bacchus crown,
And half the vintage of the year our own.
The Dutch their wine, and all their brandy lose,
Disarm'd of that from which their courage grows ;

While the glad English, to relieve their toil,
In healths to their great leader drink the spoil.

His high commands to Afric's coast extend,
And make the Moors before the English bend :
Those barbarous pirates willingly receive
Conditions such as we are pleased to give.
Deserted by the Dutch, let nations know
We can our own and their great business do ;
False friends chastise, and common foes restrain,
Which worse than tempests did infest the main.
Within those Straits make Holland's Smyrna fleet
With a small squadron of the English meet ;
Like falcons these, those like a numerous flock
Of fowl, which scatter to avoid the shock.
There paint Confusion in a various shape ;
Some sink, some yield ; and, flying, some escape.
Europe and Africa, from either shore,
Spectators are, and hear our cannon roar ;
While the divided world in this agree,
Men that fight so deserve to rule the sea.

But nearer home, thy pencil use once more,
And place our navy by the Holland shore :
The world they compass'd while they fought with
But here already they resign the main : [Spain,
Those greedy mariners, out of whose way
Diffusive Nature could no region lay,
At home, preserved from rocks and tempests, lie,
Compell'd, like others, in their beds to die.
Their single towns the Iberian armies press'd ;
We all their provinces at once invest ;
And in a month ruin their traffic more
Than that long war could in an age before.

But who can always on the billows lie ?
The watery wilderness yields no supply.

Spreading our sails, to Harwich we resort,
And meet the beauties of the British court.
The' illustrious Duchess, and her glorious train,
(Like Thetis with her nymphs) adorn the main.
The gazing sea-gods, since the Paphian Queen¹
Sprung from among them, no such sight had seen.
Charm'd with the graces of a troop so fair,
Those deathless powers for us themselves declare,
Resolved the aid of Neptune's court to bring,
And help the nation where such beauties spring :
The soldier here his wasted store supplies,
And takes new valour from the ladies' eyes.

Meanwhile, like bees, when stormy winter's gone,
The Dutch (as if the sea were all their own)
Desert their ports, and, falling in their way,
Our Hamburg merchants are become their prey.
Thus flourish they, before the' approaching fight,
As dying tapers give a blazing light.

To check their pride, our fleet half-victual'd goes,
Enough to serve us till we reach our foes ;
Who now appear so numerous and bold,
The action worthy of our arms we hold.

A greater force than that which here we find
Ne'er press'd the ocean, nor employ'd the wind.
Restrain'd a while by the unwelcome night,
The' impatient English scarce attend the light.
But now the morning, (Heaven serenely clear !)
To the fierce work indulgent does appear ;
And Phœbus lifts above the waves his light,
That he might see, and thus record, the fight.

As when loud winds from different quarters rush,
Vast clouds encountering one another crush ;
With swelling sails so, from their several coasts,
Join the Batavian and the British hosts.

¹ Venus.

For a less prize, with less concern and rage,
The Roman fleets at Actium did engage ;
They for the empire of the world they knew,
These for the Old contend, and for the New.
At the first shock, with blood and powder stain'd,
Nor Heaven nor sea their former face retain'd :
Fury and art produce effects so strange,
They trouble Nature, and her visage change.
Where burning ships the banish'd sun supply,
And no light shines but that by which men die,
There York appears ! so prodigal is he
Of royal blood as ancient as the sea !
Which down to him, so many ages told,
Has through the veins of mighty monarchs roll'd !
The great Achilles march'd not to the field
Till Vulcan that impenetrable shield
And arms had wrought ; yet there no bullets flew,
But shafts and darts which the weak Phrygians
Our bolder hero on the deck does stand [threw.
Exposed, the bulwark of his native land ;
Defensive arms laid by as useless here,
Where massy balls the neighbouring rocks do tear.
Some power unseen those princes does protect,
Who for their country thus themselves neglect.
Against him first Opdam his squadron leads,
Proud of his late success against the Swedes,
Made by that action, and his high command,
Worthy to perish by a prince's hand.
The tall Batavian in a vast ship rides,
Bearing an army in her hollow sides ;
Yet, not inclined the English ship to board,
More on his guns relies than on his sword ;
From whence a fatal volley we received ;
It miss'd the Duke, but his great heart it grieved :

Three worthy persons² from his side it tore,
And dyed his garment with their scatter'd gore.
Happy! to whom this glorious death arrives,
More to be valued than a thousand lives!
On such a theatre as this to die,
For such a cause, and such a witness by!
Who would not thus a sacrifice be made,
To have his blood on such an altar laid?
The rest about him strook with horror stood,
To see their leader cover'd o'er with blood.
So trembled Jacob, when he thought the stains
Of his son's coat had issued from his veins.
He feels no wound but in his troubled thought;
Before for honour, now revenge he fought:
His friends in pieces torn, (the bitter news
Not brought by Fame) with his own eyes he views.
His mind at once reflecting on their youth,
Their worth, their love, their valour, and their truth,
The joys of court, their mothers, and their wives,
To follow him abandon'd,—and their lives!
He storms and shoots; but flying bullets now,
To execute his rage, appear too slow:
They miss, or sweep but common souls away;
For such a loss Opdam his life must pay.
Encouraging his men, he gives the word,
With fierce intent that hated ship to board,
And make the guilty Dutch, with his own arm,
Wait on his friends, while yet their blood is warm.
His winged vessel like an eagle shows,
When through the clouds to truss a swan she goes:
The Belgian ship unmoved, like some huge rock
Inhabiting the sea, expects the shock:
From both the fleets men's eyes are bent this way,
Neglecting all the business of the day:

² Earl of Falmouth, Lord Muskerry, and Mr. Boyle,

Bullets their flight, and guns their noise suspend ;
The silent Ocean does the' event attend,
Which leader shall the doubtful victory bless,
And give an earnest of the war's success,
When Heaven itself, for England to declare,
Turns ship, and men, and tackle, into air.

Their new commander, from his charge is toss'd,
Which that young prince¹ had so unjustly lost,
Whose great progenitors, with better fate,
And better conduct, sway'd their infant state.
His flight towards Heaven the' aspiring Belgian
But fell, like Phaeton, with thunder strook: [took,
From vaster hopes than his he seem'd to fall,
That durst attempt the British Admiral :
From her broad sides a ruder flame is thrown
Than from the fiery chariot of the sun ;
That bears the radiant ensign of the day,
And she the flag that governs in the sea. [vent

The Duke, (ill pleased that fire should thus pre-
The work which for his brighter sword he meant)
Anger still burning in his valiant breast,
Goes to complete revenge upon the rest.
So on the guardless herd, their keeper slain,
Rushes a tiger in the Libyan plain.
The Dutch, accustom'd to the raging sea,
And in black storms the frowns of Heaven to see,
Never met tempest which more urged their fears,
Than that which in the Prince's look appears.
Fierce, goodly, young! Mars he resembles, when
Jove sends him down to scourge perfidious men ;
Such as with foul ingratitude have paid
But those that led, and those that gave them aid.
Where he gives on, disposing of their fates,
Terror and death on his loud cannon waits,

¹ Prince of Orange.

With which he pleads his brother's cause so well,
He shakes the throne to which he does appeal.
The sea with spoils his angry bullets strow,
Widows and orphans making as they go :
Before his ship fragments of vessels torn,
Flags, arms, and Belgian carcasses, are borne ;
And his despairing foes, to flight inclined,
Spread all their canvass to invite the wind.
So the rude Boreas, where he lists to blow,
Makes clouds above, and billows fly below,
Beating the shore, and with a boisterous rage
Does Heaven at once, and earth, and sea engage.

The Dutch, elsewhere, did through the watery
Perform enough to have made others yield ; [field
But English courage, growing as they fight,
In danger, noise, and slaughter, takes delight :
Their bloody task, unwearied still, they ply,
Only restrain'd by death or victory.
Iron and lead, from earth's dark entrails torn,
Like showers of hail, from either side are borne :
So high the rage of wretched mortals goes,
Hurling their mother's bowels at their foes !
Ingenious to their ruin, every age
Improves the arts and instruments of rage.
Death-hastening ills Nature enough has sent,
And yet men still a thousand more invent !

But Bacchus now, which led the Belgians on,
So fierce at first, to favour us begun :
Brandy and wine, (their wonted friends) at length
Render them useless, and betray their strength.
So corn in fields, and in the garden flowers,
Revive and raise themselves with moderate show-
But overcharged with never-ceasing rain, [ers ;
Become too moist, and bend their heads again.

Their reeling ships on one another fall,
Without a foe, enough to ruin all.
Of this disorder, and the favouring wind,
The watchful English such advantage find,
Ships fraught with fire among the heap they throw,
And up the so-entangled Belgians blow.
The flame invades the powder-rooms, and then
Their guns shoot bullets, and their vessels men.
The scorched Batavians on the billows float,
Sent from their own, to pass in Charon's boat.

And now our Royal Admiral success
(With all the marks of victory) does bless :
The burning ships, the taken, and the slain,
Proclaim his triumph o'er the conquer'd main.
Nearer to Holland as their hasty flight
Carries the noise and tumult of the fight,
His cannons' roar, forerunner of his fame,
Makes their Hague tremble, and their Amsterdam :
The British thunder does their houses rock,
And the Duke seems at every door to knock.
His dreadful streamer (like a comet's hair,
Threatening destruction) hastens their despair ;
Makes them deplore their scatter'd fleet as lost,
And fear our present landing on their coast.

The trembling Dutch the' approaching Prince be-
As sheep a lion leaping towards their fold : [hold
Those piles which serve them to repel the main,
They think too weak his fury to restrain.
' What wonders may not English valour work,
Led by the' example of victorious York ?
Or what defence against him can they make,
Who at such distance does their country shake ?
His fatal hand their bulwarks will o'erthrow,
And let in both the ocean and the foe.'

Thus cry the people ;—and, their land to keep,
Allow our title to command the deep ;
Blaming their States' ill conduct, to provoke
Those arms which freed them from the Spanish yoke.

Painter ! excuse me, if I have a while
Forgot thy art, and used another style ;
For though you draw arm'd heroes as they sit,
The task in battle does the Muses fit :
They in the dark confusion of a fight
Discover all, instruct us how to write ;
And light and honour to brave actions yield,
Hid in the smoke and tumult of the field.
Ages to come shall know that leader's toil,
And his great name on whom the Muses smile :
Their dictates here let thy famed pencil trace,
And this relation with thy colours grace.

Then draw the Parliament, the nobles met,
And our Great Monarch⁴ high above them set :
Like young Augustus let his image be,
Triumphing for that victory at sea,
Where Egypt's Queen⁵, and Eastern Kings o'er-
thrown,

Made the possession of the world his own.
Last draw the Commons at his royal feet,
Pouring out treasure to supply his fleet :
They vow with lives and fortunes to maintain
Their King's eternal title to the main :
And with a present to the Duke, approve
His valour, conduct, and his country's love.

⁴ King Charles II.

⁵ Cleopatra.

MR. WALLER,

WHEN HE WAS AT SEA.

WHILST I was free I wrote with high conceit,
 And love and beauty raised above their height;
 Love, that bereaves us both of brain and heart,
 Sorrow and silence doth at once impart.
 What hand at once can wield a sword and write?
 Or battle paint, engaged in the fight?
 Who will describe a storm must not be there:
 Passion writes well, neither in love nor fear.
 Why on the naked boy have poets then
 Feathers and wings bestow'd, that wants a pen?



A PRESAGE OF THE
 RUIN OF THE TURKISH EMPIRE:

PRESENTED TO

HIS MAJESTY KING JAMES II. ON HIS BIRTH-DAY.

SINCE James the Second graced the British throne,
 Truce, well observed, has been infringed by none:
 Christians to him their present union owe,
 And late success against the common foe;
 While neighbouring princes, loth to urge their fate,
 Court his assistance, and suspend their hate:
 So angry bulls the combat do forbear,
 When from the wood a lion does appear.

This happy day peace to our island sent,
 As now he gives it to the Continent.
 A prince more fit for such a glorious task
 Than England's King, from Heaven we cannot ask:

He (great and good !) proportion'd to the work,
Their ill-drawn swords shall turn against the Turk.

Such kings, like stars with influence unconfin'd,
Shine with aspect propitious to mankind ;
Favour the innocent, repress the bold,
And, while they flourish, make an age of gold.

Bred in the camp, famed for his valour young ;
At sea successful, vigorous, and strong ;
His fleet, his army, and his mighty mind,
Esteem and reverence through the world do find.
A prince with such advantages as these,
Where he persuades not, may command a peace.
Britain declaring for the juster side,
The most ambitious will forget their pride :
They that complain will their endeavours cease,
Advised by him, inclined to present peace,
Join to the Turk's destruction, and then bring
All their pretences to so just a king.

If the successful troublers of mankind,
With laurel crown'd, so great applause do find,
Shall the vex'd world less honour yield to those
That stop their progress, and their rage oppose ?
Next to that power which does the ocean awe,
Is to set bounds, and give ambition law.

The British Monarch shall the glory have,
That famous Greece remains no longer slave ;
That source of art and cultivated thought !
Which they to Rome, and Romans hither brought.

The banish'd Muses shall no longer mourn,
But may with liberty to Greece return :
Though slaves, (like birds that sing not in a cage)
They lost their genius and poetic rage :
Homers again, and Pindars, may be found,
And his great actions with their numbers crown'd.

The Turk's vast empire does united stand:
 Christians, divided under the command
 Of jarring princes, would be soon undone,
 Did not this hero make their interest one;
 Peace to embrace, ruin the common foe,
 Exalt the Cross, and lay the Crescent low.

Thus may the Gospel to the rising sun
 Be spread, and flourish where it first begun;
 And this great day, (so justly honour'd here!)
 Known to the East, and celebrated there.

"Hæc ego longævus vecini tibi, maxime regum!
 Ausus et ipse manu juvenum tentare laborem." VIRG.

THESE VERSES

WERE WRIT IN THE TASSO OF HER ROYAL
 HIGHNESS.

TASSO knew how the fairer sex to grace,
 But in no one durst all perfection place.
 In her alone that owns this book is seen
 Clorinda's spirit, and her lofty mien,
 Sophronia's piety, Erminia's truth,
 Armida's charms, her beauty, and her youth.

Our Princess here, as in a glass, does dress
 Her well-taught mind, and every grace express.
 More to our wonder than Rinaldo fought,
 The hero's race excels the poet's thought.

THE
BATTLE OF THE SUMMER-ISLANDS.

CANTO I.

What fruits they have, and how Heaven smiles
Upon those late-discover'd isles !

AID me, Bellona ! while the dreadful fight
Betwixt a nation and two whales I write.
Seas stain'd with gore I sing, adventrous toil !
And how these monsters did disarm an isle.
Bermuda, wall'd with rocks, who does not know ?
That happy island where huge lemons grow,
And orange trees, which golden fruit do bear,
The' Hesperian garden boasts of none so fair ;
Where shining pearl, and coral, many a pound,
On the rich shore, of ambergris is found.
The lofty cedar, which to Heaven aspires,
The prince of trees ! is fuel for their fires :
The smoke by which their loaded spits do turn,
For incense might on sacred altars burn :
Their private roofs on odorous timber borne,
Such as might palaces for kings adorn.
The sweet palmettos a new Bacchus yield,
With leaves as ample as the broadest shield,
Under the shadow of whose friendly boughs
They sit, carousing where their liquor grows.
Figs there unplanted through the fields do grow,
Such as fierce Cato did the Romans show,
With the rare fruit inviting them to spoil
Carthage, the mistress of so rich a soil.

The naked rocks are not unfruitful there,
But at some constant seasons every year
Their barren tops with luscious food abound,
And with the eggs of various fowls are crown'd.
Tobacco is the worst of things, which they
To English landlords, as their tribute, pay.
Such is the mould, that the bless'd tenant feeds
On precious fruits, and pays his rent in weeds.
With candied plantains and the juicy pine,
On choicest melons and sweet grapes they dine,
And with potatoes fat their wanton swine.
Nature these cates with such a lavish hand
Pours out among them, that our coarser land
Tastes of that bounty, and does cloth return,
Which not for warmth, but ornament, is worn :
For the kind Spring, which but salutes us here,
Inhabits there, and courts them all the year.
Ripe fruits and blossoms on the same trees live ;
At once they promise what at once they give.
So sweet the air, so moderate the clime,
None sickly lives, or dies before his time.
Heaven sure has kept this spot of earth uncurs'd,
To show how all things were created first.
The tardy plants in our cold orchards placed,
Reserve their fruit for the next age's taste :
There a small grain in some few months will be
A firm, a lofty, and a spacious tree.
The palma-christi, and the fair papà,
Now but a seed, (preventing Nature's law)
In half the circle of the hasty year
Project a shade, and lovely fruits do wear.
And as their trees, in our dull region set,
But faintly grow, and no perfection get,
So in this northern tract our hoarser throats
Utter unripe and ill-constrained notes :

While the supporter of the poets' style,
Phœbus, on them eternally does smile.
Oh ! how I long my careless limbs to lay
Under the plantain's shade, and all the day
With amorous airs my fancy entertain,
Invoke the Muses, and improve my vein !
No passion there in my free breast should move,
None but the sweet and best of passions, love.
There while I sing, if gentle Love be by,
That tunes my lute, and winds the string so high,
With the sweet sound of Sacharissa's name
I'll make the listening savages grow tame.——
But while I do these pleasing dreams indite,
I am diverted from the promised fight.

CANTO II.

Of their alarm, and how their foes
Discover'd were, this Canto shows.

THOUGH rocks so high about this island rise,
That well they may the numerous Turk despise;
Yet is no human fate exempt from fear,
Which shakes their hearts, while through the isle
A lasting noise, as horrid and as loud [they hear
As thunder makes before it breaks the cloud.
Three days they dread this murmur ere they know
From what blind cause the' unwonted sound may
At length two monsters of unequal size, [grow :
Hard by the shore, a fisherman espies ;
Two mighty whales ! which swelling seas had toss'd,
And left them prisoners on the rocky coast :

One as a mountain vast, and with her came
A cub, not ~~much~~ inferior to his dam.
Here in a pool, among the rocks engaged,
They roar'd, like lions caught in toils, and raged.
The man knew what they were, who heretofore
Had seen the like lie murther'd on the shore ;
By the wild fury of some tempest cast,
The fate of ships, and shipwreck'd men to taste.
As careless dames, whom wine and sleep betray
To frantic dreams, their infants overlay :
So there, sometimes, the raging ocean fails,
And her own brood exposes ; when the whales
Against sharp rocks, like reeling vessels quash'd,
Though huge as mountains, are in pieces dash'd ;
Along the shore their dreadful limbs lie scatter'd,
Like hills with earthquakes shaken, torn, and
shatter'd.

Hearts sure of brass they had who tempted first
Rude seas, that spare not what themselves have
nursed.

The welcome news through all the nation spread,
To sudden joy and hope converts their dread :
What lately was their public terror, they
Behold with glad eyes as a certain prey ;
Dispose already of the' untaken spoil,
And, as the purchase of their future toil,
Thy share the bones, and they divide the oil.
So was the huntsman by the bear oppress'd,
Whose hide he sold—before he caught the beast !

They man their boats, and all their young men
With whatsoever may the monsters harm ; {arm
Pikes, halberts, spits, and darts that wound so far,
The tools of peace, and instruments of war.
Now was the time for vigorous lads to show
What love and honour could invite them to :

A goodly theatre! where rocks are round
With reverend age and lovely lasses crown'd.
Such was the lake which held this dreadful pair
Within the bounds of noble Warwick's share :
Warwick's bold Earl! than which no title bears
A greater sound among our British peers ;
And worthy he the memory to renew,
The fate and honour to that title due,
Whose brave adventures have transferred his name,
And through the new world spread his growing
fame.—

But how they fought, and what their valour gain'd,
Shall in another Canto be contain'd.

CANTO III.

The bloody fight, successful toil,
And how the fishes suck'd the isle.

THE boat which on the first assault did go,
Strook with a harping-iron the younger foe ;
Who, when he felt his side so rudely gored,
Loud as the sea that nourish'd him he roar'd.
As a broad bream, to please some curious taste,
While yet alive, in boiling water cast,
Vex'd with unwonted heat, he flings about
The scorching brass, and hurls the liquor out ;
So with the barbed javelin stung, he raves,
And scourges with his tail the suffering waves.
Like Spenser's Talus with his iron flail,
He threatens ruin with his ponderous tail ;

Dissolving at one stroke the batter'd boat,
And down the men fall drenched in the moat ;
With every fierce encounter they are forced
To quit their boats, and fare like men unhorsed.

The bigger whale like some huge carrack lay,
Which wanteth sea-room with her foes to play :
Slowly she swims, and when, provoked, she would
Advance her tail, her head salutes the mud :
The shallow water doth her force infringe,
And renders vain her tail's impetuous swinge :
The shining steel her tender sides receive,
And there, like bees, they all their weapons leave.

This sees the cub, and does himself oppose
Betwixt his cumber'd mother and her foes :
With desperate courage he receives her wounds,
And men and boats his active tail confounds.
Their forces join'd, the seas with billows fill,
And make a tempest though the winds be still.

Now would the men with half their hoped prey
Be well content, and wish this cub away :
Their wish they have : he (to direct his dam
Unto the gap through which they thither came)
Before her swims, and quits the hostile lake,
A prisoner there but for his mother's sake.
She, by the rocks compell'd to stay behind,
Is by the vastness of her bulk confined.
They shout for joy ! and now on her alone
Their fury falls, and all their darts are thrown.
Their lances spent, one bolder than the rest,
With his broad sword provoked the sluggish beast :
Her only side devours both blade and heft,
And there his steel the bold Bermudan left.
Courage the rest from his example take,
And now they change the colour of the lake :

Blood flows in rivers from her wounded side,
As if they would prevent the tardy tide,
And raise the flood to that propitious height,
As might convey her from this fatal streight.
She swims in blood, and blood does spouting throw
To Heaven, that Heaven men's cruelties might
Their fixed javelins in her side she wears, [know.
And on her back a grove of pikes appears ;
You would have thought, had you the monster seen
Thus dress'd, she had another island been.
Roaring she tears the air with such a noise,
As well resembled the conspiring voice
Of routed armies, when the field is won,
To reach the ears of her escaped son.
He, though a league removed from the foe,
Hastes to her aid : the pious Trojan¹ so,
Neglecting for Creüsa's life his own,
Repeats the danger of the burning town.
The men, amazed, blush to see the seed
Of monsters human piety exceed.
Well proves this kindness, what the Grecian sung,
That Love's bright mother from the Ocean sprung.
Their courage droops, and, hopeless now, they wish
For composition with the' unconquer'd fish ;
So she their weapons would restore again,
Through rocks they'd hew her passage to the main.
But how instructed in each other's mind ?
Or what commerce can men with monsters find ?
Not daring to approach their wounded foe,
Whom her courageous son protected so,
They charge their muskets, and with hot desire
Of fell revenge, renew the fight with fire ;
Standing aloof, with lead they bruise the scales,
And tear the flesh of the incensed whales.

¹ *Æneas.*

But no success their fierce endeavours found,
Nor this way could they give one fatal wound.
Now to their fort they are about to send
For the loud engines which their isle defend;
But what those pieces, framed to batter walls,
Would have effected on those mighty whales,
Great Neptune will not have us know, who sends
A tide so high that it relieves his friends:
And thus they parted with exchange of arms;
Much blood the monsters lost, and they their arms.

DIVINE POEMS.

OF DIVINE LOVE.

A POEM. IN SIX CANTOS.

Floriferis ut apes in saltibus omnia libant ;
Sic nos Scripturæ depascimur aurea diota ;
Aurea ! perpetuâ semper dignissima vitâ ! * *
Nam divinus amor oûm cæpit vociferari,
Diffugiunt animi terrores. * * *Lucretius*, lib. iii.

Exul eram, requiesque mihi, non fama, petita est,
Mens intenta suis ne foret usque malis : * *
Namque ubi mota calent sacrâ mea pectora Musâ,
Altior humano spiritus ille malo est.

Ovid. de Trist. lib. iv. el. 1.

The Arguments.

1. Asserting the authority of the Scripture, in which this love is revealed.
 2. The preference and love of God to man in the creation.
 3. The same love more amply declared in our redemption.
 4. How necessary this love is to reform mankind, and how excellent in itself.
 5. Showing how happy the world would be, if this love were universally embraced.
 6. Of preserving this love in our memory, and how useful the contemplation thereof is.
-

CANTO I.

THE Grecian Muse has all their gods survived,
Nor Jove at us nor Phœbus is arrived ;
Frail deities ! which first the poets made,
And then invoked, to give their fancies aid :

Yet if they still divert us with their rage,
What may be hoped for in a better age,
When not from Helicon's imagined spring,
But Sacred Writ, we borrow what we sing ?
This with the fabric of the world begun,
Elder than light, and shall outlast the sun.
Before this oracle, like Dagon, all
The false pretenders, Delphos, Ammon, fall :
Long since despised and silent, they afford
Honour and triumph to the' eternal Word.

As late philosophy our globe has graced,
And rolling earth among the planets placed,
So has this Book entitled us to Heaven,
And rules to guide us to that mansion given :
Tells the conditions how our peace was made,
And is our pledge for the great Author's aid.
His power in Nature's ample book we find,
But the less volume does express his mind.

This light unknown, bold Epicurus taught
That his bless'd gods vouchsafe us not a thought,
But unconcern'd let all below them slide,
As fortune does, or human wisdom guide.
Religion thus removed, the sacred yoke
And band of all society is broke.
What use of oaths, of promise, or of test,
Where men regard no God but interest ?
What endless war would jealous nations tear,
If none above did witness what they swear ?
Sad fate of unbelievers, and yet just,
Among themselves to find so little trust !
Were Scripture silent, Nature would proclaim,
Without a God, our falsehood and our shame.
To know our thoughts the objects of his eyes
Is the first step towards being good or wise ;

For though with judgment we on things reflect,
Our will determines, not our intellect.
Slaves to their passion, reason men employ
Only to compass what they would enjoy.
His fear to guard us from ourselves we need,
And Sacred Writ our reason does exceed ;
For though Heaven shows the glory of the Lord,
Yet something shines more glorious in his Word ;
His mercy this, (which all his work excels !)
His tender kindness and compassion tells :
While we, inform'd by that celestial Book,
Into the bowels of our Maker look.
Love there reveal'd, (which never shall have end,
Nor had beginning) shall our song commend ;
Describe itself, and warm us with that flame
Which first from Heaven, to make us happy, came.

CANTO II.

THE fear of hell, or aiming to be bless'd,
Savours too much of private interest.
This moved not Moses, nor the zealous Paul,
Who for their friends abandon'd soul and all :
A greater yet from Heaven to hell descends,
To save and make his enemies his friends.
What line of praise can fathom such a love,
Which reach'd the lowest bottom from above ?
The royal prophet¹, that extended grace
From Heaven to earth, measured but half that space.
The law was regnant, and confined his thought ;
Hell was not conquer'd when that poet wrote :
Heaven was scarce heard of until He came down,
To make the region where love triumphs known,

¹ David.

That early love of creatures yet unmade,
To frame the world the' Almighty did persuade;
For love it was that first created light,
Moved on the waters, chased away the night
From the rude Chaos, and bestow'd new grace
On things disposed of to their proper place:
Some to rest here, and some to shine above;
Earth, sea, and Heaven, were all the' effects of love.
And love would be return'd: but there was none
That to themselves or others yet were known:
The world a palace was without a guest,
Till one appears that must excel the rest:
One! like the Author, whose capacious mind
Might, by the glorious work, the Maker find;
Might measure Heaven, and give each star a name;
With art and courage the rough ocean tame;
Over the globe with swelling sails might go,
And that 'tis round by his experience know:
Make strongest beasts obedient to his will,
And serve his use the fertile earth to till.
When by his word God had accomplish'd all,
Man to create he did a council call;
Employ'd his hand, to give the dust he took
A graceful figure and majestic look;
With his own breath convey'd into his breast
Life, and a soul fit to command the rest;
Worthy alone to celebrate his name
For such a gift, and tell from whence it came.
Birds sing his praises in a wilder note,
But not with lasting numbers and with thought,
Man's great prerogative! but above all
His grace abounds in his new favourite's fall.
If he create, it is a world he makes;
If he be angry, the creation shakes;

From his just wrath our guilty parents fled ;
He cursed the earth, but bruised the serpent's head.
Amidst the storm his bounty did exceed,
In the rich promise of the Virgin's seed :
Though justice death, as satisfaction, craves,
Love finds a way to pluck us from our graves.

CANTO III.

NOT willing terror should his image move ;
He gives a pattern of eternal love ;
His Son descends to treat a peace with those
Which were, and must have ever been, his foes ;
Poor he became, and left his glorious seat
To make us humble, and to make us great :
His business here was happiness to give
To those whose malice could not let him live.

Legions of angels, which he might have used
(For us resolved to perish) he refused :
While they stood ready to prevent his loss,
Love took him up, and nail'd him to the cross.
Immortal love ! which in his bowels reign'd,
That we might be by such great love constrain'd
To make return of love. Upon this pole,
Our duty does, and our religion, roll.
To love is to believe, to hope, to know ;
'Tis an essay, a taste of Heaven below !

He to proud potentates would not be known ;
Of those that loved him he was hid from none.
Till love appear we live in anxious doubt ;
But smoke will vanish when that flame breaks out.
This is the fire that would consume our dross,
Refine, and make us richer by the loss.

Could we forbear dispute, and practise love,
We should agree as angels do above.
Where love presides, not vice alone does find.
No entrance there, but virtues stay behind :
Both faith, and hope, and all the meaner train
Of mortal virtues, at the door remain.
Love only enters as a native there,
For born in Heaven, it does but sojourn here.
He that alone would wise and mighty be,
Commands that others love as well as he.
Love as he loved !—How can we soar so high?—
He can add wings when he commands to fly.
Nor should we be with this command dismay'd ;
He that examples gives will give his aid :
For he took flesh, that where his precepts fail,
His practice, as a pattern, may prevail.
His love at once, and dread, instruct our thought ;
As man he suffer'd, and as God he taught.
Will for the deed he takes : we may with ease
Obedient be, for if we love we please.
Weak though we are, to love is no hard task,
And love for love is all that Heaven does ask.
Love ! that would all men just and temperate make,
Kind to themselves and others for his sake.

'Tis with our minds as with a fertile ground,
Wanting this love they must with weeds abound,
(Unruly passions) whose effects are worse
Than thorns and thistles springing from the curse.

CANTO IV.

To glory man, or misery, is born,
Of his proud foe the envy, or the scorn :
Wretched he is, or happy, in extreme ;
Base in himself, but great in Heaven's esteem :

With love, of all created things the best ;
Without it, more pernicious than the rest ;
For greedy wolves unguarded sheep devour
But while their hunger lasts, and then give o'er :
Man's boundless avarice his want exceeds,
And on his neighbours round about him feeds.

His pride and vain ambition are so vast,
That, deluge-like, they lay whole nations waste.
Debauches and excess (though with less noise)
As great a portion of mankind destroys.
The beasts and monsters Hercules oppress'd,
Might in that age some provinces infest ;
These more destructive monsters are the bane
Of every age, and in all nations reign ;
But soon would vanish, if the world were bless'd
With sacred love, by which they are repress'd.

Impendent death, and guilt that threatens hell,
Aredreadful guests, which here with mortals dwell ;
And a vex'd conscience, mingling with their joy
Thoughts of despair, does their whole life annoy ;
But love appearing, all those terrors fly ;
We live contented, and contented die.
They in whose breast this sacred love has place,
Death as a passage to their joy embrace.
Clouds and thick vapours, which obscure the day,
The sun's victorious beams may chase away :
Those which our life corrupt and darken, love
(The nobler star !) must from the soul remove.
Spots are observed in that which bounds the year ;
This brighter sun moves in a boundless sphere,
Of Heaven the joy, the glory, and the light ;
Shines among angels, and admits no night.

CANTO V.

THIS Iron Age (so fraudulent and bold !)
Touch'd with this love, would be an Age of Gold:
Not as they feign'd, that oaks should honey drop,
Or land neglected bear an unsown crop;
Love would make all things easy, safe, and cheap;
None for himself would either sow or reap:
Our ready help and mutual love would yield
A nobler harvest than the richest field.
Famine and death, confined to certain parts,
Extended are by barrenness of hearts.
Some pine for want where others surfeit now;
But then we should the use of plenty know.
Love would betwixt the rich and needy stand,
And spread Heaven's bounty with an equal hand:
At once the givers and receivers bless,
Increase their joy, and make their sufferings less.
Who for himself no miracle would make,
Dispensed with several for the people's sake:
He that long fasting, would no wonder show,
Made loaves and fishes, as they ate them, grow.
Of all his power, which boundless was above,
Here he used none but to express his love;
And such a love would make our joy exceed,
Not when our own, but other mouths we feed.
Laws would be useless which rude nature awe;
Love, changing nature, would prevent the law:
Tigers and lions into dens we thrust,
But milder creatures with their freedom trust.
Devils are chain'd, and tremble! but the Spouse
No force but love, nor bond but bounty, knows.
Men (whom we now so fierce and dangerous see)
Would guardian angels to each other be:

Such wonders can this mighty love perform,
Vultures to doves, wolves into lambs transform !
Love what Isaiah prophesied can do,
Exalt the valleys, lay the mountains low,
Humble the lofty, the dejected raise, [ways.
Smooth and make straight our rough and crooked
Love, strong as death, and, like it, levels all ;
With that possess'd, the great in title fall :
Themselves esteem but equal to the least,
Whom Heaven with that high character has bless'd.
This love, the centre of our union, can
Alone bestow complete repose on man ;
Tame his wild appetite, make inward peace,
And foreign strife among the nations cease.
No martial trumpet should disturb our rest,
Nor princes arm, though to subdue the East,
Where for the tomb so many heroes (taught
By those that guided their devotion) fought.
Thrice happy we, could we like ardour have
To gain his love, as they to win his grave !
Love as he loved ! A love so unconfined,
With arms extended, would embrace mankind.
Self-love would cease, or be dilated, when
We should behold as many selfs as men ;
All of one family, in blood allied,
His precious blood, that for our ransom died !

CANTO VI.

THOUGH the creation (so divinely taught !)
Prints such a lively image on our thought,
That the first spark of new-created light,
From Chaos struck, affects our present sight,

Yet the first Christians did esteem more bless'd
The day of rising than the day of rest,
That every week might new occasion give
To make his triumph in their memory live.
Then let our Muse compose a sacred charm
To keep his blood among us ever warm,
And singing as the blessed do above,
With our last breath dilate this flame of love.
But on so vast a subject who can find
Words that may reach the ideas of his mind?
Our language fails; or, if it could supply,
What mortal thought can raise itself so high?
Despairing here, we might abandon art,
And only hope to have it in our heart.
But though we find this sacred task too hard,
Yet the design, the' endeavour, brings reward.
The contemplation does suspend our woe,
And make a truce with all the ills we know.
As Saul's afflicted spirit from the sound
Of David's harp a present solace found;
So on this theme while we our Muse engage,
No wounds are felt of Fortune or of Age.
On Divine Love to meditate is peace,
And makes all care of meaner things to cease.
Amazed at once, and comforted, to find
A boundless Power so infinitely kind,
The soul contending to that light to fly
From her dark cell, we practise how to die;
Employing thus the poet's winged art,
To reach this love, and grave it in our heart.
Joy so complete, so solid, and severe,
Would leave no place for meaner pleasures there;
Pale they would look, as stars that must be gone
When from the East the rising sun comes on.

OF THE FEAR OF GOD.

IN TWO CANTOS.

CANTO I.

THE fear of God is freedom, joy, and peace,
And makes all ills that vex us here to cease.
Though the word Fear some men may ill endure,
'Tis such a fear as only makes secure.
Ask of no angel to reveal thy fate;
Look in thy heart, the mirror of thy state.
He that invites will not the' invited mock,
Opening to all that do in earnest knock.
Our hopes are all well-grounded on this fear;
All our assurance rolls upon that sphere.
This fear, that drives all other fears away,
Shall be my song the morning of our day!
Where that fear is there's nothing to be fear'd:
It brings from Heaven an angel for a guard.
'Tranquillity and peace this fear does give;
Hell gapes for those that do without it live.
It is a beam which he on man lets fall
Of light, by which he made and governs all.
'Tis God alone should not offended be;
But we please others, as more great than he.
For a good cause the sufferings of man
May well be borne: 'tis more than angels can.
Man, since his fall, in no mean station rests,
Above the angels, or below the beasts.
He with true joy their hearts does only fill,
That thirst and hunger to perform his will.
Others, though rich, shall in this world be vex'd,
And sadly live, in terror of the next.

The world's great conqueror¹ would his point
pursue,

And wept because he could not find a new ;
Which had he done, yet still he would have cried,
To make him work until a third he spied.

Ambition, avarice, will nothing owe
To Heaven itself, unless it make them grow.
Though richly fed, man's care does still exceed ;
Has but one mouth, yet would a thousand feed.
In wealth and honour, by such men possess'd,
If it increase not, there is found no rest.

All their delight is while their wish comes in ;
Sad when it stops, as there had nothing been.
'Tis strange men should neglect their present store,
And take no joy but in pursuing more ;
No ! though arrived at all the world can aim ;
This is the mark and glory of our frame.

A soul capacious of the Deity,
Nothing but he that made can satisfy.
A thousand worlds, if we with him compare,
Less than so many drops of water are.
Men take no pleasure but in new designs ;
And what they hope for, what they have outshines.
Our sheep and oxen seem no more to crave,
With full content feeding on what they have ;
Vex not themselves for an increase of store,
But think to-morrow we shall give them more.
What we from day to day receive from Heaven,
They do from us expect it should be given.
We made them not, yet they on us rely,
More than vain men upon the Deity ;
More beasts than they ! that will not understand
That we are fed from his immediate hand.

¹ Alexander.

Man, that in him has being, moves, and lives,
What can he have or use but what he gives?
So that no bread can nourishment afford,
Or useful be, without his Sacred Word.

CANTO II.

EARTH praises conquerors for shedding blood,
Heaven those that love their foes, and do them good.
It is terrestrial honour to be crown'd
For strowing men, like rushes, on the ground.
True glory 'tis to rise above them all,
Without the' advantage taken by their fall.
He that in fight diminishes mankind,
Does no addition to his stature find;
But he that does a noble nature show,
Obliging others, still does higher grow:
For virtue practised such a habit gives,
That among men he like an angel lives:
Humbly he doth, and without envy, dwell,
Loved and admired by those he does excel.
Fools anger show, which politicians hide;
Blest with this fear, men let it not abide.
The humble man, when he receives a wrong,
Refers revenge to whom it doth belong:
Nor sees he reason why he should engage,
Or vex his spirit, for another's rage.
Placed on a rock, vain men he pities, toss'd
On raging waves, and in the tempest lost.
The rolling planets, and the glorious sun,
Still keep that order which they first begun:
They their first lesson constantly repeat,
Which their Creator as a law did set.

Above, below, exactly all obey ;
But wretched men have found another way :
Knowledge of good and evil, as at first,
(That vain persuasion !) keeps them still accurst !
The Sacred Word refusing as a guide,
Slaves they become to luxury and pride.
As clocks, remaining in the skilful hand
Of some great master, at the figure stand,
But when abroad, neglected they do go,
At random strike, and the false hour do show ;
So from our Maker wandering, we stray,
Like birds that know not to their nests the way.
In him we dwelt before our exile here,
And may, returning, find contentment there :
True joy may find, perfection of delight,
Behold his face, and shun eternal night.

Silence, my Muse ! make not these jewels cheap,
Exposing to the world too large an heap.
Of all we read the Sacred Writ is best,
Where great truths are in fewest words express'd.

Wrestling with death, these lines I did indite ;
No other theme could give my soul delight.
O that my youth had thus employ'd my pen !
Or that I now could write as well as then !
But 'tis of grace if sickness, age, and pain,
Are felt as throes, when we are born again :
Timely they come, to wean us from this earth,
As pangs that wait upon a second birth.

OF DIVINE POESY.

IN TWO CANTOS.

OCCASIONED UPON SIGHT OF THE FIFTY-THIRD CHAPTER
OF ISAIAH TURNED INTO VERSE BY MRS. WHARTON¹.

CANTO I.

POETS we prize, when in their verse we find
Some great employment of a worthy mind.
Angels have been inquisitive to know
The secret which this oracle does show.
What was to come Isaiah did declare,
Which she describes as if she had been there;
Had seen the wounds, which to the reader's view
She draws so lively, that they bleed anew.
As ivy thrives which on the oak takes hold,
So with the prophet's may her lines grow old!
If they should die, who can the world forgive,
(Such pious lines!) when wanton Sappho's live?
Who with his breath his image did inspire,
Expects it should foment a nobler fire:
Not love which brutes as well as men may know;
But love like his to whom that breath we owe.
Verse so design'd, on that high subject wrote,
Is the perfection of an ardent thought;
The smoke which we from burning incense raise,
When we complete the sacrifice of praise.
In boundless verse the fancy soars too high
For any object but the Deity.

¹ Anne Lee, afterward Marchioness of Wharton:

What mortal can with Heaven pretend to share
In the superlatives of wise and fair?
A meaner subject when with these we grace,
A giant's habit on a dwarf we place.
Sacred should be the product of our Muse,
Like that sweet oil, above all private use,
On pain of death forbidden to be made,
But when it should be on the altar laid.
Verse shows a rich inestimable vein,
When drop'd from Heaven 'tis thither sent again.

Of bounty 'tis that he admits our praise,
Which does not him, but us that yield it, raise:
For as that angel up to Heaven did rise,
Borne on the flame of Manóah's sacrifice;
So, wing'd with praise, we penetrate the sky,
Teach clouds and stars to praise him as we fly;
The whole creation, (by our fall made groan!)
His praise to echo, and suspend their moan.
For that He reigns all creatures should rejoice,
And we with songs supply their want of voice.
The church triumphant, and the church below,
In songs of praise their present union show:
Their joys are full; our expectation long;
In life we differ, but we join in song.
Angels and we, assisted by this art,
May sing together, though we dwell apart.

Thus we reach Heaven, while vainer poems must
No higher rise than winds may lift the dust:
From that they spring; this from his breath that
gave,
To the first dust, the' immortal soul we have.
His praise well sung, (our great endeavour here)
Shakes off the dust, and makes that breath appear.

CANTO II.

HE that did first this way of writing grace¹,
Conversed with the Almighty face to face:
Wonders he did in sacred verse unfold,
When he had more than eighty winters told.
The writer feels no dire effect of age,
Nor verse, that flows from so divine a rage.
Eldest of poets, he beheld the light,
When first it triumph'd o'er eternal night:
Chaos he saw, and could distinctly tell
How that confusion into order fell.
As if consulted with, he has express'd
The work of the Creator, and his rest;
How the flood drown'd the first offending race,
Which might the figure of our globe deface.
For new-made earth, so even and so fair,
Less equal now, uncertain makes the air;
Surprised with heat and unexpected cold,
Early distempers make our youth look old:
Our days so evil, and so few, may tell
That on the ruins of that world we dwell.
Strong as the oaks that nourish'd them, and high,
That long-lived race did on their force rely,
Neglecting Heaven; but we of shorter date!
Should be more mindful of impendent fate.
To worms that crawl upon this rubbish here,
This span of life may yet too long appear:
Enough to humble, and to make us great,
If it prepare us for a nobler seat:
Which well observing, he, in numerous lines,
Taught wretched man how fast his life declines:

¹ Moses.

In whom he dwelt before the world was made,
And may again retire when that shall fade.
The lasting Iliads have not lived so long
As his and Deborah's triumphant song.
Delphos unknown, no Muse could them inspire
But that which governs the celestial choir.
Heaven to the pious did this art reveal,
And from their store succeeding poets steal.
Homer's Scamander for the Trojans fought,
And swell'd so high, by her old Kishon taught,
His river scarce could fierce Achilles stay;
Her's, more successful, swept her foes away.
The host of Heaven, his Phœbus and his Mars,
He arms, instructed by her fighting stars.
She led them all against the common foe;
But he (misled by what he saw below!)
The powers above, like wretched men, divides,
And breaks their union into different sides.
The noblest parts which in his heroes shine,
May be but copies of that heroine.
Homer himself, and Agamemnon, she
The writer could, and the commander, be.
Truth she relates in a sublimer strain
Than all the tales the boldest Greeks could feign;
For what she sung that spirit did endite,
Which gave her courage and success in fight.
A double garland crowns the matchless dame;
From Heaven her poem and her conquest came.
Though of the Jews she merit most esteem,
Yet here the Christian has the greater theme:
Her martial song describes how Sisera fell;
This sings our triumph over death and hell.
The rising light employ'd the sacred breath
Of the bless'd Virgin and Elizabeth.

In songs of joy the angels sung his birth :
Here how he treated was upon the earth
Trembling we read ! the' affliction and the scorn,
Which for our guilt so patiently was borne !
Conception, birth, and suffering, all belong,
(Though various parts) to one celestial song ;
And she, well using so divine an art,
Has in this concert sung the tragic part.

As Hannah's seed was vow'd to sacred use,
So here this lady consecrates her Muse.
With like reward may Heaven her bed adorn,
With fruit as fair as by her Muse is born !

ON THE

PARAPHRASE OF THE LORD'S PRAYER,

WRITTEN BY MRS. WHARTON.

SILENCE, you Winds ! listen, ethereal Lights !
While our Urania sings what Heaven indites :
The numbers are the nymph's ; but from above
Descends the pledge of that eternal love.
Here wretched mortals have not leave alone,
But are instructed to approach his throne ;
And how can he to miserable men
Deny requests which his own hand did pen ?

In the Evangelists we find the prose
Which, paraphrased by her, a poem grows ;
A devout rapture ! so divine a hymn,
It may become the highest seraphim !
For they, like her, in that celestial choir,
Sing only what the spirit does inspire.
Taught by our Lord and theirs, with us they may
For all but pardon for offences pray.

SOME REFLECTIONS OF HIS

UPON THE

SEVERAL PETITIONS IN THE SAME PRAYER.

I. His sacred name with reverence profound
Should mention'd be, and trembling at the sound!
It was Jehovah; 'tis Our Father now;
So low to us does Heaven vouchsafe to bow!
He brought it down that taught us how to pray,
And did so dearly for our ransom pay.

II. *His kingdom come.* For this we pray in vain,
Unless he does in our affections reign.
Absurd it were to wish for such a King,
And not obedience to his sceptre bring,
Whose yoke is easy, and his burden light,
His service freedom, and his judgments right.

III. *His will be done.* In fact 'tis always done;
But, as in Heaven, it must be made our own.
His will should all our inclinations sway,
Whom Nature and the universe obey.
Happy the man! whose wishes are confined
To what has been eternally design'd;
Referring all to his paternal care,
To whom more dear than to ourselves we are.

IV. It is not what our avarice hoards up;
'Tis he that feeds us, and that fills our cup:
Like new-born babes depending on the breast,
From day to day we on his bounty feast:
Nor should the soul expect above a day
To dwell in her frail tenement of clay:

¹ Psalm xviii. 9.

The setting sun should seem to bound our race,
And the new day a gift of special grace.

V. *That he should all our trespasses forgive,*
While we in hatred with our neighbours live :
Though so to pray may seem an easy task,
We curse ourselves when thus inclined we ask.
This prayer to use, we ought with equal care
Our souls, as to the sacrament, prepare.
The noblest worship of the Power above,
Is to extol and imitate his love ;
Not to forgive our enemies alone,
But use our bounty that they may be won.

VI. *Guard us from all temptations of the foe:*
And those we may in several stations know :
The rich and poor in slippery places stand,
Give us enough ! but with a sparing hand !
Not ill-persuading want, nor wanton wealth,
But what proportion'd is to life and health :
For not the dead but living sing thy praise,
Exalt thy kingdom, and thy glory raise.

Favete linguis ! * * *

Virginibus puerisque canto.—*Hor.*

ON THE

FOREGOING DIVINE POEMS.

WHEN we for age could neither read nor write,
The subject made us able to indite :
The soul, with nobler resolutions deck'd,
The body stooping, does herself erect.
No mortal parts are requisite to raise
Her that, unbodied, can her Maker praise.

The seas are quiet when the winds give o'er:
So calm are we when passions are no more!
For then we know how vain it was to boast
Of fleeting things, so 'certain to be lost.
Clouds of affection from our younger eyes
Conceal that emptiness which age descries.

The soul's dark cottage, batter'd and decay'd,
Lets in new light through chinks that time has made:
Stronger by weakness, wiser men become,
As they draw near to their eternal home.
Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view,
That stand upon the threshold of the new.

*** *Miratur limen Olympi.—Virg.*

EPISTLES.

TO THE KING.

ON HIS NAVY.

WHERE'ER thy Navy spreads her canvass wings,
Homage to thee, and peace to all she brings :
The French and Spaniard, when thy flags appear,
Forget their hatred, and consent to fear.
So Jove from Ida did both hosts survey,
And, when he pleased to thunder, part the fray.
Ships heretofore in seas like fishes sped,
The mightiest still upon the smallest fed :
Thou on the deep imposest nobler laws,
And by that justice hast removed the cause
Of those rude tempests, which for rapiné sent,
Too oft, alas ! involved the innocent.
Now shall the Ocean, as thy Thames, be free
From both those fates, of storms and piracy ;
But we most happy, who can fear no force
But winged troops, or Pegasean horse.
'Tis not so hard for greedy foes to spoil
Another nation as to touch our soil.
Should Nature's self invade the world again,
And o'er the centre spread the liquid main,
Thy power were safe, and her destructive hand
Would but enlarge the bounds of thy command :
Thy dreadful fleet would style thee Lord of All,
And ride in triumph o'er the drowned ball ;
Those towers of oak o'er fertile plains might go,
And visit mountains where they once did grow.

The world's Restorer once could not endure
That finish'd Babel should those men secure
Whose pride design'd that fabric to have stood
Above the reach of any second flood ;
To thee, his chosen, more indulgent, he
Dares trust such power with so much piety.

TO THE QUEEN,

OCCASIONED UPON SIGHT OF HER MAJESTY'S PICTURE.

WELL fare the hand which to our humble sight
Presents that beauty, which the dazzling light
Of royal splendor hides from weaker eyes,
And all access, save by this art, denies.
Here only we have courage to behold
This beam of glory, here we dare unfold
In numbers thus the wonders we conceive :
The gracious image, seeming to give leave,
Propitious stands, vouchsafing to be seen,
And by our Muse saluted mighty Queen,
In whom the' extremes of power and beauty move,
The Queen of Britain, and the Queen of Love !

As the bright sun (to which we owe no sight
Of equal glory to your beauty's light)
Is wisely placed in so sublime a seat,
To' extend his light and moderate his heat ;
So, happy 'tis you move in such a sphere,
As your high Majesty with awful fear
In human breasts might qualify that fire,
Which kindled by those eyes had flamed higher
Than when the scorched world like hazard run,
By the approach of the ill-guided sun.

No other nymphs have title to men's hearts,
But as their meanness larger hope imparts :

Your beauty more the fondest lover moves
 With admiration than his private loves ;
 With admiration ! for a pitch so high
 (Save sacred Charles his) never love durst fly.
 Heaven that preferred a sceptre to your hand,
 Favour'd our freedom more than your command :
 Beauty had crown'd you, and you must have been
 The whole world's mistress, other than a Queen.
 All had been rivals, and you might have spared,
 Or kill'd and tyrannized without a guard.
 No power achieved, either by arms or birth,
 Equals Love's empire both in Heaven and earth.
 Such eyes as yours on Jove himself have thrown
 As bright and fierce a lightning as his own :
 Witness our Jove, prevented by their flame
 In his swift passage to the' Hesperian dame :
 When, like a lion, finding in his way
 To some intended spoil a fairer prey,
 The royal youth pursuing the report
 Of beauty, found it in the Gallic court :
 There public care with private passion, fought
 A doubtful combat in his noble thought :
 Should he confess his greatness and his love,
 And the free faith of your great brother¹ prove ;
 With his Achates² breaking through the cloud
 Of that disguise which did their graces shroud ;
 And mixing with those gallants at the ball,
 Dance with the ladies, and outshine them all ;
 Or, on his journey o'er the mountains ride ?—
 So when the fair Leucothoe he espied,
 To check his steeds impatient Phœbus yearn'd,
 Though all the world was in his course concern'd.

¹ Lewis XIII. King of France.

² Duke of Buckingham.

What may hereafter her meridian do,
Whose dawning beauty warm'd his bosom so !
Not so divine a flame, since deathless gods
Forbore to visit the defiled abodes
Of men, in any mortal breast did burn ;
Nor shall, till piety and they return.

TO THE

QUEEN-MOTHER OF FRANCE,

UPON HER LANDING.

GREAT Queen of Europe! where thy offspring
wears

All the chief crowns ; where princes are thy heirs ;
As welcome thou to sea-girt Britain's shore,
As erst Latona (who fair Cynthia bore)
To Delos was : here shines a nymph as bright,
By thee disclosed, with like increase of light.
Why was her joy in Belgia confined ?
Or why did you so much regard the wind ?
Scarce could the ocean (though enraged) have tost
Thy sovereign bark, but where the'obsequious coast
Pays tribute to thy bed. Rome's conquering hand
More vanquish'd nations under her command
Never reduced. Glad Berecynthia so
Among her deathless progeny did go ;
A wreath of towers adorn'd her reverend head,
Mother of all that on ambrosia fed.
Thy god-like race must sway the age to come,
As she Olympus peopled with her womb.

Would those commanders of mankind obey
Their honour'd parent, all pretences lay

Down at your royal feet, compose their jars,
 And on the growing Turk discharge these wars,
 The Christian knights that sacred tomb should wrest
 From Pagan hands, and triumph o'er the East :
 Our England's Prince, and Gallia's Dauphin, might
 Like young Rinaldo and Tancredi fight :
 In single combat by their swords again
 The proud Argantes and fierce Soldan slain :
 Again might we their valiant deeds recite,
 And with your Tuscan Muse' exalt the fight.

THE COUNTRY TO
 MY LADY OF CARLISLE.

MADAM, of all the sacred Muse inspired,
 Orpheus alone could with the woods comply ;
 Their rude inhabitants his song admired,
 And nature's self, in those that could not lie :
 Your beauty next our solitude invades,
 And warms us, shining through the thickest shades.

Nor ought the tribute which the wondering court
 Pays your fair eyes, prevail with you to scorn
 The answer and consent to that report

Which, echo-like, the country does return :
 Mirrors are taught to flatter, but our springs
 Present the' impartial images of things.

A rural judge' disposed of beauty's prize ;
 A simple shepherd' was preferred to Jove :
 Down to the mountains from the partial skies,
 Came Juno, Pallas, and the Queen of Love,
 To plead for that which was so justly given
 To the bright Carlisle of the court of heaven.

¹ Tasso.

² Paris.

Carlisle ! a name which all our woods are taught
Loud as their Amaryllis to resound :
Carlisle ! a name which on the bark is wrought
Of every tree that's worthy of the wound.
From Phœbus' rage our shadows and our streams
May guard us better than from Carlisle's beams.

TO PHYLLIS.

PHYLLIS ! 'twas Love that injured you,
And on that rock your Thyrsis threw,
Who for proud Cælia could have died,
While you no less accused his pride.
Fond Love his darts at random throws,
And nothing springs from what he sows :
From foes discharged as often meet
The shining points of arrows fleet,
In the wide air creating fire,
As souls that join in one desire.

Love made the lovely Venus burn
In vain, and for the cold youth ¹ mourn,
Who the pursuit of churlish beasts
Preferred to sleeping on her breasts.

Love makes so many hearts the prize
Of the bright Carlisle's conquering eyes,
Which she regards no more than they
The tears of lesser beauties weigh,
So have I seen the lost clouds pour
Into the sea an useless shower,
And the vex'd sailors curse the rain,
For which poor shepherds pray'd in vain.

Then, Phyllis, since our passions are
Govern'd by chance, and not the care

¹ Adonis.

But sport of Heaven, which takes delight
 To look upon this Parthian fight
 Of Love, still flying or in chase,
 Never encountering face to face,
 No more to Love we'll sacrifice,
 But to the best of deities ;
 And let our hearts, which Love disjoin'd,
 By this kind mother be combined.

TO MY

LORD OF NORTHUMBERLAND,

UPON THE DEATH OF HIS LADY.

To this great loss a sea of tears is due,
 But the whole debt not to be paid by you :
 Charge not yourself with all, nor render vain
 Those showers the eyes of us your servants rain.
 Shall grief contract the largeness of that heart
 In which nor fear nor anger has a part ? [dries,
 Virtue would blush if time should boast (which
 Her sole child dead, the tender mother's eyes)
 Your mind's relief, where reason triumphs so
 Over all passions, that they ne'er could grow
 Beyond their limits in your noble breast,
 To harm another, or impeach your rest.
 This we observed, delighting to obey
 One who did never from his great self stray ;
 Whose mild example seemed to engage
 The' obsequious seas, and teach them not to rage.
 The brave Æmilius, his great charge laid down,
 (The force of Rome, and fate of Macedon)
 In his lost sons did feel the cruel stroke
 Of changing fortune, and thus highly spoke

Before Rome's people : ' We did oft implore
That if the Heavens had any bad in store
For your Æmilius, they would pour that ill
On his own house, and let you flourish still.'
You on the barren seas, my Lord, have spent
Whole springs, and summers to the public lent ;
Suspended all the pleasures of your life,
And shorten'd the short joy of such a wife ;
For which your country's more obliged than
For many lives of old less happy men.
You that have sacrificed so great a part
Of youth, and private bliss, ought to impart
Your sorrow too, and give your friends a right
As well in your affliction as delight.
Then with Æmilian courage bear this cross,
Since public persons only public loss
Ought to affect. And though her form and youth,
Her application to your will and truth,
That noble sweetness, and that humble state,
(All snatch'd away by such a hasty fate !)
Might give excuse to any common breast,
With the huge weight of so just grief oppress'd ;
Yet let no portion of your life be stain'd
With passion, but your character maintain'd
To the last act. It is enough her stone
May honour'd be with superscription
Of the sole lady, who had power to move
The great Northumberland to grieve and love.



TO MY LORD ADMIRAL,

OF HIS LATE SICKNESS AND RECOVERY.

WITH joy like ours the Thracian youth invades
Orpheus, returning from the' Elysian shades ;
Embrace the hero, and his stay implore ;
Make it their public suit he would no more
Desert them so, and for his spouse's sake,
His vanish'd love, tempt the Lethean lake.
The ladies, too, the brightest of that time,
(Ambitious all his lofty bed to climb)
Their doubtful hopes with expectation feed,
Who shall the fair Eurydice succeed :
Eurydice ! for whom his numerous moan
Makes listening trees and savage mountains groan :
Through all the air his sounding strings dilate
Sorrow like that which touch'd our hearts of late.
Your pining sickness, and your restless pain,
At once the land affecting and the main,
When the glad news that you were Admiral
Scarce through the nation spread, 'twas fear'd by all
That our great Charles, whose wisdom shines in you,
Would be perplexed how to choose anew.
So more than private was the joy and grief,
That at the worst it gave our souls relief,
That in our age such sense of virtue lived,
They joy'd so justly, and so justly grieved.
Nature (her fairest lights eclipsed) seems
Herself to suffer in those sharp extremes ;
While not from thine alone thy blood retires,
But from those cheeks which all the world admires.
The stem thus threaten'd, and the sap in thee,
Droop all the branches of that noble tree !
Their beauty they, and we our love suspend ;
Nought can our wishes, save thy health, intend.

As lilies overcharged with rain, they bend [tend;
Their beauteous heads, and with high heaven con-
Fold thee within their snowy arms, and cry
He is too faultless and too young to die.
So like immortals round about thee they
Sit, that they fright approaching Death away.
Who would not languish, by so fair a train
To be lamented and restored again?
Or, thus withheld, what hasty soul would go,
Though to the bless'd? O'er young Adonis so
Fair Venus mourn'd, and with the precious shower
Of her warm tears cherish'd the springing flower.

The next support, fair hope of your great name,
And second pillar of that noble frame,
By loss of thee would no advantage have,
But step by step pursue thee to the grave.

And now relentless Fate, about to end
The line which backward does so far extend
The antique stock, which still the world supplies
With bravest spirits and with brightest eyes,
Kind Phœbus, interposing, bid me say, [they
Such storms no more shall shake that house, but
Like Neptune, and his sea-born niece¹, shall be
The shining glories of the land and sea;
With courage guard and beauty warm our age,
And lovers fill with like poetic rage.

TO VANDYCK.

RARE artisan! whose pencil moves
Not our delights alone, but loves;
From thy shop of Beauty we
Slaves return that enter'd free.

¹ Venus.

The heedless lover does not know
Whose eyes they are that wound him so ;
But, confounded with thy art,
Inquires her name that has his heart.
Another, who did long refrain,
Feels his old wound bleed fresh again,
With dear remembrance of that face
Where now he reads new hope of grace :
Nor scorn nor cruelty does find,
But gladly suffers a false wind
To blow the ashes of despair
From the reviving brand of care.
Fool! that forgets her stubborn look
This softness from thy finger took.
Strange! that thy hand should not inspire
The beauty only, but the fire :
Not the form alone, and grace,
But act and power of a face.
May'st thou yet thyself as well,
As all the world besides, excel !
So you the' unfeigned truth rehearse,
(That I may make it live in verse)
Why thou couldst not at one assay,
That face to after-times convey,
Which this admires. Was it thy wit
To make her oft before thee sit ?
Confess, and we'll forgive thee this :
For who would not repeat that bliss ?
And frequent sight of such a dame
Buy with the hazard of his fame ?
Yet who can tax thy blameless skill,
Though thy good hand had failed still,
When Nature's self so often errs ?
She, for this many thousand years,

Seems to have practised with much care,
To frame the race of women fair ;
Yet never could a perfect birth
Produce before to grace the earth,
Which waxed old ere it could see
Her that amazed thy art and thee.

But now 'tis done, O let me know
Where those immortal colours grow
That could this deathless piece compose!
In lilies ? or the fading rose ?
No ; for this theft thou hast climb'd higher
Than did Prometheus for his fire.

TO MY LORD OF LEICESTER.

Not that thy trees at Penhurst groan,
Oppressed with their timely load,
And seem to make their silent moan,
That their great lord is now abroad :
They to delight his taste or eye
Would spend themselves in fruit, and die.
Not that thy harmless deer repine,
And think themselves unjustly slain
By any other hand than thine,
Whose arrows they would gladly stain ;
No, nor thy friends, which hold too dear
That peace with France which keeps thee there.
All these are less than that great cause
Which now exacts your presence here,
Wherein there meet the divers laws
Of public and domestic care.
For one bright nymph our youth contends,
And on your prudent choice depends.

Not the bright shield of Thetis' son¹,
 (For which such stern debate did rise,
 That the great Ajax Telamon
 Refused to live without the prize)
 Those achive peers did more engage,
 Than she the gallants of our age.

That beam of beauty which begun
 To warm us so when thou wert here,
 Now scorches like the raging sun,
 When Sirius does first appear.
 O fix this flame! and let despair
 Redeem the rest from endless care.

TO MRS. BRAUGHTON,

SERVANT TO SACHARISSA.

FAIR fellow-servant! may your gentle ear
 Prove more propitious to my slighted care
 Than the bright dame's we serve: for her relief
 (Vex'd with the long expressions of my grief)
 Receive these plaints; nor will her high disdain
 Forbid my humble Muse to court her train.

So, in those nations which the sun adore,
 Some modest Persian, or some weak-eyed Moor,
 No higher dares advance his dazzled sight,
 Than to some gilded cloud, which near the light
 Of their ascending god adorns the East,
 And, graced with his beams, outshines the rest.

Thy skilful hand contributes to our woe,
 And whets those arrows which confound us so.
 A thousand Cupids in those curls do sit
 (Those curious nets!) thy slender fingers knit.

¹ Achilles.

The Graces put not more exactly on
The' attire of Venus when the Ball she won,
Than Sacharissa by thy care is dress'd,
When all our youth prefers her to the rest.

You the soft season know, when best her mind
May be to pity or to love inclined :

In some well-chosen hour supply his fear,
Whose hopeless love durst never tempt the ear
Of that stern goddess. You, her priest, declare
What offerings may propitiate the fair :
Rich orient pearl, bright stones that ne'er decay,
Or polish'd lines, which longer last than they :
For if I thought she took delight in those,
To where the cheerful Morn does first disclose,
(The shady Night removing with her beams)
Wing'd with bold love I'd fly to fetch such gems.
But since her eyes, her teeth, her lip, excels
All that is found in mines or fishes' shells,
Her nobler part as far exceeding these,
None but immortal gifts her mind should please.
The shining jewels Greece and Troy bestow'd
On Sparta's Queen¹, her lovely neck did load,
And snowy wrists ; but when the town was burn'd,
Those fading glories were to ashes turn'd :
Her beauty too had perish'd, and her fame,
Had not the Muse redeem'd them from the flame.

TO MY

YOUNG LADY LUCY SIDNEY.

WHY came I so untimely forth
Into a world which, wanting thee,
Could entertain us with no worth
Or shadow of felicity ?

¹ Helen.

That time should me so far remove
 From that which I was born to love !
 Yet, fairest blossom ! do not slight
 That age which you may know so soon :
 The rosy Morn resigns her light
 And milder glory to the Noon :
 And then what wonders shall you do,
 Whose dawning beauty warms us so !
 Hope waits upon the flowery prime ;
 And Summer, though it be less gay,
 Yet is not look'd on as a time
 Of declination or decay :
 For with a full hand *that* does bring
 All that was promised by the Spring.

TO AMORET.

FAIR ! that you may truly know
 What you unto Thyrsis owe,
 I will tell you how I do
 Sacharissa love and you.

Joy salutes me when I set
 My blest eyes on Amoret ;
 But with wonder I am strook,
 While I on the other look.

If sweet Amoret complains,
 I have sense of all her pains ;
 But for Sacharissa I
 Do not only grieve, but die.

All that of myself is mine,
 Lovely Amoret ! is thine :
 Sacharissa's captive fain
 Would untie his iron chain,

And those scorching beams to shun,
To thy gentle shadow run.

If the soul had free election
To dispose of her affection,
I would not thus long have borne
Haughty Sacharissa's scorn:
But 'tis sure some power above,
Which controls our wills in love!

If not love, a strong desire
To create and spread that fire
In my breast, solicits me,
Beauteous Amoret! for thee.

'Tis amazement more than love,
Which her radiant eyes do move:
If less splendour wait on thine,
Yet they so benignly shine,
I would turn my dazzled sight
To behold their milder light:
But as hard 'tis to destroy
That high flame, as to enjoy;
Which how easily I may do,
Heaven (as easily scaled) does know!

Amoret! as sweet and good
As the most delicious food,
Which but tasted does impart
Life and gladness to the heart.

Sacharissa's beauty's wine,
Which to madness doth incline;
Such a liquor as no brain
That is mortal can sustain.

Scarce can I to Heaven excuse
The devotion which I use
Unto that adored dame;
For 'tis not unlike the same

Which I thither ought to send ;
So that if it could take end,
It would to Heaven itself be due,
To succeed her and not you ;
Who already have of me
All that's not idolatry ;
Which, though not so fierce a flame,
Is longer like to be the same.
Then smile on me, and I will prove
Wonder is shorter-lived than love.

TO AMORET.

AMORET ! the Milky Way,
Framed of many nameless stars !
The smooth stream where none can say
He this drop to that prefers !
Amoret ! my lovely Foe !
Tell me where thy strength does lie ?
Where the power that charms us so ;
In thy soul, or in thy eye ?
By that snowy neck alone,
Or thy grace in motion seen,
No such wonders could be done ;
Yet thy waist is straight and clean
As Cupid's shaft, or Hermes' rod,
And powerful, too, as either god.

TO PHYLLIS.

PHYLLIS ! why should we delay
Pleasures shorter than the day ?
Could we (which we never can)
Stretch our lives beyond their span,

Beauty like a shadow flies,
And our youth before us dies.
Or would youth and beauty stay,
Love hath wings, and will away.
Love hath swifter wings than Time ;
Change in love to Heaven does climb ;
Gods, that never change their state,
Vary oft their love and hate.

Phyllis ! to this truth we owe
All the love betwixt us two.
Let not you and I inquire
What has been our past desire ;
On what shepherds you have smiled,
Or what nymphs I have beguiled :
Leave it to the planets too,
What we shall hereafter do ;
For the joys we now may prove,
Take advice of present love.

TO MY LORD OF FALKLAND.

BRAVE Holland leads, and with him Falkland
goes :

Who hears this told, and does not straight suppose
We send the Graces and the Muses forth,
To civilize and to instruct the North ?
Not that these ornaments make swords less sharp ;
Apollo bears as well his bow as harp :
And though he be the patron of that spring,
Where, in calm peace, the sacred virgins sing,
He courage had to guard the' invaded throne
Of Jove, and cast the' ambitious giants down.

Ah, noble friend ! with what impatience all
That know thy worth, and know how prodigal

Of thy great soul thou art, (longing to twist
Bays with that ivy which so early kiss'd
Thy youthful temples) with what horror we
Think on the blind events of war and thee?
To fate exposing that all-knowing breast
Among the throng, as cheaply as the rest;
Where oaks and brambles (if the copse be burn'd)
Confounded lie, to the same ashes turn'd.

Some happy wind over the ocean blow
This tempest yet, which frights our island so!
Guarded with ships, and all the sea our own,
From Heaven this mischief on our heads is thrown.

In a late dream the Genius of this land,
Amazed, I saw, like the fair Hebrew¹, stand,
When first she felt the twins begin to jar,
And found her womb the seat of civil war.
Inclined to whose relief, and with presage
Of better fortune for the present age,
'Heaven sends,' quoth I, 'this discord for our good,
To warm, perhaps, but not to waste our blood;
To raise our drooping spirits, grown the scorn
Of our proud neighbours, who ere long shall mourn
(Though now they joy in our expected harms)
We had occasion to resume our arms.

'A lion so with self-provoking smart,
(His rebel tail scourging his nobler part)
Calls up his courage, then begins to roar,
And charge his foes, who thought him mad before.'

¹ Rebekah.

TO A LADY,

SINGING A SONG OF HIS COMPOSING.

CHLORIS! yourself you so excel,
When you vouchsafe to breathe my thought,
That, like a spirit, with this spell
Of my own teaching, I am caught.

The eagle's fate and mine are one,
Which, on the shaft that made him die,
Espied a feather of his own,
Wherewith he'wont to soar so high.

Had Echo, with so sweet a grace,
Narcissus' loud complaints return'd,
Not for reflection of his face,
But of his voice, the boy had burn'd.

TO THE MUTABLE FAIR.

HERE, Cælia! for thy-sake I part
With all that grew so near my heart;
The passion that I had for thee,
The faith, the love, the constancy!
And, that I may successful prove,
Transform myself to what you love.
Fool that I was! so much the prize
Those simple virtues you despise:
Fool! that with such dull arrows strove,
Or hoped to reach a flying dove:
For you, that are in motion still,
Decline our force, and mock our skill;
Who, like Don Quixote, do advance
Against a windmill our vain lance.

Now will I wander through the air,
Mount, make a stoop at every fair ;
And, with a fancy unconfin'd,
(As lawless as the sea or wind)
Pursue you wheresoe'er you fly,
And with your various thoughts comply.

The formal stars do travel so,
As we their names and courses know ;
And he that on their changes looks,
Would think them govern'd by our books ;
But never were the clouds reduced
To any art ; the motion used
By those free vapours are so light,
So frequent, that the conquer'd sight
Despairs to find the rules that guide
Those gilded shadows as they slide ;
And therefore of the spacious air
Jove's royal consort had the care ;
And by that power did once escape,
Declining bold Ixion's rape :
She, with her own resemblance, graced
A shining cloud, which he embraced.

Such was that image, so it smiled
With seeming kindness, which beguiled
Your Thyrsis lately, when he thought
He had his fleeting Cælia caught.
'Twas shaped like her, but for the fair,
He fill'd his arms with yielding air.

A fate for which he grieves the less,
Because the gods had like success :
For in their story one, we see,
Pursues a nymph, and takes a tree ;
A second, with a lover's haste,
Soon overtakes whom he had chased ;

But she that did a virgin seem,
Possess'd, appears a wandering stream.
For his supposed love, a third
Lays greedy hold upon a bird,
And stands amazed to find his dear
A wild inhabitant of the air.

To these old tales such nymphs as you
Give credit, and still make them new ;
The amorous now like wonders find
In the swift changes of your mind.

But, Cælia, if you apprehend
The Muse of your incensed friend,
Nor would that he record your blame,
And make it live, repeat the same ;
Again deceive him and again,
And then he swears he'll not complain :
For still to be deluded so,
Is all the pleasure lovers know ;
Who, like good falconers, take delight,
Not in the quarry, but the flight.

TO A LADY,

FROM WHOM HE RECEIVED A SILVER PEN.

MADAM ! intending to have tried
The silver favour which you gave,
In ink the shining point I dyed,
And drench'd it in the sable wave ;
When, grieved to be so foully stain'd,
On you it thus to me complain'd :—
' Suppose you had deserved to take
From her fair hand so fair a boon,
Yet how deserved I to make
So ill a change, who ever won

Immortal praise for what I wrote,
Instructed by her noble thought?

' I, that expressed her commands
To mighty lords and princely dames,
Always most welcome to their hands,
Proud that I would record their names,
Must now be taught an humble style,
Some meaner beauty to beguile !'

So I, the wronged pen to please,
Make it my humble thanks express
Unto your Ladyship in these :
And now 'tis forced to confess
That your great self did ne'er indite,
Nor that, to one more noble, write.

TO CHLORIS.

CHLORIS ! since first our calm of peace
Was frighted hence, this good we find,
Your favours with your fears increase,
And growing mischiefs make you kind.
So the fair tree, which still preserves
Her fruit and state while no wind blows,
In storms from that uprightness swerves,
And the glad earth about her strows
With treasure, from her yielding boughs.

TO A LADY IN RETIREMENT.

SEES not my love how Time resumes
The glory which he lent these flowers ?
Though none should taste of their perfumes,
Yet must they live but some few hours,
Time, what we forbear, devours !

Had Helen, or the ' Egyptian Queen ',
Been ne'er so thrifty of their graces,
Those beauties must at length have been
The spoil of Age, which finds out faces
In the most retired places.

Should some malignant planet bring
A barren drought or ceaseless shower
Upon the autumn or the spring,
And spare us neither fruit nor flower,
Winter would not stay an hour.

Could the resolve of love's neglect
Preserve you from the violation
Of coming years, then more respect
Were due to so divine a fashion,
Nor would I indulge my passion.

TO MR. GEORGE SANDYS,

ON HIS

TRANSLATION OF SOME PARTS OF THE BIBLE.

How bold a work attempts that pen,
Which would enrich our vulgar tongue
With the high raptures of those men,
Who here with the same spirit sung,
Wherewith they now assist the choir
Of angels, who their songs admire !
Whatever those inspired souls
Were urged to express, did shake
The aged deep, and both the poles ;
Their numerous thunder could awake
Dull Earth, which does with Heaven consent
To all they wrote, and all they meant.

¹ Cleopatra.

Say, sacred bard ! what could bestow
 Courage on thee to soar so high ?
 Tell me, brave friend ! what help'd thee so
 To shake off all mortality ?
 To light this torch thou hast climb'd higher
 Than he who stole celestial fire¹.

TO MR. HENRY LAWES,

WHO HAD THEN NEWLY SET A SONG OF MINE, IN THE
 YEAR 1635.

VERSE makes heroic virtue live,
 But you can life to verses give.
 As when in open air we blow,
 The breath (though strain'd) sounds flat and low,
 But if a trumpet take the blast,
 It lifts it high and makes it last :
 So in your airs our numbers drest,
 Make a shrill sally from the breast
 Of nymphs, who singing what we penn'd,
 Our passions to themselves commend ;
 While love, victorious with thy art,
 Governs at once their voice and heart.

You by the help of tune and time,
 Can make that song which was but rhyme.
 Noy² pleading, no man doubts the cause,
 Or questions verses set by Lawes.

As a church-window, thick with paint,
 Lets in a light but dim and faint ;
 So others with division hide
 The light of sense, the poet's pride ;
 But you alone may truly boast
 That not a syllable is lost :

¹ Prometheus.

² The attorney-general.

The writer's and the setter's skill
At once the ravish'd ears do fill.
Let those which only warble long,
And gargle in their throats a song,
Content themselves with *Ut, Re, Mi*;
Let words and sense be set by thee.

TO SIR WILLIAM D'AVENANT,

UPON HIS TWO FIRST BOOKS OF GONDIBERT.

WRITTEN IN FRANCE.

THUS the wise nightingale that leaves her home,
Her native wood, when storms and winter come,
Pursuing constantly the cheerful spring,
To foreign groves does her old music bring.

The drooping Hebrews banish'd, harps unstrung
At Babylon upon the willows hung :
Your's sounds aloud, and tells us you excel
No less in courage than in singing well ;
While unconcern'd you let your country know,
They have impoverish'd themselves, not you ;
Who with the Muses' help can mock those fates
Which threaten kingdoms and disorder states.
So Ovid, when from Cæsar's rage he fled,
The Roman Muse to Pontus with him led ;
Where he so sung, that we, through Pity's glass,
See Nero milder than Augustus was.
Hereafter such in thy behalf shall be
The' indulgent censure of posterity.
To banish those who with such art can sing,
Is a rude crime which its own curse doth bring :
Ages to come shall ne'er know how they fought,
Nor how to love their present youth be taught.

This to thyself.—Now to thy matchless book,
 Wherein those few that can with judgment look,
 May find old love in pure fresh language told,
 Like new-stamp'd coin made out of angel gold;
 Such truth in love as the antique world did know,
 In such a style as courts may boast of now;
 Which no bold tales of gods or monsters swell,
 But human passions, such as with us dwell.
 Man is thy theme, his virtue or his rage
 Drawn to the life in each elaborate page.
 Mars nor Bellona are not named here,
 But such a Gondibert as both might fear:
 Venus had here, and Hebe, been outshined
 By thy bright BIRTHA and thy Rhodalind.
 Such is thy happy skill, and such the odds
 Betwixt thy worthies and the Grecian gods!
 Whose deities in vain had here come down,
 Where mortal beauty wears the sovereign crown:
 Such as of flesh composed, by flesh and blood;
 Though not resisted, may be understood.

TO MY

WORTHY FRIEND MR. WASE,

THE TRANSLATOR OF GRATIUS.

THUS, by the music, we may know
 When noble wits a hunting go
 Through groves that on Parnassus grow.

The Muses all the chase adorn;
 My friend on Pegasus is borne;
 And young Apollo winds the horn.

Having old Gratus in the wind,
No pack of critics e'er could find,
Or he know more of his own mind.

Here huntsmen with delight may read
How to choose dogs for scent or speed,
And how to change or mend the breed.

What arms to use or nets to frame,
Wild beasts to combat or to tame;
With all the mysteries of that game.

But, worthy friend ! the face of war
In ancient times doth differ far
From what our fiery battles are.

Nor is it like, since powder known,
That man, so cruel to his own,
Should spare the race of beasts alone.

No quarter now, but with the gun
Men wait in trees from sun to sun,
And all is in a moment done.

And therefore we expect your next
Should be no comment, but a text
To tell how modern beasts are vex'd.

Thus would I further yet engage
Your gentle Muse to court the age
With somewhat of your proper rage.

Since none does more to Phœbus owe,
Or in more languages can show
Those arts which you so early know.

TO MY
WORTHY FRIEND MR. EVELYN,

UPON HIS TRANSLATION OF LUCRETIVS.

LUCRETIVS, (with a stork-like fate,
Born and translated in a state)
Comes to proclaim, in English verse,
No monarch rules the universe,
But chance, and atoms, make this All
In order democratical,
Where bodies freely run their course,
Without design, or fate, or force :
And this in such a strain he sings,
As if his Muse, with angel's wings,
Had soar'd beyond our utmost sphere,
And other worlds discover'd there :
For his immortal, boundless wit,
To Nature does no bounds permit,
But boldly has removed those bars
Of heaven, and earth, and seas, and stars,
By which they were before supposed,
By narrow wits, to be enclosed,
Till his free Muse threw down the pale,
And did at once dispart them all.

So vast this argument did seem,
That the wise author did esteem
The Roman language (which was spread
O'er the whole world, in triumph led)
A tongue too narrow to unfold
The wonders which he would have told.
This speaks thy glory, noble friend !
And British language does commend ;
For here Lucretius whole we find,
His words, his music, and his mind,

Thy art has to our country brought
 All that he writ, and all he thought.
 Ovid translated, Virgil too,
 Show'd long since what our tongue could do ;
 Nor Lucan we, nor Horace spared ;
 Only Lucretius was too hard :
 Lucretius, like a fort, did stand
 Untouch'd, till your victorious hand
 Did from his head this garland bear,
 Which now upon your own you wear :
 A garland ! made of such new bays,
 And sought in such untrodden ways,
 As no man's temples e'er did crown,
 Save this great author's and your own !

TO MR. CREECH,

ON HIS TRANSLATION OF LUCRETIVS.

WHAT all men wish'd though few could hope to see,
 We are now bless'd with, and obliged by thee.
 Thou ! from the ancient learned Latin store
 Givest us one author, and we hope for more.
 May they enjoy thy thoughts !—Let not the Stage
 The idlest moment of thy hours engage. [breeds,
 Each year that place some wondrous monster
 And the Wits' garden is o'errun with weeds.
 There, farce is comedy ; bombast call'd strong ;
 Soft words, with nothing in them, make a song.
 'Tis hard to say they steal them now-a-days,
 For sure the ancients never wrote such plays.
 These scribbling insects have what they deserve,
 Not plenty, nor the glory for to starve.
 That Spenser knew, that Tasso felt before,
 And Death found surly Ben exceeding poor,

Heaven turn the omen from their image here !
 May he with joy the well-placed laurel wear !
 Great Virgil's happier fortune may he find,
 And be our Cæsar, like Augustus, kind !
 But let not this disturb thy tuneful head ;
 Thou writest for thy delight, and not for bread :
 Thou art not cursed to write thy verse with care,
 But art above what other poets fear.
 What may we not expect from such a hand,
 That has, with books, himself at free command ?
 Thou know'st in youth what age has sought in vain ;
 And bring'st forth sons without a mother's pain.
 So easy is thy sense, thy verse so sweet,
 Thy words so proper, and thy phrase so fit ;
 We read, and read again : and still admire [fire !
 Whence came this youth, and whence this wondrous
 Pardon this rapture, Sir ! But who can be
 Cold and unmoved, yet have his thoughts on thee ?
 Thy goodness may my several faults forgive,
 And by your help these wretched lines may live.
 But if, when view'd by your severer sight,
 They seem unworthy to behold the light ;
 Let them with speed in deserved flames be thrown !
 They'll send no sighs, nor murmur out a groan ;
 But, dying silently, your justice own.

TO MY

WORTHY FRIEND SIR THOMAS HIGGONS,

UPON HIS TRANSLATION OF THE VENETIAN TRIUMPH.

THE winged Lion's¹ not so fierce in fight
 As Liberi's hand presents him to our sight ;
 Nor would his pencil make him half so fierce,
 Or roar so loud, as Businello's verse :

¹ The arms of Venice.

But your translation does all three excel,
The fight, the piece, and lofty Businel.
As their small galleys may not hold compare
With our tall ships, whose sails employ more air;
So does the Italian to your genius vail,
Moved with a fuller and a nobler gale.
Thus while your Muse spreads the Venetian story,
You make all Europe emulate her glory:
You make them blush weak Venice should defend
The cause of Heaven, while they for words contend;
Shed Christian blood, and populous cities rase,
Because they're taught to use some different phrase,
If, listening to your charms, we could our jars
Compose, and on the Turk discharge these wars,
Our British arms the sacred tomb might wrest
From pagan hands, and triumph o'er the East;
And then you might our own high deeds recite,
And with great Tasso celebrate the fight.

TO A FRIEND,

OF THE DIFFERENT SUCCESS OF THEIR LOVES,

THRICE happy pair! of whom we cannot know
Which first began to love, or loves most now:
Fair course of passion! where two lovers start
And run together, heart still yoked with heart:
Successful youth! whom Love has taught the way
To be victorious in the first essay.
Sure love's an art best practised at first
And where the' experienced still prosper worst!
I with a different fate pursued in vain
The haughty Cælia, till my just disdain
Of her neglect, above that passion borne,
Did pride to pride oppose, and scorn to scorn.

Now she relents ; but all too late to move
A heart directed to a nobler love.
The scales are turn'd, her kindness weighs no more
Now than my vows and service did before.
So in some well-wrought hangings you may see
How Hector leads, and how the Grecians flee :
Here the fierce Mars his courage so inspires,
That with bold hands the Argive fleet he fires :
But there, from Heaven, the blue-eyed virgin ¹ falls,
And frighted Troy retires within her walls :
They that are foremost in that bloody race,
Turn head anon, and give the conquerors chase.
So like the chances are of love and war,
That they alone in this distinguish'd are,
In love the victors from the vanquish'd fly ;
They fly that wound, and they pursue that die.

TO ZELINDA.

FAIREST piece of well-form'd earth !
Urge not thus your haughty birth :
The power which you have o'er us lies
Not in your race, but in your eyes.
'None but a prince!'—Alas ! that voice
Confines you to a narrow choice.
Should you no honey vow to taste,
But what the master-bees have placed
In compass of their cells, how small
A portion to your share would fall ?
Nor all appear, among those few,
Worthy the stock from whence they grew,

¹ Minerva.

The sap which at the root is bred
In trees, through all the boughs is spread ;
But virtues which in parents shine,
Make not like progress through the line.
'Tis not from whom, but where, we live :
The place does oft those graces give.
Great Julius, on the mountains bred,
A flock perhaps, or herd, had led.
He that the world subdued ¹, had been
But the best wrestler on the green.
'Tis art and knowledge which draw forth
The hidden seeds of native worth :
They blow those sparks, and make them rise
Into such flames as touch the skies.
To the old heroes hence was given
A pedigree which reach'd to Heaven :
Of mortal seed they were not held,
Which other mortals so excell'd.
And beauty, too, in such excess
As yours, Zelinda ! claims no less.
Smile but on me, and you shall scorn,
Henceforth, to be of princes born.
I can describe the shady grove
Where your loved mother slept with Jove,
And yet excuse the faultless dame,
Caught with her spouse's shape and name.
Thy matchless form will credit bring
To all the wonders I shall sing.

¹ Alexander.

TO MY LADY MORTON,

ON NEW YEAR'S DAY,

AT THE LOUVRE IN PARIS.

MADAM! new years may well expect to find
Welcome from you, to whom they are so kind;
Still as they pass they court and smile on you,
And make your beauty, as themselves, seem new.
To the fair Villars we Dalkeith prefer,
And fairest Morton now as much to her:
So like the sun's advance your titles show,
Which as he rises does the warmer grow.

But thus to style you fair, your sex's praise,
Gives you but myrtle, who may challenge bays.
From armed foes to bring a royal prize¹,
Shows your brave heart victorious as your eyes.
If Judith, marching with the general's head,
Can give us passion when her story's read,
What may the living do, which brought away,
Though a less bloody, yet a nobler prey;
Who from our flaming Troy, with a bold hand,
Snatch'd her fair charge, the Princess, like a brand?
A brand! preserved to warm some prince's heart,
And make whole kingdoms take her brother's²
part;

So Venus, from prevailing Greeks, did shroud
The hope of Rome³, and saved him in a cloud.

This gallant act may cancel all our rage,
Begin a better, and absolve this age.
Dark shades become the portrait of our time;
Here weeps Misfortune, and there triumphs Crime!

¹ Henrietta Maria, youngest daughter to King Charles I.

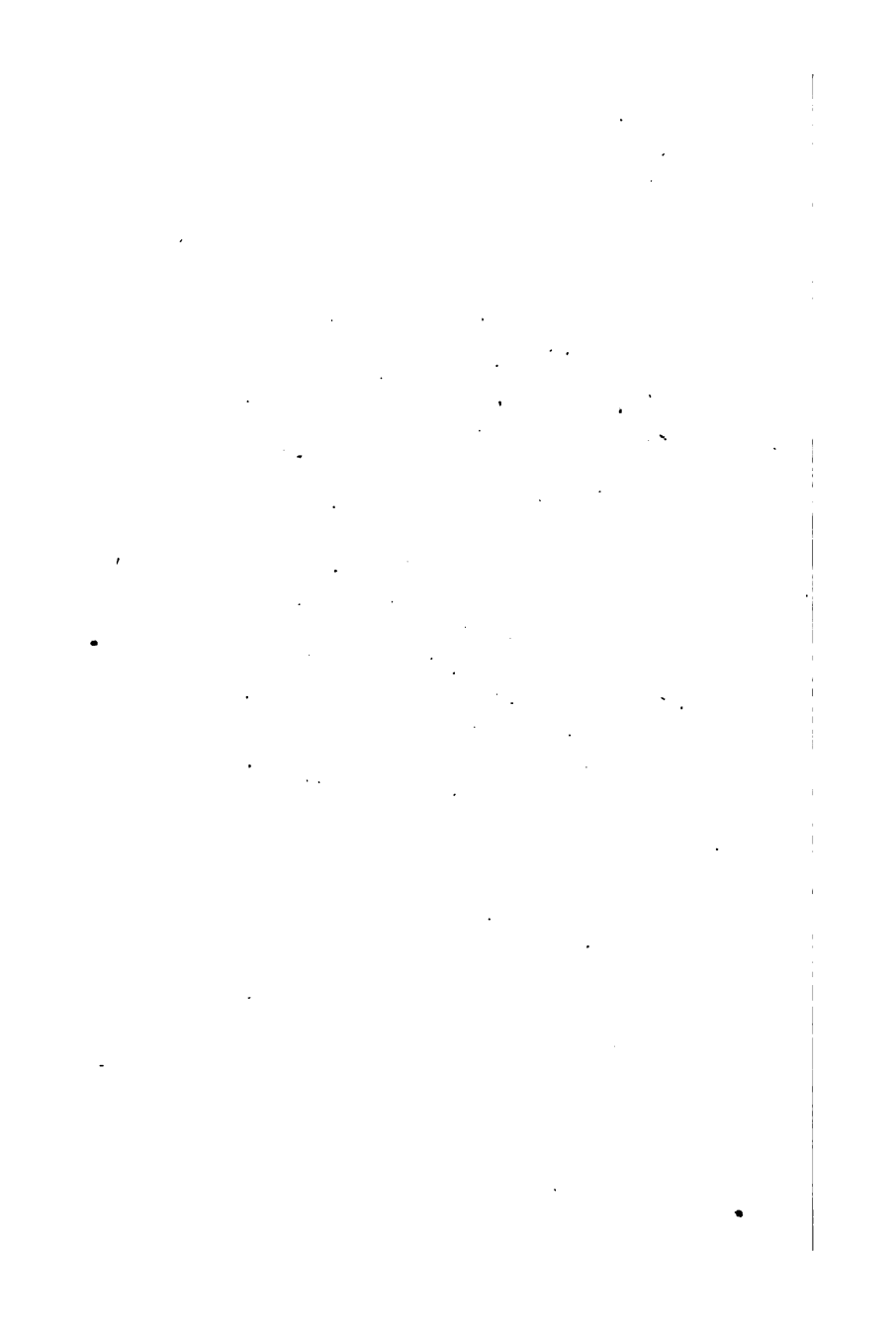
² King Charles II, ³ Æneas.

Let him that draws it hide the rest in night;
This portion only may endure the light, [shape,
Where the kind nymph, changing her faultless
Becomes unhandsome, handsomely to 'scape,
When through the guards, the river, and the sea,
Faith, Beauty, Wit, and Courage, made their way.
As the brave eagle does with sorrow see
The forest wasted, and that lofty tree
Which holds her nest about to be o'erthrown,
Before the feathers of her young are grown,
She will not leave them, nor she cannot stay,
But bears them boldly on her wings away :
So fled the dame, and o'er the ocean bore
Her princely burden to the Gallic shore.
Born in the storms of war, this Royal Fair,
Produced like lightning in tempestuous air,
Though now she flies her native isle, (less kind,
Less safe for her than either sea or wind !)
Shall, when the blossom of her beauty's blown,
See her great brother on the British throne ;
Where Peace shall smile, and no dispute arise,
But which rules most, his sceptre, or her eyes.

TO A FAIR LADY,

PLAYING WITH A SNAKE.

STRANGE ! that such horror and such grace
Should dwell together in one place ;
A fury's arm, an angel's face !
'Tis innocence and youth which makes
In Chloris' fancy such mistakes,
To start at love, and play with snakes.



By this and by her coldness barr'd,
Her servants have a task too hard :
The tyrant has a double guard !
Thrice happy Snake ! that in her sleeve
May boldly creep ; we dare not give
Our thoughts so unconfined a leave.
Contented in that nest of snow
He lies, as he his bliss did know,
And to the wood no more would go.
Take heed, fair Eve ! you do not make
Another tempter of this Snake :
A marble one so warm'd would speak.

A

PANEGYRIC TO MY LORD PROTECTOR,
OF THE PRESENT GREATNESS, AND JOINT INTEREST,
OF HIS HIGHNESS AND THIS NATION.

WHILE with a strong and yet a gentle hand
You bridle faction, and our hearts command,
Protect us from ourselves, and from the foe,
Make us unite, and make us conquer too ;
Let partial spirits still aloud complain,
Think themselves injured that they cannot reign,
And own no liberty but where they may
Without control upon their fellows prey.
Above the waves as Neptune show'd his face,
To chide the winds, and save the Trojan race,
So has your Highness, raised above the rest,
Storms of ambition tossing us repress'd.
Your drooping country, torn with civil hate,
Restored by you, is made a glorious state ;
The seat of empire, where the Irish come,
And the unwilling Scots, to fetch their doom.

The sea's our own : and now all nations greet,
With bending sails, each vessel of our fleet.
Your power extends as far as winds can blow,
Or swelling sails upon the globe may go.

Heaven, (that hath placed this island to give law,
To balance Europe, and her states to awe)

In this conjunction doth on Britain smile,
The greatest leader, and the greatest isle !

Whether this portion of the world were rent
By the rude ocean from the continent,
Or thus created, it was sure design'd
To be the sacred refuge of mankind.

Hither the' oppressed shall henceforth resort,
Justice to crave, and succour, at your court ;
And then your Highness, not for ours alone,
But for the world's Protector shall be known.

Fame, swifter than your winged navy, flies
Through every land that near the ocean lies,
Sounding your name, and telling dreadful news
To all that piracy and rapine use.

With such a chief the meanest nation bless'd
Might hope to lift her head above the rest.
What may be thought impossible to do
By us embraced by the sea and you ?

Lords of the world's great waste, the ocean, we
Whole forests send to reign upon the sea,
And every coast may trouble or relieve ;
But none can visit us without your leave.

Angels and we have this prerogative,
That none can at our happy seats arrive ;
While we descend, at pleasure, to invade
The bad with vengeance, and the good to aid.

Our little world, the image of the great,
Like that, amidst the boundless ocean set,
Of her own growth hath all that Nature craves;
And all that's rare, as tribute from the waves.

As Egypt does not on the clouds rely,
But to the Nile owes more than to the sky;
So what our earth and what our heaven denies
Our ever-constant friend, the sea, supplies.

The taste of hot Arabia's spice we know,
Free from the scorching sun that makes it grow:
Without the worm, in Persian silks we shine;
And, without planting, drink of every vine.

To dig for wealth we weary not our limbs;
Gold, though the heaviest metal, hither swims.
Ours is the harvest where the Indians mow;
We plough the deep, and reap what others sow.

Things of the noblest kind our own soil breeds;
Stout are our men, and warlike are our steeds.
Rome, though her Eagle through the world had
Could never make this island all her own. [flown,

Here the Third Edward, and the Black Prince too,
France-conquering Henry flourish'd, and now you;
For whom we stay'd, as did the Grecian state,
Till Alexander came to urge their fate.

When for more worlds the Macedonian cried,
He wist not Thetis in her lap did hide
Another yet; a world reserved for you,
To make more great than that he did subdue.

He safely might old troops to battle lead,
Against the' unwarlike Persian and the Mede,
Whose hasty flight did, from a bloodless field,
More spoils than honour to the victor yield.

A race unconquer'd, by their clime made bold,
The Caledonians, arm'd with want and cold,
Have, by a fate indulgent to your fame,
Been from all ages kept for you to tame.

Whom the old Roman wall so ill confined,
With a new chain of garrisons you bind :
Here foreign gold no more shall make them come ;
Our English iron holds them fast at home.

They, that henceforth must be content to know
No warmer region than their hills of snow,
May blame the sun, but must extol your grace,
Which in our senate hath allow'd them place.

Preferr'd by conquest, happily o'erthrown,
Falling they rise, to be with us made one.
So kind Dictators made, when they came home,
Their vanquish'd foes free citizens of Rome.

Like favour find the Irish, with like fate
Advanced to be a portion of our state ;
While by your valour and your bounteous mind,
Nations, divided by the sea, are join'd.

Holland, to gain your friendship, is content
To be our outguard on the Continent :
She from her fellow-provinces would go,
Rather than hazard to have you her foe.

In our late fight, when cannons did diffuse,
Preventing posts, the terror and the news,
Our neighbour-princes trembled at their roar ;
But our conjunction makes them tremble more.

Your never-failing sword made war to cease,
And now you heal us with the acts of peace ;
Our minds with bounty and with awe engage,
Invite affection, and restrain our rage.

Less pleasure take brave minds in battles won,
Than in restoring such as are undone.

Tigers have courage, and the rugged bear;
But man alone can, whom he conquers, spare.

To pardon willing, and to punish loth,
You strike with one hand, but you heal with both.
Lifting up all that prostrate lie, you grieve
You cannot make the dead again to live.

When Fate or Error had our age misled,
And o'er this nation such confusion spread,
The only cure which could from Heaven come down
Was so much power and piety in one!

One! whose extraction from an ancient line
Gives hope again that well-born men may shine.
The meanest in your nature, mild and good,
The noble rest secured in your blood.

Oft have we wonder'd how you hid in peace
A mind proportion'd to such things as these;
How such a ruling spirit you could restrain,
And practise first over yourself to reign.

Your private life did a just pattern give
How fathers, husbands, pious sons, should live.
Born to command, your princely virtues slept,
Like humble David's, while the flock he kept:

But when your troubled country call'd you forth,
Your flaming courage and your matchless worth,
Dazzling the eyes of all that did pretend,
To fierce contention gave a prosperous end.

Still as you rise, the state, exalted too,
Finds no distemper while 'tis changed by you;
Changed like the world's great scene! when, without
The rising sun night's vulgar lights destroys, [noise,

Had you some ages past, this race of glory
Run, with amazement we should read your story ;
But living virtue, all achievements past,
Meets envy still to grapple with at last.

This Cæsar found ; and that ungrateful age,
With losing him, went back to blood and rage :
Mistaken Brutus thought to break their yoke,
But cut the bond of union with that stroke.

That sun once set, a thousand meaner stars
Gave a dim light to violence and wars ;
To such a tempest as now threatens all,
Did not your mighty arm prevent the fall.

If Rome's great senate could not wield that sword,
Which of the conquer'd world had made them lord,
What hope had ours, while yet their power was new,
To rule victorious armies, but by you ?

You ! that had taught them to subdue their foes,
Could order teach, and their high spirits compose ;
To every duty could their minds engage,
Provoke their courage, and command their rage.

So when a lion shakes his dreadful mane,
And angry grows, if he that first took pain
To tame his youth approach the haughty beast,
He bends to him, but frights away the rest.

As the vex'd world, to find repose, at last
Itself into Augustus' arms did cast ;
So England now does, with like toil oppress'd,
Her weary head upon your bosom rest.

Then let the Muses, with such notes as these,
Instruct us what belongs unto our peace.
Your battles they hereafter shall indite,
And draw the image of our Mars in fight ;

Tell of towns storm'd, of armies overrun,
And mighty kingdoms by your conduct won ;
How, while you thunder'd, clouds of dust did choke
Contending troops, and seas lay hid in smoke.

Illustrious acts high raptures do infuse,
And every conqueror creates a Muse.
Here, in low strains your milder deeds we sing ;
But there, my lord ! we'll bays and olive bring
To crown your head ; while you in triumph ride
O'er vanquish'd nations, and the sea beside ;
While all your neighbour-princes unto you,
Like Joseph's sheaves, pay reverence, and bow.

TO THE KING,

UPON HIS MAJESTY'S HAPPY RETURN.

THE rising sun complies with our weak sight,
First gilds the clouds, then shows his globe of light
At such a distance from our eyes, as though
He knew what harm his hasty beams would do.

But your full majesty at once breaks forth
In the meridian of your reign. Your worth,
Your youth, and all the splendour of your state,
(Wrapp'd up, till now, in clouds of adverse fate !)
With such a flood of light invade our eyes,
And our spread hearts with so great joy surprise,
That if your grace incline that we should live,
You must not, Sir ! too hastily forgive.
Our guilt preserves us from the excess of joy,
Which scatters spirits, and would life destroy.
All are obnoxious ! and this faulty land,
Like fainting Esther, does before you stand,

Watching your sceptre. The revolted sea
Trembles to think she did your foes obey.

Great Britain, like blind Polypheme, of late,
In a wild rage became the scorn and hate
Of her proud neighbours, who began to think
She with the weight of her own force would sink.
But you are come, and all their hopes are vain ;
This giant Isle has got her eye again.
Now she might spare the ocean, and oppose
Your conduct to the fiercest of her foes.
Naked, the Graces guarded you from all
Dangers abroad, and now your thunder shall.
Princes that saw you, different passions prove ;
For now they dread the object of their love,
Nor without envy can behold his height,
Whose conversation was their late delight.
So Semele, contented with the rape
Of Jove, disguised in a mortal shape,
When she beheld his hands with lightning fill'd,
And his bright rays, was with amazement kill'd.

And though it be our sorrow and our crime
To have accepted life so long a time
Without you here, yet does this absence gain
No small advantage to your present reign :
For having view'd the persons and the things,
The councils, state, and strength of Europe's kings,
You know your work ; ambition to restrain,
And set them bounds, as Heaven does to the main.
We have you now with ruling wisdom fraught,
Not such as books, but such as practice taught :
So the lost sun, while least by us enjoy'd,
Is the whole night for our concern employ'd ;
He ripens spices, fruits, and precious gums,
Which from remotest regions hither comes.

This seat of yours (from the other world removed)
Had Archimedes known, he might have proved
His engine's force fix'd here. Your power and skill
Make the world's motion wait upon your will.

Much-suffering Monarch! the first English-born
That has the crown of these three nations worn!
How has your patience, with the barbarous rage
Of your own soil, contended half an age!
Till (your tried virtue and your sacred word,
At last preventing your unwilling sword)
Armies and fleets which kept you out so long,
Own'd their great Sovereign, and redress'd his
wrong.

When straight the people, by no force compell'd,
Nor longer from their inclination held,
Break forth at once, like powder set on fire,
And, with a noble rage, their King require.
So the injured sea, which from her wonted course,
To gain some acres, avarice did force,
If the new banks, neglected once, decay,
No longer will from her old channel stay;
Raging, the late got land she overflows,
And all that's built upon 't to ruin goes.

Offenders now, the chiefest, do begin
To strive for grace, and expiate their sin.
All winds blow fair, that did the world embroil,
Your vipers treacle yield, and scorpions oil.

If then such praise the Macedonian¹ got,
For having rudely cut the Gordian knot,
What glory's due to him that could divide
Such ravell'd interests? has the knot untied,
And without stroke so smooth a passage made,
Where Craft and Malice such impeachments laid?

¹ Alexander.

But while we praise you, you ascribe it all
To His high hand which threw the untouch'd wall
Of self-demolish'd Jericho so low :

His angel 'twas that did before you go,
Tamed savage hearts, and made affections yield,
Like ears of corn when wind salutes the field.

Thus, patience crown'd, like Job's, your trouble
ends,

Having your foes to pardon and your friends :
For though your courage were so firm a rock,
What private virtue could endure the shock ?
Like your Great Master, you the storm withstood
And pitied those who love with frailty show'd.

Rude Indians, torturing all the royal race,
Him with the throne and dear-bought sceptre grace
That suffers best. What region could be found,
Where your heroic head had not been crown'd ?

The next experience of your mighty mind
Is, how you combat fortune, now she's kind.
And this way, too, you are victorious found ;
She flatters with the same success she frown'd.
While to yourself severe, to others kind,
With power unbounded and a will confined,
Of this vast empire you possess the care,
The softer parts fall to the people's share.
Safety and equal government are things
Which subjects make as happy as their kings.

Faith, Law, and Piety, (that banish'd train !)
Justice and Truth, with you return again.
The City's trade, and Country's easy life,
Once more shall flourish without fraud or strife.
Your reign no less assures the ploughman's peace,
Than the warm sun advances his increase ;
And does the shepherds as securely keep,
From all their fears, as they preserve their sheep.

But, above all, the Muse-inspired train
 Triumph, and raise their drooping heads again :
 Kind Heaven, at once, has, in your person, sent
 Their sacred judge, their guard, and argument.

Nec magis expressi vultus per aenea signa,
 Quam per vatis opus mores, animique, virorum

Clarorum apparent * * * *

HOR.

TO THE QUEEN,

UPON HER MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY, AFTER HER HAPPY
 RECOVERY FROM A DANGEROUS SICKNESS.

FAREWELL the year which threaten'd so
 The fairest light the world can show.
 Welcome the new ! whose every day,
 Restoring what was snatch'd away
 By pining sickness from the fair,
 That matchless beauty does repair
 So fast, that the approaching spring
 (Which does to flowery meadows bring
 What the rude winter from them tore)
 Shall give her all she had before.

But we recover not so fast
 The sense of such a danger pass'd :
 We that esteem'd you sent from Heaven,
 A pattern to this island given,
 To show us what the bless'd do there,
 And what alive they practised here,
 When that which we immortal thought,
 We saw so near destruction brought,
 Felt all which you did then endure,
 And tremble yet as not secure :
 So though the sun victorious be,
 And from a dark eclipse set free,

The influence, which we fondly fear,
Afflicts our thoughts the following year.

But that which may relieve our care
Is, that you have a help so near
For all the evil you can prove,
The kindness of your Royal love :
He that was never known to mourn,
So many kingdoms from him torn,
His tears reserved for you, more dear,
More prized, than all those kingdoms were !
For when no healing art prevail'd,
When cordials and elixirs fail'd,
On your pale cheek he dropp'd the shower,
Revived you like a dying flower.

TO THE DUCHESS OF ORLEANS,

WHEN SHE WAS TAKING LEAVE OF THE COURT AT
DOVER.

THAT sun of beauty did among us rise ;
England first saw the light of your fair eyes :
In English, too, your early wit was shown ;
Favour that language, which was then your own.
When, though a child, through guards you made
your way :
What fleet or army could an angel stay ?
Thrice happy Britain ! if she could retain
Whom she first bred within her ambient main.
Our late burnt London, in apparel new,
Shook off her ashes to have treated you :
But we must see our glory snatch'd away,
And with warm tears increase the guilty sea :

No wind can favour us ; howe'er it blows,
 We must be wreck'd, and our dear treasure lose !
 Sighs will not let us half our sorrows tell—
 Fair, lovely, great, and best of nymphs, farewell !

TO A LADY,

FROM WHOM HE RECEIVED THE COPY OF THE POEM ENTITLED, ' OF A TREE CUT IN PAPER,' WHICH FOR MANY YEARS HAD BEEN LOST.

NOTHING lies hid from radiant eyes ;
 All they subdue become their spies.
 Secrets, as choicest jewels, are
 Presented to oblige the fair ;
 No wonder, then, that a lost thought
 Should there be found where souls are caught.

The picture of fair Venus (that
 For which men say the goddess sat)
 Was lost, till Lely from your look
 Again that glorious image took.

If Virtue's self were lost, we might
 From your fair mind new copies write.
 All things but one you can restore ;
 The heart you get returns no more.

TO MR. KILLEGREW,

UPON HIS ALTERING HIS PLAY, PANDORA, FROM A TRAGEDY INTO A COMEDY, BECAUSE NOT APPROVED ON THE STAGE.

SIR ! you should rather teach our age the way
 Of judging well, than thus have changed your play,
 You had obliged us by employing wit
 Not to reform Pandora, but the Pit :

For as the nightingale, without the throng
 Of other birds, alone attends her song,
 While the loud daw, his throat displaying, draws
 The whole assembly of his fellow-daws ;
 So must the writer whose productions should
 Take with the vulgar be of vulgar mould ;
 Whilst nobler fancies make a flight too high
 For common view, and lessen as they fly.

TO A FRIEND OF THE AUTHOR,

A PERSON OF HONOUR¹, WHO LATELY WRIT A RELIGIOUS
 BOOK, ENTITLED, ' HISTORICAL APPLICATIONS, AND OCCA-
 SIONAL MEDITATIONS, UPON SEVERAL SUBJECTS.'

BOLD is the man that dares engage
 For piety is such an age !
 Who can presume to find a guard
 From scorn, when Heaven's so little spared ?
 Divines are pardon'd ; they defend
 Altars on which their lives depend ;
 But the profane impatient are,
 When nobler pens make this their care ;
 For why should these let in a beam
 Of divine light to trouble them,
 And call in doubt their pleasing thought,
 That none believes what we are taught ?
 High birth and fortune warrant give
 That such men write what they believe ;
 And, feeling first what they indite,
 New credit give to ancient light.
 Amongst these few, our author brings
 His well-known pedigree from kings.

¹ George, Earl of Berkeley.

This book, the image of his mind,
Will make his name not hard to find :
I wish the throng of great and good
Made it less easily understood !

TO A PERSON OF HONOUR¹,

UPON HIS INCOMPARABLE, INCOMPREHENSIBLE POEM,
ENTITLED, ' THE BRITISH PRINCES.'

SIR ! you've obliged the British nation more
Than all their bards could ever do before,
And at your own charge monuments as hard
As brass or marble to your fame have rear'd :
For as all warlike nations take delight
To hear how their brave ancestors could fight,
You have advanced to wonder their renown,
And no less virtuously improved your own ;
That 'twill be doubtful whether you do write
Or they have acted at a nobler height.
You of your ancient princes have retrieved
More than the ages knew in which they lived ;
Explain'd their customs and their rights a-new,
Better than all their Druids ever knew ;
Unriddled those dark oracles as well
As those that made them could themselves foretell.
For as the Britons long have hoped, in vain,
Arthur would come to govern them again,
You have fulfill'd that prophecy alone,
And in your poem placed him on his throne.

¹ The Hon. Edward Howard.

Such magic power has your prodigious pen
To raise the dead, and give new life to men,
Make rival princes meet in arms, and love,
Whom distant ages did so far remove :
For as eternity has neither past
Nor future, (authors say) nor first nor last,
But is all instant, your eternal Muse
All ages can to any one reduce,
Then why should you, whose miracles of art
Can life at pleasure to the dead impart,
Trouble in vain your better-busied head,
To' observe what times they lived in or were dead ?
For since you have such arbitrary power
It were defect in judgment to go lower,
Or stoop to things so pitifully lewd,
As use to take the vulgar latitude :
For no man's fit to read what you have writ,
That holds not some proportion with your wit :
As light can no way but by light appear,
He must bring sense that understands it here.

TO CHLORIS.

CHLORIS ! what's eminent, we know
Must for some cause be valued so :
Things without use, though they be good,
Are not by us so understood.
The early rose, made to display
Her blushes to the youthful May,
Doth yield her sweets, since he is fair,
And courts her with a gentle air.
Our stars do show their excellence
Not by their light, but influence :

When brighter comets, since still known,
Fatal to all are liked by none,
So your admired beauty still
Is, by effects, made good or ill.

TO THE KING.

GREAT Sir! disdain not in this piece to stand
Supreme commander both of sea and land.
Those which inhabit the celestial bower,
Painters express with emblems of their power;
His club Alcides, Phœbus has his bow,
Jove has his thunder, and your navy you.

But your great providence no colours here
Can represent, nor pencil draw that care
Which keeps you waking to secure our peace,
The nation's glory, and our trade's increase;
You for these ends whole days in council sit,
And the diversions of your youth forget.

Small were the worth of valour and of force,
If your high wisdom govern'd not their course:
You as the soul, as the first mover you,
Vigour and life on every part bestow:
How to build ships, and dreadful ordnance cast,
Instruct the artists, and reward their haste.

So Jove himself, when Typhon heaven does brave,
Descends to visit Vulcan's smoky cave,
Teaching the brawny Cyclops how to frame
His thunder, mix'd with terror, wrath, and flame.
Had the old Greeks discover'd your abode,
Crete had not been the cradle of their god:
On that small island they had look'd with scorn,
And in Great Britain thought the Thunderer born.

TO THE DUCHESS,

WHEN HE PRESENTED THIS BOOK TO HER ROYAL
HIGHNESS.

MADAM! I here present you with the rage
And with the beauties of a former age,
Wishing you may with as great pleasure view
This, as we take in gazing upon you.
Thus we writ then : your brighter eyes inspire
A nobler flame, and raise our genius higher.
While we your wit and early knowledge fear,
To our productions we become severe :
Your matchless beauty gives our fancy wing,
Your judgment makes us careful how we sing.
Lines not composed, as heretofore, in haste,
Polish'd like marble, shall like marble last,
And make you through as many ages shine,
As Tasso has the heroes of your line.
Though other names our wary writers use,
You are the subject of the British Muse :
Dilating mischief to yourself unknown,
Men write, and die of wounds they dare not own.
So the bright sun burns all our grass away,
While it means nothing but to give us day.

END OF VOL. I.



C. Whittingham, College House, Chiswick.











